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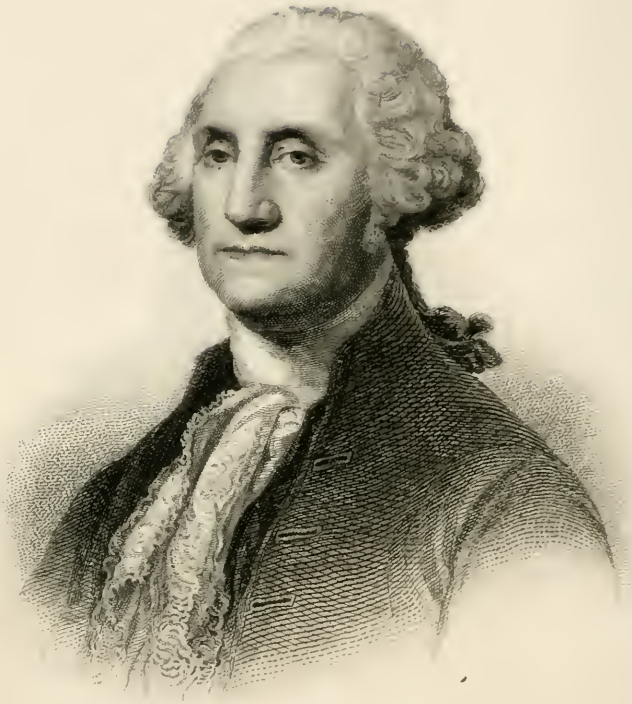

CENTENARY

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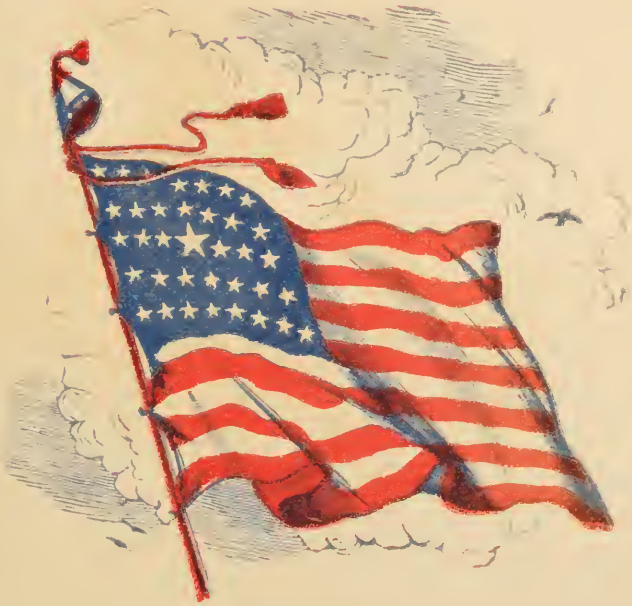

"Forever float that standard sheet"

CENTRAL RESERVE

ORATIONS.

TRANS. TO CENTRAL RESERVE

CENTENARY ORATIONS,

ADDRESSES AND POEMS,

Commemorative of the One Hundredth Anniversary

OF

OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE,

DELIVERED IN THE SEVERAL STATES

FROM

BUNKER HILL TO YORKTOWN.

"MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE."

EDITED BY

FREDERICK SAUNDERS, A.M.,

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CENTRAL RESERVE

NEW YORK:

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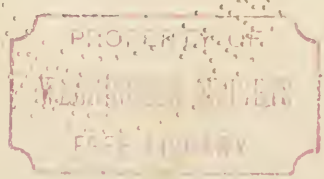

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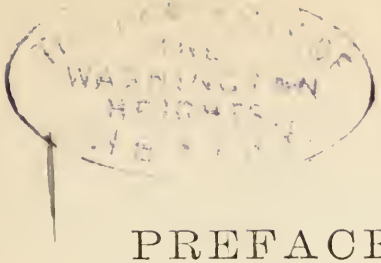

PREFACE.

THIS work, which groups together the choicest of the eloquent and patriotic Orations, Addresses and Poems, delivered in the several States of the Union, on our Centennial Anniversary, being issued under the auspices of the authors themselves—the documents having been submitted to their critical supervision,—forms an authorized and enduring monument of that memorable epoch in our national annals. Among these clustered flowers of rhetoric will be found many of singular beauty and grace; forming as they do, a many-hued garland of rare excellence, worthy of the occasion which celebrates the festival and fruitage of our first century. A glance at the table of contents will reveal a brilliant array of distinguished names as contributors to the volume; among their number are the following:—Hon. W. M. Evarts, Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Ex-Gov. Seymour, Rev. Dr. L. Bacon, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Henry Barnard, Gov. Cheney, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Gov. Cullom, Rev. Dr. C. H. Fowler, Chancellor Parker, Gen. J. A. Dix, J. G. Whittier, W. C. Bryant, Bayard Taylor, &c., &c.

The work is cosmopolitan in the strictest sense of the term. It most strikingly illustrates the freedom of speech and opinion, characteristic of our country. Here are represented the varieties of social distinc-

1932

tion among men,—white and black, Jew and Christian, Protestant and Catholic, and even the aboriginal Red Man of the forest. As a commemorative record of the most brilliant bursts of oratory, inspired by the enthusiasm of the occasion, and as a permanent treasury of historic data and valuable statistical information, the work will at once commend itself to all persons of culture and judgment. With such combined attractions, it makes its appeal, alike to the statesman, the student and the general reader.

Although primarily prepared for the American public it is no less adapted to the rest of the world, since it presents an epitome of our progress, and social, civil and political status among the nations.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Less than half a century ago, memorable words were uttered, on a certain occasion, by one of England's greatest thinkers, which may be said to have received from our national history, if not their accomplishment, at least their successful illustration. "The free parliament of a free people is the native soil of eloquence, and in that soil will it ever flourish and abound—there it will produce those intellectual effects, which drive before them whole tribes and nations of the human race, and settle the destinies of men."

Our Republic, founded by our Pilgrim fathers upon the Bible, with civil and religious liberty for its charter—when contrasted with the several States of Europe, may be said to be unique; since, to quote the words of Carlyle; "They are ever in baleful oscillation, afloat as amid raging eddies and conflicting sea-currents, not steadfast as on fixed foundations,"—whilst a century of progressive strength attests the enduring stability of our country. Castelar has also declared that "Saxon America, with its immense virgin territories, with its republic, with its equilibrium between stability and progress, is the continent of the future; stretched as it is by God, between the Atlantic and the Pacific—where mankind may plant, essay, and resolve all social problems."

Youngest in the great family of nations, America is thus found in the foremost rank of our Christian civilization. Although as a nation, she may not boast of the "antique glories of the classic arts," yet has she shared liberally with others of maturer growth, in the triumphs of modern genius and inventive skill, while she may pre-eminently claim the honor of having given to the world the well-attested illustration of the feasibility of popular self-government.

> "This is thy praise America! Thy power!
> Thou best of climes by Science visited,—
> By Freedom blest!"

History has its representative eras, as well as its representative men; and our American Republic has in this, its first century, been eminently signalized by both. No century of the world's history has been so replete with grand events, or ennobled by so many illustrious names as ours. No epoch has been characterized by such magnificent achievements in science, art, literature, æsthetic culture and popular education. It was one of President Lincoln's quaint but expressive remarks made in reference to our recent struggle, that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom, that governments of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." We have, like other nations, had our revolutionary or heroic age, as well as our age of progressive culture, physical and moral. The former has transformed vast wildernesses into fertile fields, decked with happy homes and cities. The other, as by the enchanter's wand, has "called into being a broad empire of self-governed, industrious and prosperous millions." Justly proud of our signal prosperity, we hail with triumph the glorious present, with our national escutcheon thus honored before the world. It has been aptly remarked that the "Declaration of Independence" by its recognition of the "Rights of Man," gave a new impetus to political morality, and marked a new era of intellectual revolt against old established institutions and modes of thought. It was natural and fitting, therefore, that America should be the theatre where the great problem of popular liberty and self-government should be solved. Nor was that the only grand result achieved—the captive has been made free, the barriers that, for so long a time, had separated the races, have been removed; Civil and Religious liberty, our boasted national inheritance should thus become to us a benison inexpressibly precious, inspiring us with "a truer reverence for the past, a purer patriotism and more exalted aims for the present, with an exultant and hopeful anticipation for the future.."

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CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MUSIC BY JOHN E. PAINE OF MASSACHUSETTS,

Sung by One Thousand Voices of the Centennial Choral Society, at the Opening of the Centennial Exposition, May 10, 1876.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets
Unvailing all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

SPEECH

OF

HON. THOS. W. FERRY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4TH, 1876.

CITIZENS OF OUR CENTENNIAL:—The regretful absence of the President of the United States casts on me the honor of presiding on this eventful occasion. Much as I value the official distinction, I prize much more the fact that severally we hold, and successfully we maintain, the right to the prouder title of American citizen. It ranks all others. It makes office, unmakes officers and creates States. One hundred years ago, in yonder historic structure, heroic statesmen sat, and gravely chose between royal rule and popular sovereignty. Inspired with the spirit which animated the Roman sage on Mars' Hill, who declared that of one blood were made all nations of men, Continental sages echoed in Independence Hall their immortal declaration that all men are created free and equal. Appealing to the God of justice and of battle for the rectitude and firmness of their purpose, they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the abstract principle of the freedom and equality of the human race.

To-day, in this rounding hour of a century, appealing to the same God of justice and of peace, we praise Him for, and pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor to maintain the spirit of that Declaration now made universal by the fundamental law of the land. We, the people of the United States, in this Centennial memorial, pay double tribute to the Most High—one of grateful acknowledgment of the fulfilled pledge of our fathers to overthrow royalism,—the other of joyful assurance of the fulfilling pledge of their sons to uphold republicanism. The great powers of the earth honor the spirit of American fidelity to the

cause of human freedom by the exhibition of their arts and by the presence of their titled peers to grace and dignify the world's homage paid to the centennial genius of American liberty.

Three millions of people grown to forty-three millions; and thirteen Colonies enlarged to a nation of thirty-seven States, with the thirty-eighth—the Centennial State—forsaking eight Territories, and on the threshold of the Union; abiding executive admission; these attest the forecast and majesty of the Declaration of 1776. It was nothing short of the utterance of the sovereignty of manhood and the worth of American citizenship. Its force is fast supplanting the assumption of the divine right of kings, by virtue of the supreme law of the nation that the people alone hold the sole power to rule. Nations succeed each other in following the example of this republic, and the force of American institutions bids fair to bring about a general reversal of the source of political power. Whenever that period shall come, Great Britain, so magnanimous in presence on this auspicious era, will then, if not before, praise the events when American Independence was won under Washington, and when Freedom and equality of races were achieved under Lincoln and Grant.

PRAYER

BY THE RT. REV. WM. BACON STEVENS, D.D., L.L.D.,

BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA,

USED AT THE GRAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 4, 1876.

O Almighty and Eternal God, we come before Thee to praise Thy glorious name, and to give Thee most humble and hearty thanks, for the inestimable blessings which as a Nation we this day enjoy.

We devoutly recognize Thy Fatherly hand in the planting and nurturing of these colonies, in carrying them through the perils and trials of war; in establishing them in peace; and permitting us to celebrate this hundredth birthday of our Independence. We thank Thee, O God, that Thou didst inspire the hearts of Thy servants to lay here the foundations of peace and liberty; to proclaim here those principles which have wrought out for us such civil and religious blessings; and to set up here a Government which Thou hast crowned by Thy blessing, and guarded by Thy hand to this day.

The whole praise and glory of these great mercies we ascribe, O God, to Thee! "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory," for by Thee only, have we been led to take our present position among the nations of the earth. As Thou wast our Father's God, in times past, we beseech Thee to be our God, in all time to come. Thou hast safely brought us to the beginning of another century of national life, defend and bless us in the same, O God, with Thy mighty power. Give peace and prosperity in all our borders, unity and charity among all classes, and a true and hearty love of country to all our people. Keep far from us all things hurtful to the welfare of the nation, and give to us all things necessary for our true growth and progress.

Bless O Thou Mighty Ruler of the Universe Thy servants to whom are committed the Executive, the Legislative and Judicial government of this land ; that Thou wouldst be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the safety, honor and welfare of Thy people ; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and true liberty may be established among us for all generations. Make us to know, therefore, that on this day of our Nation's festivity, and to consider it in our hearts, that Thou art God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath, and that there is no God else beside Thee.

Enable us to keep Thy statutes and Thy judgments which Thou hast commanded, that it may go well with us and with our children ; that we and they may fear Thy name and obey Thy law, and that Thou mayest prolong the days of this nation through all coming time.

Establish Thy kingdom in the midst of this land. Make it "Emmanuel's land," a "mountain of holiness and a dwelling place of righteousness."

Inspire Thy Church with the spirit of truth, unity and concord, and grant that every member of the same in his vocation and ministry may serve Thee faithfully. Bless the rulers of this city and commonwealth, and grant that they may truly and impartially administer justice to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of Thy true religion and virtue.

Pour out Thy Fatherly blessing upon our whole country, upon all our lawful pursuits and industries, upon all our households and institutions of learning and benevolence, that rejoicing in Thy smile, and strengthened by Thy might, this nation may go on through all the years of this new century, a praise and a joy of the whole earth, so that all who look upon it may be able to say, "Truly God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved."

These things and whatsoever else we need for our national preservation and perpetuity, we humbly ask, in the name and through the mediation of Thy dear Son, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be ascribed all might, majesty, dominion and power, world without end. *Amen.*

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SUNG AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

I.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose
Lo, the last sun of our century sets!
Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the Nation forgets!
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her: But where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

II.

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet's swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around!
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound!
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound!
Fade the far voices o'er hill-side and dell;
Welcome! still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome! still trembles on Liberty's bell!

III.

Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome, once more, to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine;
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free;"
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!

THE NATIONAL ODE.

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

I.—1.

Sun of the stately Day.
Let Asia into the shadow drift,
Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,
And over the severing ocean lift
A brow of broader splendor!
Give light to the eager eyes
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise:
The gladness of morning lend her,
With the triumph of noon attend her,
And the peace of the vesper skies!
For lo! she cometh now
With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,
Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,
To smile on the love we bear her,—
To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,
Liberty's latest daughter!
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,
We found her traces;
On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,
We heard her call;
When the lines of battle broke,
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;
Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,
We followed, and found her
With the grace of a virgin Nation
As a sacred zone around her!
Who shall rejoice

With a righteous voice,
Far-heard through the ages, if not she?
For the menace is dumb that defied her,
The doubt is dead that denied her,
And she stands acknowledged, and strong and free!

II.—1.

Ah, hark! the solemn undertone
On every wind of human story blown.
A large, divinely-moulded Fate
Questions the right and purpose of a State,
And in its plan sublime
Our eras are the dust of Time.
The far-off Yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy feet,
Invades the lordship of the hour,
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.
From all unchronicled and silent ages
Before the Future first begot the Past,
Till History dared, at last,
To write eternal words on granite pages;
From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,
And where, uplifted, white and far,
Earth highest yearns to meet a star,
And Man his manhood by the Ganges found,—
Imperial heads, of old millennial sway,
And still by some pale splendor crowned,
Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,
In ghostly grandeur rise
And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes:
"Thou that assertest freedom, power and fame,
Declare to us thy claim!"

I.—2.

On the shores of a Continent cast,
She won the inviolate soil

By loss of heirdom of all the Past,
And faith in the royal right of Toil!
She planted homes on the savage sod:
Into the wilderness lone
She walked with fearless feet
In her hand the divining-rod,
Till the veins of the mountains beat
With fire of metal and force of stone!
She set the speed of the river-head
To turn the mills of her bread;
She drove her plowshare deep
Through the prairie's thousand-centuried sleep;
To the South, and West, and North,
She called Pathfinder forth,
Her faithful and sole companion,
Where the flushed Sierra, snowy-starred,
Her way to the sunset barred,
And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam
Channeled the terrible canyon!
Nor paused, till her uttermost home
Was built, in the smile of a softer sky
And the glory of beauty still to be,
Where the haunted waves of Asia die
On the strand of the world-wide sea!

II.—2.

The race, in conquering,
Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows
Whether in veins of serf or king,
Our ancient blood beats restless in repose,
Challenge of Nature unsubdued
Awaits not Man's defiant answer long;
For hardship, even as wrong,
Provokes the level-eyed, heroic mood.
This for herself she did; but that which lies,
As over earth the skies,

Blending all forms in one benignant glow,—
Crowned conscience, tender care,
Justice, that answers every bondman's prayer,
Freedom where Faith may lead or Thought may dare,
The power of minds that know,
Passion of hearts that feel,
Purchased by blood and woe,
Guarded by fire and steel.—
Hath she secured? What blazon on her shield,
In the clear Century's light
Shines to the world revealed,
Declaring nobler triumph, born of Right?

I.—3.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the fate of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man:
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;

And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunbursts shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the wesern brine;
And broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite:
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!

II.—3.

Bow down!
Doff thine æonion crown!
One hour forget
The glory, and recall the debt
Make expiation,
Of humbler mood,
For the pride of thine exultation
O'er peril conquered and strife subdued!
But half the right is wrested
When victory yields her prize,
And half the marrow tested
When old endurance dies.
In the sight of them that love thee,
Bow to the Greater that above thee!
He faileth not to smite
The idle ownership of Right,
Nor spares to sinews fresh from trial,

And virtue schooled in long denial,
The tests that wait for thee
In larger perils of prosperity.
Here, at the Century's awful shrine,
Bow to thy father's God—and thine!

I.—4.

Behold! she bendeth now,
Humbling the chaplet of her hundredyears:
There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,
And in her eyes are sacred tears.
Can she forget.
In present joy, the burden of her debt,
When for a captive race
She grandly staked and won
The total promise of her power begun,
And bared her bosom's grace
To the sharp wound that inly tortures yet?
Can she forget
The million graves her young devotion set,
The hands that clasp above
From either side, in sad, returning love?
Can she forget?
Here, where the Ruler of to-day,
The Citizen of to-morrow,
And equal thousands to rejoice and pray
Beside these holy walls are met,
Her birth-cry, mixed of keenest bliss and sorrow?
Where, on July's immortal morn
Held forth, the People saw her head
And shouted to the world: "The King is dead,
But lo! the Heir is born!"
When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,
In Farmer, Soldier, Priest and Sage,
Arose and cast upon her
Baptismal garments,—never robes so fair

Clad prince in Old-World air,—
Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

II.—4.

Arise! Re-crown thy head,
Radiant with blessing of the Dead!
Bear from this hallowed place
The prayer that purifies thy lips,
The light of courage that defies eclipse,
The rose of Man's new morning on thy face?
Let no iconoclast
Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,
To make a blank where Adams stood,
To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,
Spoil crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,
Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's blood!
Hearken, as from that haunted hall
Their voices call:
"We lived and died for thee:
We greatly dared that thou mightst be:
So, from thy children still
We claim denials which at last fulfil,'
And freedom yielded to preserve thee free!
Beside clear-hearted Right
That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,
Plant Duties that requite,
And Order that sustains, upon thy sod,
And stand in stainless might
Above all self, and only less than God?"

III.—1.

Here may thy solemn challenge end,
All-proving Past, and each discordance die
Of doubtful augury,
Or in one choral with the Present blend,
And that half-heard, sweet harmony

Of something nobler that our sons may see!
Though poignant memories burn
Of days that were, and may again return,
When thy fleet foot, O Huntress of the Woods,
Thy slippery brinks of danger knew,
And dim the eyesight grew
That was so sure in thine old solitudes,—
Yet stays some richer sense
Won from the mixture of thine elements,
To guide the vagrant scheme,
And winnow truth from each conflicting dream!
Yet in thy blood shall live
Some force unspent, some essence primitive,
To seize the highest use of things;
For Fate, to mold thee to her plan,
Denied thee food of kings,
Withheld the udder and the orchard-fruits,
Fed thee with savage roots,
And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of man!

III.—2.

O sacred Woman-Form,
Of the first People's need and passion wrought,—
No thin, pale ghost of Thought,
But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm,—
Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills;
Clear-eyed beneath Athenè's helm of gold;
Or from Rome's central seat
Hearing the pulses of the Continents beat
In thunder where her legions rolled;
Compact of high heroic hearts and wills,
Whose being circles all
The selfless aims of men, and all fulfills;
Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall;
Goddess, that as a Nation lives,
And as a Nation dies,

That for her children as a man defies,
And to her children as a mother gives,—
Take our fresh fealty now!
No more a Chieftainess, with wampum-zone
And feather-cinctured brow,—
No more a new Britannia, grown
To spread an equal banner to the breeze,
And lift thy trident o'er the double seas;
But with unborrowed crest,
In thine own native beauty dressed,—
The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine own!

III.—3.

Look up, look forth, and on!
There's light in the dawning sky:
The clouds are parting, the night is gone:
Prepare for the work of the day!
Fallow thy pastures lie
And far thy shepherds stray,
And the fields of thy vast domain
Are waiting for purer seed
Of knowledge, desire, and deed,
For keener sunshine and mellower rain!
But keep thy garments pure:
Pluck them back, with the old disdain,
From touch of the hands that stain!
So shall thy strength endure.
Transmute into good the gold of Gain,
Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,
Till the bounty of coming hours
Shall plant, on thy fields apart,
With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art!
Be watchful, and keep us so:
Be strong, and fear no foe:
Be just, and the world shall know!
With the same love, love us, as we give;

And the day shall never come,
That finds us weak or dumb
To join and smite and cry
In the great task, for thee to die,
And the greater task, for thee to live!

OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

"A GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH."

BY DEXTER SMITH,

RENDERED AT PHILADELPHIA JULY, 4, 1876.

I.

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy
In the rays of freedom's sun;
In the nation's heart imbedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all; and all in one.

II.

Let the banner wave forever.
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true heart beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die.

III.

As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er our land from shore to shore;
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,—
Wave it, save it evermore.

WHAT THE AGE OWES TO AMERICA.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BY WILLIAM M. EVARTS,

AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4TH, 1876.

I.

The event which to-day we commemorate supplies its own reflections and enthusiasms and brings its own plaudits. They do not at all hang on the voice of the speaker, nor do they greatly depend upon the contacts and associations of the place. The Declaration of American Independence was, when it occurred, a capital transaction in human affairs; as such it has kept its place in history; as such it will maintain itself while human interest in human institutions shall endure. The scene and the actors, for their profound impression upon the world, at the time and ever since, have owed nothing to dramatic effects, nothing to epical exaggerations. To the eye there was nothing wonderful, or vast, or splendid, or pathetic in the movement or the display. Imagination or art can give no sensible grace or decoration to the persons, the place, or the performance, which made up the business of that day. The worth and force that belong to the agents and the action rest wholly on the wisdom, the courage, and the faith that formed and executed the great design, and the potency and permanence of its operation upon the affairs of the world which, as foreseen and legitimate consequences, followed. The dignity of the act is the deliberate, circumspect, open, and serene performance by these men in the clear light of day, and by a concurrent purpose of a civic duty, which embraced the greatest hazards to themselves and to all the people from whom they held this deputed discretion, but which, to their sober judgments, promised benefits to that people and their posterity, from generation to generation, exceeding these hazards and commensurate with its own fitness. The question of their conduct is to be measured by the actual weight and pressure of the manifold considerations which surrounded the subject before them, and by the abundant evidence that they comprehended their vastness and variety. By a voluntary and responsible choice they willed to do what was done and what,

without their will, would not have been done. Thus estimated, the illustrious act covers all who participated in it with its own renown, and makes them forever conspicuous among men, as it is forever famous among events. And thus the signers of the Declaration of our Independence "wrote their names where all nations should behold them, and all time should not efface them." It was, "in the course of human events," intrusted to them to determine whether the fulness of time had come when a nation should be born in a day. They declared the independence of a new nation in the sense in which men declare emancipation or declare war; the declaration created what was declared.

Famous always, among men, are the founders of States, and fortunate above all others in such fame are these, our fathers, whose combined wisdom and courage began the great structure of our national existence, and laid sure the foundations of liberty and justice on which it rests. Fortunate, first, in the clearness of their title and in the world's acceptance of their rightful claim. Fortunate, next, in the enduring magnitude of the State they founded and the benificence of its protection of the vast interests of human life and happiness which have here had their home. Fortunate, again, in the admiring imitation of their work, which the institutions of the most powerful and most advanced nations more and more exhibit; and last of all, fortunate in the full demonstration of our later time that their work is adequate to withstand the most disastrous storms of human fortunes, and survive unwrecked, unshaken and unharmed.

This day has now been celebrated by a great people, at each recurrence of its anniversary, for a hundred years, with every form of ostentatious joy, with every demonstration of respect and gratitude for the ancestral virtue which gave it its glory, and with the firmest faith that growing time should neither obscure its lustre nor reduce the ardor or discredit the sincerity of its observance. A reverent spirit has explored the lives of the men who took part in the great transaction; has unfolded their characters and exhibited to an admiring posterity the purity of their motives; the sagacity, the bravery, the fortitude, the perseverance which marked their conduct, and which secured the prosperity and permanence of their work.

II.

Grandeur of the work of 1776.

Philosophy has divined the secrets of all this power, and eloquence emblazoned the magnificence of all its results. The heroic war which fought out the acquiescence of the Old World in the independence of the New; the manifold and masterly forms of noble character and of patient and serene wisdom which the great influences of the times begat; the large and splendid scale on which these elevated purposes were wrought out, and the majestic proportions to which they have been filled up; the unended line of eventful progress, casting ever backward a flood of light upon the sources of the original energy, and ever forward a promise and a prophecy of unexhausted power—all these have been made familiar to our people by the genius and the devotion of historians and orators. The greatest statesmen of the Old World for this same period of 100 years have traced the initial step in these events, looked into the nature of the institutions thus founded, weighed by the Old World wisdom, and measured by recorded experience, the probable fortunes of this new adventure on an unknown sea. This circumspect and searching survey of our wide field of political and social experiment, no doubt, has brought them a diversity of judgment as to the past and of expectation as to the future. But of the magnitude and the novelty and the power of the forces set at work by the event we commemorate, no competent authorities have ever greatly differed. The cotemporary judgment of Burke is scarcely an overstatement of the European opinion of the immense import of American independence. He declared: "A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing States, but by the appearance of a new State, of a new species, in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations and balances and gravitations of power as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world."

It is easy to understand that the rupture between the Colonies and the mother country might have worked a result of political independence that would have involved no such mighty consequences as are here so strongly announced by the most

philosophic statesman of his age. The resistance of the Colonies, which came to a head in the revolt, was led in the name and for the maintenance of the liberties of Englishmen, against Parliamentary usurpation and a subversion of the British Constitution. A triumph of those liberties might have ended in an emancipation from the rule of the English Parliament, and a continued submission to the scheme and system of the British monarchy, with an American Parliament adjusted thereto, upon the true principles of the English Constitution. Whether this new political establishment should have maintained loyalty to the British sovereign, or should have been organized under a crown and throne of its own, the transaction would, then, have had no other importance than such as belongs to a dismemberment of existing empire, but with preservation of existing institutions. There would have been, to be sure, a "new state," but not "of a new species," and that it was "in a new part of the globe" would have gone far to make the dismemberment but a temporary and circumstantial disturbance in the old order of things.

Indeed, the solidity and perpetuity of that order might have been greatly confirmed by this propagation of the model of the European monarchies on the boundless regions of this continent. It is precisely here that the Declaration of Independence has its immense importance. As a civil act, and by the people's decree—and not by the achievement of the army, or through military motives—at the first stage of the conflict it assigned a new nationality, with its own institutions, as the civilly preordained end to be fought for and secured. It did not leave it to be an after-fruit of triumphant war, shaped and measured by military power, and conferred by the army on the people. This assured at the outset the supremacy of civil over military authority, the subordination of the army to the unarmed people.

This deliberative choice of the scope and goal of the Revolution made sure of two things, which must have been always greatly in doubt, if military reasons and events had held the mastery over the civil power. The first was, that nothing less than the independence of the nation, and its separation from the system of Europe, would be attained if our arms were prosper-

ous; and the second, that the new nation would always be the mistress of its own institutions. This might not have been its fate had a triumphant army won the prize of independence, not as a task set for it by the people, and done in its service, but by its own might, and held by its own title, and so to be shaped and dealt with by its own will.

III.

Objects of the Revolution

There is the best reason to think that the Congress which declared our independence gave its chief solicitude, not to the hazards of military failure, not to the chance of miscarriage in the project of separation from England, but to the grave responsibility of the military success—of which they made no doubt—and as to what should replace, as government to the new nation, the monarchy of England, which they considered as gone to them forever from the date of the Declaration.

Nor did this Congress feel any uncertainty, either in disposition or expectation, that the natural and necessary result would preclude the formation of the new Government out of any other materials than such as were to be found in society as established on this side of the Atlantic. These materials they foresaw were capable of, and would tolerate, only such political establishment as would maintain and perpetuate the equality and liberty always enjoyed in the several colonial communities. But all these limitations upon what was possible still left a large range of anxiety as to what was probable, and might become actual. One thing was too essential to be left uncertain, and the founders of this nation determined that there never should be a moment when the several communities of the different colonies should lose the character of component parts of one nation. By their plantation and growth up to the day of the Declaration of Independence they were subjects of one sovereignty, bound together in one political connection, parts of one country, under one constitution, with one destiny. Accordingly the Declaration, by its very terms, made the act of separation a dissolving by "one people" of "the political bands that have connected them with another," and the proclamation of the right and of the fact of independent nationality was, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

It was thus that, at one breath, "independence and union" were declared and established. The confirmation of the first by war, and of the second by civil wisdom was but the execution of the single design which it is the glory of this great instrument of our National existence to have framed and announced. The recognition of our independence, first by France and then by Great Britain, the closer union by the Articles of Confederation, and the final unity by the Federal Constitution were all but muniments of title of that "liberty and union, one and inseparable," which were proclaimed at this place and on this day 100 years ago, which have been our possession from that moment hitherto, and which we surely avow shall be our possession forever.

Seven years of revolutionary war, and twelve years of consummate civil prudence brought us, in turn, to the conclusive peace of 1783, and to the perfected Constitution of 1787. Few chapters of the world's history covering such brief periods, are crowded with so many illustrious names, or made up of events of so deep and permanent interest to mankind. I cannot stay to recall to your attention these characters, or these incidents, or to renew the gratitude and applause with which we never cease to contemplate them. It is only their relation to the Declaration of Independence itself, that I need to insist upon, and to the new State which it brought into existence. In this view these progressive processes were but the articulation of the members of the State, and the adjustment of its circulation to the new centres of its vital power. These processes were all implied and included in this political creation, and were as necessary and as certain, if it were not to languish and to die, as in any natural creature.

Within the hundred years whose flight in our national history we mark to-day, we have had occasion to corroborate by war both the independence and the unity of the nation. In our war against England for neutrality, we asserted and we established the absolute right to be free of European entanglements in time of war as well as in time of peace, and so completed our independence of Europe. And by the war of the Constitution —a war within the nation—the bonds of our unity were tried

and tested, as in a fiery furnace, and proved to be dependent upon no shifting vicissitudes of acquiescence, no partial dissents or discontents, but, so far as is predicable of human fortunes, irrevocable, indestructible, perpetual. *Casibus hæc nullis, nullo delebilis ævo.*

IV.

Our New Political System.

We may be quite sure that the high resolve to stake the future of a great people upon a system of society and of polity that should dispense with the dogmas, the experience, the traditions, the habits, and the sentiments upon which the firm and durable fabric of the British Constitution had been built up, was not taken without a solicitous and competent survey of the history, the condition, the temper, and the moral and intellectual traits of the people for whom the decisive step was taken.

It may, indeed, be suggested that the main body of the elements, and a large share of the arrangements, of the new government were expected to be upon the model of the British system, and that the substantials of civil and religious liberty and the institutions for their maintenance and defense were already the possession of the people of England and the birthright of the colonists. But this consideration does not much disparage the responsibility assumed in discarding the correlative parts of the British Constitution. I mean the Established Church and Throne; the permanent power of a hereditary peerage; the confinement of popular representation to the wealthy and educated classes; and the ideas of all participation by the people in their own government coming by gracious concession from the royal prerogative and not by inherent right in themselves. Indeed, the counter consideration, so far as the question was to be solved by experience, would be a ready one. The foundation, and the walls, and the roof of this firm and noble edifice, it would be said, are all fitly framed together in the substantial institutions you propose to omit from your plan and model. The convenience, and safety, and freedom, the pride and happiness which the inmates of this temple and fortress enjoy, as the rights and liberties of Englishmen, are only kept in place and

play because of the firm structure of these ancient strongholds of religion and law, which you now desert and refuse to build anew.

Our fathers had formed their opinions upon wiser and deeper views of man and Providence than these, and they had the courage of their opinions.

Tracing the progress of mankind in the ascending path of civilization, enlightenment, and moral and intellectual culture, they found that the Divine ordinance of government, in every stage of the ascent, was adjustable on principles of common reason to the actual condition of a people, and always had for its objects, in the benevolent councils of the Divine wisdom, the happiness, the expansion, the security, the elevation of society, and the redemption of man. They sought in vain for any title of authority of man over man, except of superior capacity and higher morality. They found the origin of castes and ranks, and principalities and powers, temporal or spiritual, in this conception. They recognized the people as the structure, the temple, the fortress, which the great Artificer all the while cared for and built up. As through the long march of time this work advanced, the forms and fashions of government seemed to them to be but the scaffolding and apparatus by which the development of a people's greatness was shaped and sustained. Satisfied that the people whose institutions were now to be projected had reached all that measure of strength and fitness of preparation for self-government which old institutions could give, they fearlessly seized the happy opportunity to clothe the people with the majestic attributes of their own sovereignty, and consecrate them to the administration of their own priesthood.

The repudiation by England of the spiritual power of Rome at the time of the Reformation was by every estimate a stupendous innovation in the rooted allegiance of the people, a profound disturbance of all adjustments of authority. But Henry VIII., when he displaced the dominion of the Pope, proclaimed himself the head of the Church. The overthrow of the ancient monarchy of France by the fierce triumph of an enraged people was a catastrophe that shook the arrangements of society from center to circumference. Napoleon, when he pushed aside the royal line of St. Louis, announced, "I am the people crowned," and set up a plebian Em-

peror as the impersonation and depositary in him and his line forever of the people's sovereignty. The founders of our Commonwealth conceived that the people of these colonies needed no interception of the supreme control of their own affairs, no conciliations of mere names and images of power from which the pith and vigor of authority had departed. They, therefore, did not hesitate to throw down the partitions of power and right and break up the distributive shares in authority of ranks and orders of men which indeed had ruled and advanced the development of society in civil and religious liberty, but might well be neglected when the protected growth was assured and all tutelary supervision for this reason henceforth could only be obstructive and incongruous.

V

English and French Republics.

A glance at the fate of the English essay at a commonwealth, which preceded, and to the French experiment at a republic, which followed our own institution "of a new State of a new species," will show the marvelous wisdom of our ancestors, which struck the line between too little and too much; which walked by faith, indeed, for things invisible, but yet by sight for things visible; which dared to appropriate everything to the people which had belonged to Cæsar, but to assume for mortals nothing that belonged to God.

No doubt it was a deliberation of prodigious difficulty, and a decision of infinite moment, which should settle the new institutions of England after the execution of the King, and determine whether they should be popular or monarchial. The problem was too vast for Cromwell and the great men who stood about him, and, halting between the only possible opinions they simply robbed the throne of stability, without giving to the people the choice of their rulers. Had Cromwell assumed the state and style of King, and assigned the Constitutional limits of prerogative, the statesmen of England would have anticipated the establishment of 1688, and saved the disgraces of the intervening record. If, on the other hand, the ever-recurring consent of the people in vesting the Chief Magistracy had been accepted for the Constitution of the State, the revolution would have been intelli-

gible, and might have proved permanent. But what a "Lord Protector" was nobody knew, and what he might grow to be everybody wondered and feared. The aristocracy could endure no dignity above them less than a king's. The people knew the measure and the title of the chartered liberties which had been wrested or yielded from the King's prerogative; but what the division between them and a Lord Protector would be no one could forecast. A brief fluttering between the firmament above and the firm earth beneath, with no poise with either, and the discordant scheme was rolled away as a scroll. A hundred years afterward Montesquieu derided "this impotent effort of the English to establish a democracy," and divined the true cause of its failure. The supreme place, no longer sacred by the divinity that doth hedge about a king, irritated the ambitious to which it was inaccessible, except by faction and violence. "The Government was incessantly changed, and the astonished people sought for democracy and found it nowhere. After much violence and many shocks and blows, they were fain to fall back upon the same government they had overthrown."

The English experiment to make a commonwealth without sinking its foundations into the firm bed of popular sovereignty, necessarily failed. Its example and its lesson, unquestionably, were of the greatest service in sobering the spirit of English reform in government, to the solid establishment of constitutional monarchy, on the expulsion of the Stuarts, and in giving courage to the statesmen of the American Revolution to push on to the solid establishment of republican government, with the consent of the people as its every-day working force.

But if the English experiment stumbled in its logic by not going far enough, the French philosophers came to greater disaster by overpassing the lines which mark the limits of human authority and human liberty, when they undertook to redress the disordered balance between people and rulers, and renovate the Government of France. To the wrath of the people against kings and priests they gave free course, not only to the overthrow of the establishment of the Church and State, but to the destruction of religion and society. They deified man, and thought to raise a tower of man's building, as of old on the plain

of Shinar, which should overtop the battlements of heaven, and to frame a constitution of human affairs that should displace the providence of God. A confusion of tongues put an end to this ambition. And now out of all its evil have come the salutary checks and discipline in freedom, which have brought passionate and fervid France to the scheme and frame of a sober and firm republic like our own, and, we may hope, as durable.

VI.

Our Debt to the Men of 1776.

How much, then, hung upon the decision of the great day we celebrate, and upon the wisdom and the will of the men who fixed the immediate, and if so, the present fortunes of this people. If the body, the spirit, the texture of our political life had not been collectively declared on this day, who can be bold enough to say when and how independence, liberty, union would have been combined, confirmed assured to this people? Behold, now, the greatness of our debt to this ancestry, and the fountain, as from a rock smitten in the wilderness, from which the stream of this nation's growth and power takes its source. For it is not alone in the memory of their wisdom and virtues that the founders of a State transmit and perpetuate their influences in its lasting fortunes, and shape the character and purposes of its future rulers. "In the birth of societies," says Montesquieu, "it is the chiefs of a State that make its institutions; and afterward it is these institutions that form the chiefs of the State."

And what was this people and what their traits and training that could justify this congress of their great men in promulgating the profound views of government and human nature which the Declaration embodies and expecting their acceptance as "self-evident?" How had their lives been disciplined and how their spirits prepared that the new-launched ship, freighted with all their fortunes, could be trusted to their guidance with no other chart or compass than these abstract truths? What warrant was there for the confidence that upon these plain precepts of equality of right, community of interest, reciprocity of duty, a polity could be framed which might safely discard Egyptian mystery, and Hebrew reverence, and Grecian subtlety,

and Roman strength—dispense, even, with English traditions of

> "Primogenity and due of birth,
> Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels.

To these questions the answer was ready and sufficient. The delegates to this immortal assembly, speaking for the whole country and for the respective colonies, their constituents, might well say :

"What we are, such are this people. We are not here as volunteers, but as their representatives. We have been designated by no previous official station, taken from no one employment or condition of life, chosen from the people at large because they cannot assemble in person, and selected because they know our sentiments, and we theirs, on the momentous question which our deliberations are to decide. They know that the result of all hangs on the intelligence, the courage, the constancy, the spirit of the people themselves. If these have risen to a height, and grown to a strength and unanimity that our judgment measures as adequate to the struggle for independence and the whole sum of their liberties, they will accept that issue and follow that lead. They have taken up arms to maintain their rights, and will not lay them down till those rights are assured. What the nature and sanctions of this security are to be they understand must be determined by united counsels and concerted action. These they have deputed us to settle and proclaim, and this we have done to-day. What we have declared the people will avow and confirm. Henceforth it is to this people a war for the defense of their united independence against its overthrow by foreign arms. Of that war there can be but one issue. And for the rest, as to the Constitution of the new State, its species is disclosed by its existence. The condition of the people is equal, they have the habits of freemen and possess the institutions of liberty. When the political connection with the parent State is dissolved they will be self-governing and self-governed of necessity. As all governments in this world, good and bad, liberal or despotic, are of men, by men, and for men, this new State, having no castes or rank, or degrees discriminating among men in its population, becomes at once a government of the people, by the people, and

for the people. So it must remain, unless foreign conquest or domestic usurpation shall change it. Whether it shall be a just, wise, or prosperous government, it must be a popular government, and correspond with the wisdom, justice, and fortunes of the people."

VII.

Attractions of Self-government.

And so this people, of various roots and kindred of the Old World—settled and transfused in their cisatlantic home into harmonious fellowship in the sentiments, the interests, the habits, the affections which develop and sustain a love of country—were committed to the common fortunes which should attend an absolute trust in the primary relations between man and his fellows and between man and his Maker. This Northern Continent of America had been opened and prepared for the transplantation of the full-grown manhood of the highest civilization of the Old World to a place where it could be free from mixture or collision with competing or hostile elements, and separated from the weakness and the burdens which it would leave behind. The impulses and attractions which moved the emigration and directed it hither, various in form, yet had so much a common character as to merit the description of being public, elevated, moral, or religious. They included the desire of new and better opportunities for institutions consonant with the dignity of human nature and with the immortal and infinite relations of the race. In the language of the times the search for civil and religious liberty animated the Pilgrims, the Puritans, and the Churchmen; the Presbyterians, the Catholics, and the Quakers; the Huguenots, the Dutch, and the Walloons; the Waldenses, the Germans, and the Swedes, in their several migrations which made up the colonial population. Their experience and fortunes here had done nothing to reduce, everything to confirm, the views and traits which brought them hither. To sever all political relations, then, with Europe, seemed to these people but the realization of the purposes which had led them across the ocean—but the one thing needful to complete this continent for their home, and to give the absolute assurance of that higher life which they wished to lead. The

preparation of the past and the enthusiasms of the future conspired to favor the project of self-government and invest it with a moral grandeur which furnished the best omens and the best guarantees for its prosperity. Instead of a capricious and giddy exaltation of spirit, as at new-gained liberty, a sober and solemn sense of the larger trust and duty took possession of their souls; as if the Great Master had found them faithful over a few things, and had now made them rulers over many.

These feelings, common to the whole population, were not of sudden origin and were not romantic, nor had they any tendency to evaporate in noisy boasts or to run wild in air-drawn projects. The difference between equality and privilege, between civil rights and capricious favors, between freedom of conscience and persecution for conscience' sake, were not matters of moot debate or abstract conviction with our countrymen. The story of these battles of our race was the warm and living memory of their forefathers' share in them, for which, "to avoid insufferable grievances at home, they had been enforced by heaps to leave their native countries." They proposed to settle forever the question whether such grievances should possibly befall them or their posterity. They knew no plan so simple, so comprehensive, or so sure to this end as to solve all the minor difficulties in the government of society by a radical basis for its source, a common field for its operation, and an authentic and deliberate method for consulting and enforcing the will of the people as the sole authority of the State.

By this wisdom they at least would shift, within the sphere of government, the continuous warfare of human nature, on the field of good and evil, right and wrong,

"Between whose endless jar justice resides,"

from conflicts of the strength of the many against the craft of the few. They would gain the advantage of supplying as the reason of the State, the reason of the people, and decide by the moral and intellectual influences of instruction and pursuasion, the issue of who should make and who administer the laws. This involved no pretensions of the perfection of human nature, nor did it assume that at other times, or under other circum-

stances they would themselves have been capable of self-government ; or, that other people then were, or ever would be so capable. Their knowledge of mankind showed them that there would be faults and crimes as long as there were men. Their faith taught them that this corruptible would put on incorruption only when this mortal should put on immortality. Nevertheless they believed in man and trusted in God, and on these imperishable supports they thought they might rest civil government for a people who had these living conceptions wrought into their own characters and lives.

The past and the present are the only means by which man foresees or shapes the future. Upon the evidence of the past, the contemplation of the present of this people, our statesmen were willing to commence a system which must continually draw for its sustenance and growth upon the virtue and vigor of the people. From this virtue and this vigor it can alone be nourished ; it must decline in their decline and rot in their decay. They traced this vigor and virtue to inexhaustible springs. And, as the unspent heat of a lava soil, quickened by the returning summers through the vintage of a thousand years, will still glow in the grape and sparkle in the wine, so will the exuberant forces of a race supply an unstinted vigor to mark the virtues of immense populations and to the remotest generations.

To the frivolous philosophy of human life which makes all the world a puppet show, and history a book of anecdotes, the moral warfare which fills up the life of man and the record of his race seems as unreal and as aimless as the conflicts of the glittering hosts upon an airy field, whose display lights up the fleeting splendors of a northern night. But free government for a great people never comes from or gets aid from such philosophers. To a true spiritual discernment there are few things more real, few things more substantial, few things more likely to endure in this world than human thoughts, human passions, human interests, thus molten into the frame and model of our State. "*O morem præclaram, disciplinamque, quam a majoribus accepimus, si quidem teneremus!*"

I have made no account, as unsuitable to the occasion, of the

distribution of the national power between the General and the State governments, or of the special arrangements of executive authority, of legislatures, courts, and magistracies, whether of the General or of the State establishments. Collectively they form the body and the frame of a complete government for a great, opulent, and powerful people, occupying vast regions, and embracing in their possessions a wide range of diversity of climate, of soil, and of all the circumstantial influences of external nature. I have pointed your attention to the principle and the spirit of the government for which all this frame and body exists, to which they are subservient, and to whose mastery they must conform. The life of the natural body is the blood, and the circulation of the moral and intellectual forces and impulses of the body politic, shapes and moulds the national life. I have touched, therefore, upon the traits that determined this national life, as to be of, from, and for the people, and not of, from, or for any rank, grade, part, or section of them. In these traits are found the "ordinances, constitutions, and customs" by a wise choice of which the founders of States may, Lord Bacon says, "sow greatness to their posterity and succession."

And now, after a century of growth, of trial, of experience, of observation, and of demonstration, we are met, on the spot and on the date of the great Declaration to compare our age with that of our fathers, our structure with their foundation, our intervening history and present condition with their faith and prophecy. That "respect to the opinion of mankind," in attention to which our statesmen framed the Declaration of Independence, we, too, acknowledge as a sentiment most fit to influence us in our commemorative gratulations to-day.

VIII.

Results of the century.

To this opinion of mankind, then, how shall we answer the questioning of this day? How have the vigor and success of the century's warfare comported with the sounding phrase of the great manifesto? Has the new nation been able to hold its territory on the eastern rim of the continent, or has covetous Europe driven in its boundaries, or internal dissensions dismembered its integrity? Have its numbers kept pace with natural increase·

or have the mother countries received back to the shelter of firmer institutions the repentant tide of emigration? or have the woes of unstable society distressed and reduced the shrunken population? Has the free suffrage, as a quicksand, loosened the foundations of power and undermined the pillars of the State? Has the free press, with illimitable sweep, blown down the props and buttresses of order and authority in Government, driven before its wind the barriers which fence in society, and unroofed the homes which once were castles against the intrusion of a King? Has freedom in religion ended in freedom from religion, and independence by law run into independence of law? Have free schools, by too much learning, made the people mad? Have manners declined, letters languished, art faded, wealth decayed, public spirit withered? Have other nations shunned the evil example, and held aloof from its infection? Or have reflection and hard fortune dispelled the illusions under which this people "burned incense to vanity, and stumbled in their ways from the ancient paths?" Have they, fleeing from the double destruction which attends folly and arrogance, restored the throne, rebuilt the altar, relaid the foundations of society, and again taken shelter in the old protections against the perils, shocks, and changes in human affairs, which

> "Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
> The unity and married calm of States
> Quite from their fixture?"

Who can recount in an hour what has been done in a century, on so wide a field, and in all its multitudinous aspects? Yet I may not avoid insisting upon some decisive lineaments of the material, social, and political development of our country which the record of the hundred years displays, and thus present to the "opinion of mankind," for its generous judgment, our nation as it is to-day—our land, our people, and our laws. And, first, we notice the wide territory to which we have steadily pushed on our limits. Lines of climate mark our boundaries north and south, and two oceans east and west. The space between, speaking by and large, covers the whole temperate zone of the continent, and in area measures near tenfold the possessions of the thirteen colonies; the natural features, the climate, the productions,

the influences of the outward world, are all implied in the immensity of this domain, for they embrace all that the goodness and the power of God have planned for so large a share of the habitable globe. The steps of the successive acquisitions, the impulses which assisted, and the motives which retarded the expansion of our territory; the play of the competing elements in our civilization and their incessant struggle each to outrun the other; the irrepressible conflict thus nursed in the bosom of the State, the lesson in humility and patience, "in charity for all and malice toward none," which the study of the manifest designs of Providence so plainly teach us—these may well detain us for a moment's illustration.

IX.

Emancipation.

And this calls attention to that ingredient in the population of this country which came, not from the culminated pride of Europe, but from the abject despondency of Africa. A race discriminated from all the converging streams of immigration which I have named by ineffaceable distinctions of nature; which was brought hither by a forced migration and into slavery, while all others came by choice and for greater liberty; a race unrepresented in the Congress which issued the Declaration of Independence, but now, in the persons of 4,000,000 of our countrymen raised, by the power of the great truths then declared as it were from the dead, and rejoicing in one country and the same constituted liberties with ourselves.

In August, 1620, a Dutch slave-ship landed her freight in Virginia, completing her voyage soon after that of the Mayflower commenced. Both ships were on the ocean at the same time, both sought our shores, and planted their seeds of liberty and slavery to grow together on this chosen field until the harvest. Until the seperation from England the several colonies attracted each their own emigration, and from the sparseness of the population, both in the Northern and Southern colonies, and the policy of England in introducing African slavery, wherever it might, in all of them, the institution of slavery did not raise a definite and firm line of division between the tides of population which set in upon New England and Virginia

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from the Old World, and from them later, as from new points of departure, were diffused over the continent. The material interests of slavery had not become very strong, and in its moral aspects no sharp division of sentiment had yet shown itself. But when unity and independence of government were accepted by the colonies, we shall look in vain for any adequate barrier against the natural attraction of the softer climate and rich productions of the South, which could keep the Northern population in their harder climate and on their less grateful soil, except the repugnancy of the two systems of free and slave labor to commixture. Out of this grew the inpatient, and apparently premature, invasion of the Western wilds, pushing constantly onward, in parallel lines, the outposts of the two rival interests. What greater enterprise did for the Northern people in stimulating this movement was more than supplied to the Southern by the pressing necessity for new lands, which the requirements of the system of slave cultivaton imposed. Under the operation of these causes the political divisions of the country built up a wall of partition running east and west, with the novel consequence of the "Border States" of the country being ranged, not on our foreign boundaries, but on this middle line, drawn between the free and slave States. The successive acquisitions of territory, by the Louisiana purchase, by the annexation of Texas, and by the Treaty with Mexico, were all in the interest of the Southern policy, and, as such, all suspected or resisted by the rival interest in the North. On the other hand, all schemes or tendencies toward the enlargement of our territory on the north, were discouraged and defeated by the South. At length, with the immense influx of foreign immigration, re-enforcing the flow of population, the streams of free labor shot across the continent. The end was reached. The bounds of our habitation were secured. The Pacific possessions became ours, and the discovered gold rapidly peopled them from the hives of free labor. The rival energies and ambitions which had fed the thirst for territory had served their purpose, in completing and assuring the domain of the nation. The partition wall of slavery was thrown down ; the line of Border States obliterated ; those who had battled for territory, as

an extension and perpetuation of slavery, and those who fought against its enlargement, as a disparagement and a danger to liberty, were alike confounded.

Those who feared undue and precipitate expansion of our possessions, as loosening the ties of union, and those who desired it, as a step toward dissolution, have suffered a common discomfiture. The immense social and political forces which the existence of slavery in this country, and the invincible repugnance to it of the vital principles of our state together generated have had their play upon the passions and the interests of this people, have formed the basis of parties, divided sects, agitated and invigorated the popular mind, inspired the eloquence, inflamed the zeal, informed the understandings, and fired the hearts of three generations. At last the dread debate escaped all bounds of reason, and the nation in arms solved, by the appeal of war, what was too hard for civil wisdom. With our territory unmutilated, our Constitution uncorrupted, a united people, in the last years of the century, crowns with new glory the immortal truths of the Declaration of Independence by the emancipation of a race.

X.

Promise of National Longevity.

I find, then, in the method and the results of the century's progress of the nation in this amplification of its domain, sure promise of the duration of the body politic, whose growth to these vast proportions has, as yet, but laid out the ground plan of the structure. For I find the vital forces of the free society and the people's government, here founded, have by their own vigor made this a natural growth. Strength and symmetry have knit together the great frame as its bulk increased, and the spirit of the nation animates the whole :

——"totamque, infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se, corpore miscet."

We turn now from the survey of this vast territory, which the closing century has consolidated and confirmed as the ample home for a nation, to exhibit the greatness in numbers, the spirit, the character, the port and mien of the people that dwell in this secure habitation. That in these years, our population

has steadily advanced, till it counts 40,000,000 instead of 3,000,000, bears witness, not to be disparaged or gainsaid, to the general congruity of our social and civil institutions with the happiness and prosperity of man. But if we consider further the variety and magnitude of foreign elements to which we have been hospitable, and their ready fusion with the earlier stocks, we have new evidence of strength and vivid force in our population, which we may not refuse to admire. The disposition and capacity thus shown give warrant of a powerful society. "All nations," says Lord Bacon, "that are liberal of naturalization are fit for empire."

Wealth in its mass, and still more in its tenure and diffusion, is a measure of the condition of a people which touches both its energy and morality. Wealth has no source but labor. "Life has given nothing valuable to man without great labor." This is as true now as when Horace wrote it. The prodigious growth of wealth in this country is not only, therefore, a signal mark of prosperity, but proves industry, persistency, thrift as the habits of the people. Accumulation of wealth, too, requires and imports security, as well as unfettered activity; and thus it is a fair criterion of sobriety and justice in a people, certainly, when the laws and their execution rest wholly in their hands. A careless observation of the crimes and frauds which attack prosperity, in the actual condition of our society, and the imperfection of our means for their prevention and redress, leads sometimes to an unfavorable comparison between the present and the past, in this country, as respects the probity of the people. No doubt covetousness has not ceased in the world, and thieves still break through and steal. But the better test upon this point is the vast profusion of our wealth and the infinite trust shown by the manner in which it is invested. It is not too much to say that in our times, and conspicuously in our country, a large share of every man's property is in other men's keeping and management, unwatched and beyond personal control. This confidence of man in man is ever increasing, measured by our practical conduct, and refutes these disparagements of the general morality.

Knowledge, intellectual activity, the mastery of nature, the

discipline of life—all that makes up the education of a people—are developed and diffused through the masses of our population, in so ample and generous a distribution as to make this the conspicuous trait in our national character, as the faithful provision and extension of the means and opportunities of this education, are the cherished institutions of the country. Learning, literature, science, art, are cultivated, in their widest range and highest reach, by a larger and larger number of our people, not, to their praise be it said, as a personal distinction or a selfish possession, but, mainly, as a generous leaven, to quicken and expand the healthful fermentation of the general mind, and lift the level of popular instruction. So far from breeding a distempered spirit in the people, this becomes the main prop of authority, the great instinct of obedience. "It is by education," says Aristotle, "I have learned to do by choice what other men do by constraint of fear."

XI.

Spirit of our People.

The "breed and disposition" of a people, in regard of courage, public spirit, and patriotism, are, however, the test of the working of their institution, which the world most values, and upon which the public safety most depends. It has been made a reproach of democratic arrangements of society and government that the sentiment of honor, and of pride in public duty, decayed in them. It has been professed that the fluctuating currents and the trivial perturbations of their public life discouraged strenuous endeavor and lasting devotion in the public service. It has been charged that, as a consequence, the distinct service of the State suffered, office and magistracy were belittled, social sympathies cooled, love of country drooped, and selfish affections absorbed the powers of the citizens, and eat into the heart of the commonwealth.

The experience of our country rejects these speculations as misplaced and these fears as illusory. They belong to a condition of society above which we have long since been lifted, and toward which the very scheme of our national life prohibits a decline. They are drawn from the examples of history, which lodged power formally in the people, but left them ignorant and

abject, unfurnished with the means of exercising it in their own right and for their own benefit. In a democracy wielded by the arts, and to the ends of a patrician class, the less worthy members of that class, no doubt, throve by the disdain which noble characters must always feel for methods of deception and insincerity, and crowded them from the authentic service of the state. But, through the period whose years we count to-day, the greatest lesson of all is the preponderance of public over private, of social over selfish, tendencies and purposes in the whole body of the people, and the persistent fidelity to the genius and spirit of popular institutions, of the educated classes, the liberal professions, and the great men of the country. These qualities transfuse and blend the hues and virtues of the manifold rays of advanced civilization into a sunlight of public spirit and fervid patriotism which warms and irradiates the life of the nation. Excess of publicity as the animating spirit and stimulus of society more probably than its lack will excite our solicitudes in the future. Even the public discontents take on this color, and the mind and heart of the whole people ache with anxieties and throb with griefs which have no meaner scope than the honor and the safety of the nation.

Our estimate of the condition of this people at the close of a century—as bearing on the value and efficiency of the principles on which the Government was founded, in maintaining and securing the permanent well-being of a nation—would, indeed be incomplete if we failed to measure the power and purity of the religious elements which pervade and elevate our society. One might as well expect our land to keep its climate, its fertility, its salubrity, and its beauty were the globe loosened from the law which holds it in an orbit, where we feel the tempered radiance of the sun, as to count upon the preservation of the delights and glories of liberty for a people cast loose from religion, whereby man is bound in harmony with the moral government of the world.

It is quite certain that the present day shows no such solemn absorption in the exalted themes of contemplative piety, as marked the prevalent thought of the people a hundred years ago ; nor so hopeful an enthusiasm for the speedy renovation

of the world, as burst upon us in the marvelous and wide system of vehement religious zeal, and practical good works, in the early part of the nineteenth century. But these fires are less splendid, only because they are more potent, and diffuse their heat in well-formed habits and manifold agencies of beneficent activity. They traverse and permeate society in every direction. They travel with the outposts of civilization and outrun the caucus, the convention, and the suffrage.

The Church, throughout this land, upheld by no political establishment, rests all the firmer on the rock on which its founder built it. The great mass of our countrymen to-day find in the Bible—the Bible in their worship, the Bible in their schools, the Bible in their households—the sufficient lessons of the fear of God and the love of man, which make them obedient servants to the free constitution of their country, in all civil duties, and ready with their lives to sustain it on the fields of war. And now at the end of a hundred years the Christian faith collects its worshippers throughout our land, as at the beginning. What half a century ago was hopefully prophesied for our far future, goes on to its fulfillment: "As the sun rises on a Sabbath morning and travels westward from Newfoundland to the Oregon, he will behold the countless millions assembling, as if by a common impulse, in the temples with which every valley, mountain, and plain will be adorned. The morning psalm and the evening anthem will commence with the multitudes on the Atlantic Coast, be sustained by the loud chorus of ten thousand times ten thousand in the Valley of the Mississippi, and be prolonged by the thousands of thousands on the shores of the Pacific."

XII.

Strength of our System.

What remains but to search the spirit of the laws of the land as framed by and modeled to the popular government to which our fortunes were committed by the Declaration of Independence? I do not mean to examine the particular legislation, State or General, by which the affairs of the people have been managed, sometimes wisely and well, at others feebly and ill, nor even the fundamental arrange-

ment of political authority, or the critical treatment of great junctures in our policy and history. The hour and the occasion concur to preclude so intimate an inquiry. The chief concern in this regard, to us and to the rest of the world, is, whether the proud trust, the profound radicalism, the wide benevolence which spoke in the "Declaration" and were infused into the "Constitution" at the first, have been in good faith adhered to by the people, and whether now these principles supply the living forces which sustain and direct Government and society.

He who doubts needs but to look around to find all things full of the original spirit, and testifying to its wisdom and strength. We have taken no steps backward, nor have we needed to seek other paths in our progress than those in which our feet were planted at the beginning. Weighty and manifold have been our obligations to the great nations of the earth, to their scholars, their philosophers, their men of genius and of science, to their skill, their taste, their invention, to their wealth, their arts, their industry. But in the institutions and methods of government; in civil prudence, courage, or policy; in statesmanship, in the art of "making of a small town a great city;" in the adjustment of authority to liberty; in the concurrence of reason and strength in peace, of force and obedience in war: we have found nothing to recall us from the course of our fathers, nothing to add to our safety or to aid our progress in it. So far from this, all modifications of European politics accept the popular principles of our system, and tend to our model. The movements towards equality of representation, enlargement of the suffrage, and public education in England; the restoration of unity in Italy; the confederation of Germany under the lead of Prussia; the actual Republic in France; the unsteady throne of Spain; the new liberties of Hungary; the constant gain to the people's share in government throughout Europe; all tend one way, the way pointed out in the Declaration of our Independence.

The care and zeal with which our people cherish and invigorate the primary supports and defenses of their own sovereignty, have all the unswerving force and confidence of instincts.

The community and publicity of education, at the charge and as an institution of the State, is firmly imbedded in the wants and the desires of the people. Common schools are rapidly extending through the only part of the country which had been shut against them, and follow close upon the footsteps of its new liberty to enlighten the enfranchised race. Freedom of conscience easily stamps out the first sparkles of persecution, and snaps as green withes the first bonds of spiritual domination. The sacred oracles of their religion the people wisely hold in their own keeping as the keys of religious liberty, and refuse to be beguiled by the voice of the wisest charmer into loosing their grasp.

Freedom from military power and the maintenance of that arm of the Government in the people; a trust in their own adequacy as soldiers, when their duty as citizens should need to take on that form of service to the State; these have gained new force by the experience of foreign and civil war, and a standing army is a remoter possibility for this nation, in its present or prospective greatness, than in the days of its small beginnings.

But in the freedom of the press, and the universality of the suffrage, as maintained and exercised to-day throughout the length and breath of the land, we find the most conspicuous and decisive evidence of the unspent force of the institutions of liberty and the jealous guard of its principal defenses. These indeed are the great agencies and engines of the people's sovereignty. They hold the same relations to the vast democracy of modern society that the persuasions of the orators and the personal voices of the assembly did in the narrow confines of the Grecian States. The laws, the customs, the impulses, and sentiments of the people have given wider and wider range and license to the agitations of the press, multiplied and more frequent occasions for the exercise of the suffrage, larger and larger communication of its franchise. The progress of a hundred years finds these prodigious activities in the fullest play—incessant and allpowerful—indispensable in the habits of the people, and impregnable in their affections. Their public service, and their subordination to the public safety, stand in their play upon one another and in their freedom thus maintained. Neither

could long exist in true vigor in our system without the other. Without the watchful, omnipresent and indomitable energy of the press, the suffrage would languish, would be subjugated by the corporate power of the legions of placemen which the administration of the affairs of a great nation imposes upon it, and fall a prey to that "vast patronage which," we are told, "distracted, corrupted, and finally subverted the Roman Republic." On the other hand, if the impressions of the press upon the opinions and passions of the people found no settled and ready mode of their working out, through the frequent and peaceful suffrage, the people would be driven, to satisfy their displeasure at government or their love of change, to the coarse methods of barricades and batteries.

XIII.

Our Country To-day.

We cannot then hesitate to declare that the original principles of equal society and popular government still inspire the laws, live in the habits of the people, and animate their purposes and their hopes. These principles have not lost their spring or elasticity. They have sufficed for all the methods of government in the past; we feel no fear for their adequacy in the future. Released now from the tasks and burdens of the formative period, these principles and methods can be directed with undivided force to the everyday conduct of government, to the staple and steady virtues of administration. The feebleness of crowding the statute-books with unexecuted laws; the danger of power outgrowing or evading responsibility; the rashness and fickleness of temporary expedients; the constant tendency by which parties decline into factions and end in conspiracies; all these mischiefs beset all governments and are part of the life of each generation. To deal with these evils—the tasks and burdens of the immediate future—the nation needs no other resources than the principles and the examples which our past history supply. These principles, these examples of our fathers, are the strength and the safety of our State to-day: "*Moribus antiquis, stat res Romana, virisque.*"

Unity liberty, power, prosperity—these are our possessions to-day. Our territory is safe against foreign dangers; its com-

pleteness dissuades from further ambition to extend it, and its rounded symmetry discourages all attempts to dismember it. No division into greatly unequal parts would be tolerable to either. No imaginable union of interests or passions, large enough to include one-half the country, but must embrace much more. The madness of partition into numerous and feeble fragments could proceed only from the hopeless degradation of the people, and would form but an incident in general ruin.

The spirit of the nation is at the highest—its triumph over the inborn, inbred perils of the Constitution has chased away all fears, justified all hopes, and with universal joy we greet this day. We have not proved unworthy of a great ancestry; we have had the virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly established. With these proud possessions of the past, with powers matured, with principles settled, with habits formed, the nation passes as it were from preparatory growth to responsible development of character, and the steady performance of duty. What labors await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for human nature, what glory for itself, are prepared for this people in the coming century, we may not assume to foretell. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever," and we reverently hope that these our constituted liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of our posterity, and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love and fame. In the august presence of so many nations, which, by their representatives, have done us the honor to be witnesses of our commemorative joy and gratulation, and in sight of the collective evidences of the greatness of their own civilization with which they grace our celebration, we may well confess how much we fall short, how much we have to make up, in the emulative competitions of the times. Yet, even in this presence, and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness of the other nations of the earth, we do not fear

to appeal to the opinion of mankind whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country.

Time makes no pauses in his march. Even while I speak the last hour of the receding is replaced by the first hour of the coming century, and reverence for the past gives way to the joys and hopes, the activities and the responsibilities of the future. A hundred years hence the piety of that generation will recall the ancestral glory which we celebrate to-day, and crown it with the plaudits of a vast population which no man can number. By the mere circumstance of this periodicity our generation will be in the minds, in the hearts, on the lips of our countrymen at the next Centennial commemoration in comparison with their own character and condition, and with the great founders of the nation. What shall they say of us? How shall they estimate the part we bear in the unbroken line of the nation's progress? And so on, in the long reach of time, forever and forever, our place in the secular roll of the ages must always bring us into observation and criticism. Under this double trust, then, from the past and for the future, let us take heed to our ways, and while it is called to-day, resolve that the great heritage we have received shall be handed down through the long line of the advancing generations, the home of liberty, the abode of justice, the stronghold of faith among men, "which holds the moral elements of the world together," and of faith in God, which binds that world to His throne.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

AN ADDRESS BY HON. FELIX R. BRUNOT,

DELIVERED AT PITTSBURGH, PA., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Fellow Citizens and Friends : Yesterday I stood in the Hall of Independence, on the banks of the Delaware, and looked upon the immortal Declaration which an hundred years ago proclaimed the birth of the nation. To-day I join with you, on the banks of the Ohio, to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the Centennial of the Nation's birth. Space and time in the progress of those hundred years seem well nigh obliterated between the ends of our good old Commonwealth ; so let space and time stand aside whilst we mingle the august memories of the past with the glories of the present, and cement the foundations of a still more imperishable and noble future. Were I a sculptor charged with the study of embodying in marble the idea of this occasion, I would represent the Genius of America—glancing backwards at monuments upon whose foundations would be inscribed the principles of our forefathers, upon which the national institutions have been builded, and out of which the prosperity of the nation has grown—and with firm, advancing step, and right arm raised she should point onward and upward to a pyramid grander than those Egypt inscribed on every stone from foundation to apex with the same principles. An individual cannot abandon principles of truth, justice, and virtue which have guided him from youth to manhood, without danger to himself. Neither can a nation without danger, if not destruction.

What are some of these principles which have made us to prosper, and without which we cannot live? Ask the Pilgrim Fathers, and the reply comes from the articles of government they solemnly signed on the day before they landed from the Mayflower : " In the name of God! Amen. We whose names are underwritten * * * having undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith a voyage, * * *

solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, combine ourselves into a body politic for our better ordering and jurisdiction; and furthermore, in pursuance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof, to enact and found such just and equal laws, * * * unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

Ask the colonies, and old Roger Williams replies, "that every man is permitted to worship God according to his own conscience." Ask the fathers of the Republic, and the immortal words of their declaration ring out the self-evident truths that by "Nature's God" and the endorsement of "their Creator" all men have certain inalienable rights, among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The religious conscience in the New World was born free—civil liberty was bought with revolutionary blood. Out of the sturdy birth-freedom of religious liberty grew the consciousness of the right to civil liberty, and they are inseparable as sun and sunlight. Take away the sun and the beauties of earth are lost in darkness—destroy religious liberty and civil liberty dies. As civil liberty established by the founders of the Republic did not mean freedom from law, so neither did religious liberty mean freedom from religion. the Continental and Federal Congress opened daily with prayer to Almighty God, maintained the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath and appointed days of national feasts or thanksgiving. The first official act of the first President was the public acknowledgement of the religious obligation of the nation in thanks to Almighty God, and the first thing Congress did after the inauguration was to attend in a body religious service in St. Paul's Church for the same purpose.

"While just Government," wrote Washington in 1789, "protects all in their religious rights, true religion affords to government its surest support," and said that incomparable statesman in his farewell address:

"Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

John Adams, his successor in the Presidency, was still more

emphatic in expressing these foundation facts in the nation's life, and the records of the times are prolific in proof that the statesman expressed the universal sentiment of the people.

When the Congress of 1787—the same Congress which ordered the convention which formed our Federal Constitution—made a law for the government of the territory north and west of the Ohio, and the States to be created out of it, that law defined the connection between religion and the State in words of priceless value: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and education shall forever be encouraged."

There were no modern legislators who had forgotten or never learned the grand truths of the Declaration which will be read in our hearing to-day. Some of them were the signers of that immortal title deed of liberty to mankind, and every noble heart of them throbbed with the very blood which had been periled in its defence. They knew what the Prussians have long since discovered and reduced to a State Maxim: "Whatever you would have appear in the life of a nation, you must put into your schools." [Applause.]

They had imbibed the principles of civil and religious liberty from Bible Christianity; they believed religion to be necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, it was taught in the schools of their childhood and they handed it down to their children's children. Under this teaching the thirteen original States have been well nigh multiplied by three, and the three million of people of a hundred years ago multiplied by thirteen! What want we with new doctrines and devices of government in this our Centennial year? As in the further proceedings of the day we recall principles and patriotic spirit of the founders of the Republic, and recount their deeds of honor and sacrifice to win and perpetuate the civil and religious liberty we enjoy, let their old rallying cry of God and Liberty be ours, my fellow-citizens, and "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, let us mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors" to hand down to the world of 1976 the institutions of Government, religious, educational and political as we have received them from the patriot fathers of 1776. [Applause.]

ECHOES FROM LEXINGTON AND BUNKER HILL.

AN ORATION BY HON. JOHN M. KIRKPATRICK,

DELIVERED AT PITTSBURGH, PA., JULY 4TH, 1876.

My Fellow Countrymen: All hail this day! All hail these gladsome summer sun-lit hours, God blessed and flower crowned, in which we hold our nation's jubilee! All hail the past, the future and the present, hail! which brings to us a century of life completed with this day! This is our high Centennial feast, and to it all the world is bidden and hath come; and high o'er all, our beauteous starry banner waves!

The great clock of time whose mighty pendulum, swinging in measured arc amidst the lapsing years, vibrates so ceaselessly and silently between the ages of the past and the eternities of the future, has even now just struck our centenary hour and marked upon its dial this consummate and full rounded period in our nation's life!

One hundred years ago this day a new nation was born into the world. One hundred years ago this day our forefathers dead and gone, with an instinct begotten of freedom, and an inspiration only from on high, amidst the turbulence and throes of revolution, the fire and flame and smoke of battle, and the noise and shock of contending hosts, gave to the world their immortal declaration. One may not

> "Gild refined gold
> Or paint the lilly,"

and so in their own grand thoughts and words let me re-tell you what they said this day one hundred years ago.

They declared these truths to be self-evident. That all men were created equal; that they were endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments were instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; that whenever any

form of government became destructive of these ends, it was the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, having its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them should seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. This is the very language of their declaration; and to establish it, and in vindication of themselves, and as a history of the long train of abuses and usurpations and repeated injuries to which they had been for a long time subjected, they submitted facts to a candid world. And then as the crowning act of their great declaration, as representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled, and appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectiude of their intentions, they did, in the name and by the authority of the good people of the then Colonies, solemnly publish and declare:

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved: and that as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

"From the fullness of his own mind," says Mr. Bancroft, "without consulting one single book, Jefferson drafted the resolution."

Can any words of mine or of any orator to-day add dignity to the thought, or lend grace or beauty of power to these trumpet-toned, soul-stirring utterances of one hundred years ago? And so, can anything more appropriate be done than to read and reread on this our holy, happy festal day, this great chart of our life, this sublime, this immortal declaration of the great men of a great time, long since entered into their eternal rest? I trow not. How like a very bugle blast their voices, caught up in the echoes and the eddies of the lapsing years,

come sounding down to us through the century, kindling anew the love of country in every heart, and lighting again as in their own time the sacred fires of liberty in every valley and upon every mountain top throughout the length and breadth of this great land.

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to the city gates and castle walls.
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

Thus, then, my countrymen, did these men of a heroic age speak, and so did they "proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." Thus, upon these only sure foundations did they build that magnificent temple of liberty and of law, the American republic, whose aisles and porches we crowd and throng this day, and so up to the sunlight and the sky did they carry it—a creation perfect, complete in every part, as from a master hand, the admiration of the civilized world and "the joy of the whole earth."

In order rightly and fully to appreciate the great magnitude of this undertaking, let us pause for a moment, my countrymen, to consider the circumstances and recognize the conditions by which these men were surrounded when this the grandest act of their lives and time, or of any people or of any time, was by them begun.

I need not say to you that upon their part it was no holiday task, no unmeaning act, and no vain and idle ceremony. Not at all; not at all. It was a task replete with toil and trouble, and sacrifice and sorrow. It was an act suggestive only of doubt, darkness, danger, death. It was a ceremony grand, impressive and imposing beyond all thought and beyond all description, in which the highest and the holiest rights of the human race were involved—the whole continent the stage—nations the actors—and the spectators the people of the civilized world!

Among the countless thousands who live on the pages of his-

tory—the myriads who have crowded the decades and the centuries of the past—I know of no men greater than these; and of all the scenes which have ever been enacted on the world's stage, I can recall none which in grandeur and sublimity, and far-reaching effect upon the human race, surpassed the American Revolution of one hundred years ago.

I know this will seem to many the language of exaggeration, but let us for a moment consider the facts. Of the grounds of the Revolution I need not speak. The Declaration just read puts them in such obvious phrases that no words of mine could add to their force, or give fresh significance to their meaning and expression. It is enough to say that they were clear and well taken, and fully justified, any consequences which might follow from their submission "to the judgment of a candid world." Let us, however, look for a moment at the combatents as they enter the arena, prepared and ready to begin this great struggle for human rights and the mastery of a continent.

We were, as you know, but thirteen detached and feeble colonies, containing in all scarcely three millions of people, who then and thus threw down our gauge of battle to one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth—a great nation whose keels vexed every sea, whose possessions were so vast that upon them the sun in his going never set, and whose "morning drum beat," and whose evening gun were then as now, heard round and round the world.

Strong only in the integrity of their great cause; knowing well as we, that "thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just."

Putting their trust in the Lord of hosts, with a courage which was sublime, and a faith as firm and enduring as "the everlasting hills," they drew their swords in defense of right, and struck for God and native land.

With a boldness having home only in the hearts of a people who dared be free, they entered this their most solemn protest against tyranny, and injustice, and oppression, and wrong, taking whatever form, and coming whensoever it might, and gave all the world to know, that if need be it would be baptized with a baptism of blood, and again and again proclaimed out of the glistening muzzles of their shotted guns.

Actuated by the loftiest impulse of duty, and inspired only by a love of country, and the right, which knew no limit, I need scarcely tell you that they were all of one heart and of one mind. To the leaders at least, the headsman's axe, and the hangman's rope, were both the awful possibilities of an unsuccessful future; for remember this was a hundred years ago, when force dominated the world, and George the Third was King. They had, therefore, a full knowledge of all the consequences of their great act, and a most sincere and solemn appreciation of the position in which they then stood.

"We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must hang together," said the polished and dignified Hancock, as the various members of the Congress came forward to sign the declaration. "We must hang together." "Yes," said Franklin, "yes, for if we do not we shall certainly all hang separately." What a terrible grim joke it was to be sure! And at such an hour! But what a reality death proved itself to many in the subsequent battle-fields of the war in which the young nation covered herself with glory as with a garment, and stood fast even unto death in the shining valor of her sons!

But these men, my countrymen, had well counted the costs, and had reckoned the gain. They knew the high import of the work of that great day. The echoes from Lexington Green and Concord bridge still trembled and lingered on the summer air, and the new-made graves of the proto-martyrs of liberty were, almost we might say, even yet unkissed and unloved by the daisy, unguarded by the soft green sward of mother earth. The great uprising of the year before of course had not been forgotten, and the thunders of the guns from Bunker Hill were even then ringing in their ears, telling the story how brave Warren fell, and bidding them acquit themselves like men in all the duties of that eventful day. It mattered not, however, for as I have already said, these iron men of an iron age had counted well the cost, and already and fully comprehended the deep significance of it all. They knew of course it meant a separation final and complete from mother land and mother love; with long years of devious and of doubtful war, from Long Island to Yorktown where the banners of the people

floated at last in triumph and in victory over the royal ensign of King George, and the freedom of the colonies of North America became an assured and a most glorious fact. It meant the bloody stories of Trenton and Princeton, and Bennington and Brandywine, and Saratoga and Germantown, and Monmouth and Stony Point, and Savannah and Charleston, and Camden and King's Mountain, and the Cowpens and Eutaw, and wherever else upon the land, or upon the sea the sublime emergencies of the hour called love and loyalty to victory or to death. It meant famine and fire and sword. It meant the wicked treason of Arnold and the wild unholy ambition of Lee. It meant want and woe, the shivering, ill-clad forms and shoeless feet, and bloodstained snow at Valley Forge. It meant doubt and despair, sorrow and death. All this it meant and more, but all of this they knew.

But God be praised, and glory be to His great name, it meant other and better far. It meant that, in the

"All Hail hereafter,"

out of this present gloom should come gladness, out of this present sorrow a great joy. It meant that, as without death there can be no resurrection, and without the grave there can be naught of immortality beyond, so, with death, there should came, and there would, a certain resurrection and a new life, and out of this almost seeming grave of hope there should spring, and there would, a great tree—a very "tree of life"—the Tree of Liberty whose far reaching branches should fill the world, whose blossoms, like the blessing of God, would fall upon all lands, and upon all peoples, and whose leaves should in very deed be for the healing of all the nations upon the face of the earth! It meant that out of the loins of this young nation—scarcely yet worthy of the name—there should come, and there would, in the years and century of the future, a great people, bold, defiant, aggressive, carrying with their flag everywhere the genius of free institutions and their laws; covering a continent with their starry banner of empire, and blessing and beautifying it with an advanced, and let us hope, an ever-advancing civilization! It meant a State without a King, and in the far away future—and God be praised that we have lived to see the

day—a land without a slave! It meant a refuge for the down-trodden of avery clime without regard to creed or color or condition. It meant the perfection of all government—complete equality before the law, and so a people always and wholly free, calling no one master, save Him above, the Lord and Master of us all!

"Great God, we thank thee for this home.
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowsrs untrammelled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's lovliest paradise."

Standing as we are this day, my countrymen, amidst all these grand results, and gathering to our bosoms as we are, during its peaceful summer hours, all over this broad land the golden sheaves of a harvest which these men planted in tears and watered with their blood, what wonder is it that I have called them great, and ranked them as peers of any time? "By their fruits shall ye shall know them;" so judged and thus considered, where in all the pages of history, and amongst all of those world calls great, where, I ask, will you find any greater than they?

If, however, another Past hath greater dead than ours, and if there be graves which hold sweeter and holier dust than ours, then had I power I should bid these graves to open, and call upon their dead to come forth, that the manhood of the young republic might look upon their mighty forms, rightly read the lesson of their perfect lives, and so themselves become very prophets and priests and kings among men.

And now, my countrymen, in a concluding word, what is the moral of the hour, and what the lesson of this passing pageant, this waning day?

We have spoken to you of these great men, and their greater deeds of one hundred years ago. As best we could we told you the wondrous story of the wondrous past. With your own eyes you see, and yourselves everywhere read, the open wide spread page of the still more wondrous present. It only now and yet remains for me to ask of you, and to ask of myself, what of the

future of this great land? Shall the young republic live? Shall it continue to grow? Shall it wax greater and stronger in the years, and the centuries, and the ages yet to come, as it has lived and grown and become great in the years and the century whose requiem dirge we have just sung? Or shall it, like many of the republics, and kingdoms, and empires, and dynasties of the past, perish utterly from off the face of the earth, leaving not a name, not a vestige, not even a wreck behind it on the shores of time? By you and by me, and by all who are with us, and of us to-day, this question—this great question so full freighted with the welfare of the race and the future of the world—must be answered, must be met. God grant that we answer it wisely and meet it well. Let us see to it that wrong be righted everywhere. Let us see to it that injustice and iniquity, and fraud and corruption in high places as in low, wherever found, and in whatever form—and of which "'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," the very air seems full to-day—be smitten down by the most righteous wrath, and driven out into the wilderness of punishment by the just indignation of an incensed and outraged people. Let us see to it that no shiboleth of party take precedence of truth and honor, and that no false Gods of greed or gain have place and power over honesty and manhood, integrity and the right. So, my countrymen, the Republic shall live. So it shall continue to flourish and grow and its "bow abide in strength;" and so it shall become greater and stronger and cover the earth with its beauty, and all people with its blessings until the latest syllable of recorded time, and so we, each for himself conscious of highest duty best performed, can say to the shining, white-robed hosts, which to-day, even at this hour, are thronging the battlements of the skies, and bending over us with their love from their far away home beyond the stars, even from that celestial and Eternal City, whose walls are jaspar and whose streets are gold, we, too, have fought the fight; we, too, have run the race; we, too, have kept the faith—and so, by the great blessing of God, you have not lived, you have not died, in vain!

"Thou, too, sail on, Oh, ship of State!
Sail on, Oh UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock.
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee---are all with thee!"

THE MAGNIFICENT PRESENT.

AN ADDRESS BY HON. HENRY CHAPMAN,

DELIVERED AT DOYLESTOWN, PA., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I ought not to occupy this chair without returning my thanks for the honor conferred upon me; for the occasion will be memorable in the annals of the future, and harmonizes with the impulses of the sincerest patriotism. This day, above and beyond all other days, challenges a retrospect of the past, extending back to that period when this now mighty nation in its infancy bade defiance to the sceptre of a foreign power, and invites a review of the unprecedented strides since then made from year to year in the advancement of the arts and sciences, manufactures, education and population. And after such a review, we reach the present hour—the magnificent present—when the happy millions of this broad land, which stretches from ocean to ocean, are assembling without distinction of race, of country, of profession or occupation, of creed or of party, to seal, with the impress of gratitude, the immortal work of the sages and heroes who have long slumbered in their graves. We cannot, if we would, close our eyes to the contrast which is presented between the scene that lowered over the infant struggles of this country and that which is now unfolded to our view. He who visits the great International Exhibition, near at hand, will have displayed to his vision the various productions which the rivalry of nations has brought together from all parts of the globe—they come from every zone—from the mainland and the islands of the sea, and from realms which were in their prime when this continent was unnoticed in the pages of history and not found on the map of the world. He will, also, behold the productions and handiwork of his own fellow citizens, and there will be enough and more than enough in the display to fill his heart with a glow of patriotic pride. While thus hastily glancing at the past and the present, we may in-

dulge in some contemplations and aspirations as to the future. Such have been the astonishing developments in all material progress during the century, and in so short a period, compared with the ages that have rolled through the archway of time that our astonishment is excited and we are prone to wonder how it was that the human intellect, during those ages, lay dormant, and failed to exert itself in the multifarious paths which have since been so successfully and triumphantly trodden. But our wonder subsides when we remember that a man is only an agent of a higher power, which governs him as it does times and seasons, and selects them. We are almost inclined to be persuaded that the genius of invention has reached its highest accomplishment in contributing its aid to the various pursuits of mankind; but one may recollect that long, long ago it was thought by the wisest men its greatest achievements had been attained. This fallacy has been exploded, and therefore we may not say we have arrived at the summit of human progress. But while we may advance and transcend the limits of what has been demonstrated to be practicable, we must remember that we have something else to do. We are bound to cherish what we have, and the citizens of this great republic must remember that they are charged by every obligation of patriotism to maintain and perpetuate the liberties and rights of all. The universal assemblage this day throughout the land is an encouraging omen; and happy be the man and grateful be the man who has lived to see this day. Such a day comes but once in a hundred years! May the next be crowned by virtue, union, peace, liberty, prosperity and happiness—if it be not, it will be alone man's fault. For the same glorious sun will shine by day, the same moon and stars will shed their beams by night, the same responsive earth will revolve in its appropriate sphere, the same refreshing waters will flow and ebb, the same seasons will come and pass, and the same all-wise, just and merciful God will be over all.

THE BEACON FIRES OF LIBERTY.

AN ORATION BY HON. GEORGE LEAR.

DELIVERED AT DOYLESTOWN, PA., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: When the merchant turns his attention to foreign commerce, he designs a craft for ocean navigation, and addresses himself to the task of procuring sound materials and the most approved plans of naval architecture. The skeleton of a ship is erected on the stocks, and its ribs covered with oak or iron, well secured with bolts, having neither flaw nor blemish. The hull is finished with all the qualities of strength and symmetry, and, upon an appointed day, in the presence of invited guests, with a virgin stationed on the bow with a bottle containing something similar "to the nectar which Jupiter sips," the hawsers are cast loose, the blocks and wedges are removed, and as the ponderous craft glides down the inclined plane, the bottle is broken as the name is pronounced in baptismal solemnity, and, with a rush and a plunge, she enters the water, and floats high upon its surface, uncontrolled and uncontrollable except by extrinsic agencies.

But being in its proper element, the next care is to fit it for navigation by the addition of masts and spars, booms and yards, ropes and sails, until the unmanageable hulk becomes a full rigged ship, with her sails bent and her pennons flying, and "she walks the water like a thing of life." Friends are again invited, viands are prepared, and the trial excursion takes place. She sails gaily down the bay to the strains of inspiring music, the sails swell with the freshening breeze, and the pennons wave graceful in the wind as she approaches the waters of the broad ocean. Fearlessly she essays the navigation of the billowy deep, and for the first time she is "afloat on the fierce rolling tide." she is pronounced staunch and sea-worthy, and returns to ship her first cargo, and enter upon the practical business for which she was designed and constructed.

One hundred years ago a band of patriots known by the name of the Continental Congress, unskilled and inexperienced in State craft, with fearless and almost reckless disregard of consequences, launched their bark upon the unknown and turbulent sea of revolution. Not lured like Jason by the hope of the recovery of the Golden Fleece, or like the merchant by the prospect of wealth—not investing their private fortunes only in the prospect of private gain or personal ambition—but in the cause of human freedom and the rights of man they "mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." It was not the mere question of the sacrifice of a fortune, or, in the event of success, untold wealth. It was the launch of the ship of State upon an unknown sea, with fortunes, lives and honor aboard, the venture being the establishment of a nation based on the principle of human equality; or, in the event of a failure, the loss of fortune, life and honor. Without any prospect of personal gain under any circumstances, the stake was a nation to freedom or halters to the projectors.

After years of untold sacrifices and privations, a nation was organized, and human freedom as the basis of a government was established. But the mere military success of the Revolution was not the end. Martial courage, heroic endurance and unselfish patriotism could trample kingly crowns in the dust, and tear the purple robes from the shoulders of royalty, but the destinies of a nation of people, covering almost a continent, were left in their hands, with no one born to govern, and with no experience in any one in the art of government.

The ship of State had made a successful trial trip, and had weathered the gale of military contention and strife; but her crew was composed of men accustomed to obey and not to rule. The nations of the earth pronounced her staunch and seaworthy, and recognized her as a co-ordinate existence. But the question constantly recurred, can she sustain herself in mid-ocean in the long voyage of national existence, with an untrained and undisciplined crew, in the calms of financial depression, and among the rocks and shoals of mutiny and internal dissension? We are here to-day, as a portion of the passengers who sailed on that good craft, to answer that question. We have

withstood the shock of battle, the ocean's storm, the tropic's calm, "the broadside's reeling rack," the crew's rebellion, and the hidden dangers of the deep, and with all hands on deck and the flag flying at the fore, we dance over the waves and ride into the harbor at the end of a voyage of a hundred years, with the ease and grace of excursionists on a summer sea.

With all our opening disadvantages, with fortunes broken and general financial prostration, the nation entered upon a career of self-government, then a doubtful experiment, and this is the only republic in the history of the world which has lived to celebrate the centenary of its birth. The problem of government by the people was looked upon as the fond dream of visionaries and theorists designed to captivate the ear of the multitude by the resounding periods of the rhetorician, and shed a glamour over the resonant numbers of the poet's songs of liberty; but practically an impossible hope not to be realized in human society.

When the united colonies struck their blow for independence and in the cause of human freedom, the population of the whole country was not equal to that of Pennsylvania to-day. And in useful productions and the multifarious industries which render a people self-sustaining, they were far behind the present resources of this great State. They were not only dependent politically upon the mother country, and governed by laws in the enactment of which they had no voice, but they were commercially dependent. They depended on other countries for many of the necessaries of life. They had a vast territory and a soil of great natural fertility, but its products had to be shipped to other countries to be put into the forms and fabrics for the use of the people. Under such circumstances, the declaration of independence was an act like that of a commander landing his army on a hostile coast, and burning his ships to cut off the possibility of retreat. It was a bold act, but it was not done recklessly, under a temporary excitement, by men who were ambitious to perform a dramatic act of evanescent courage before the eyes of the world, but by men who were brave, prudent, patriotic and wise.

There is a system of compensation which runs through all

human transactions, and it often happens that what seems an element of weakness is a bulwark of strength. The comparative poverty and helpless dependence of the colonies was a bond of union and strength when the connection with Great Britain was once severed. Having to rely upon themselves, they became more firmly knitted together, and this self-dependence increased their trust and confidence in each other. While their privations were greater, their patriotism burned the brighter, and they vied with each other in acts of unselfish heroism, and in the darkest hours of the protracted struggle, the gloom was illuminated by deeds of fortitude, endurance and valor which filled the land with their glory, and challenged the admiration of the world.

But this is not a time nor a place for a history of that war, or a recapitulation of its conspicuous events. The pledge of the colonists to each other and to mankind was faithfully redeemed. The scattered colonies became the nucleus of a great nation. But war leaves its scars as well upon the body politic as upon the warrior. The new government was bankrupt. The currency of the country was worthless. The new system of government was to be organized by men who were without experience in the art of government, with large debts and an empty treasury. Here again, more conspicuously than in the war, the poverty of the colonists was an element of strength, and the nursury of patriotism. With no money in the treasury and few resources to raise revenue to pay their debts and carry on the public business, they had their compensation in the fact that there was nothing to steal, and consequently the new government did not beget a race of thieves. Men who were conspicuous for the purity of their lives, their sterling integrity and patriotism and their exalted abilities were sought for and placed in the highest positions of political trust. In those days, it was the belief of the people that the true way to get money was to earn it; that the acquisition of wealth was a slow and toilsome process; and that the evidence of it was the possession and ownership of substantial property, or the glittering cash, and not a man's ability to place on the market and keep afloat the largest amount of commercial paper.

With these homely but sound notions of political and personal economy, the people addressed themselves to the task of repairing their fortunes and building up the industries of the country on a firm and substantial bases. Economy in the household and in the government was the rule, and no luxuries were indulged in until the money was earned to pay for them. The habits of the people under a government of and by the people stamped their impress upon the administration of public affairs. Honesty, economy, and public and private virtue were essential elements of respectability, and the general rule of action in public and private life; and profligacy the exception. Cultivating such principles, with a boundless territory, of teeming soil and a free government, we could not fail to be a prosperous and a happy people.

"There is no poverty where Freedom is---
The wealth of nature is affluence to us all,"

Having started our ship of State under these auspices, we have tided over the first century of our national existence. On this glad day of our hundredth anniversary, while celebrating the most important event in the history of human governments which has ever shed its influence on surrounding nations, and lighted up the dark places of the world, let us like true sailors take our reckoning, and improve the occasion of our rejoicing in this year of jubilee, by ascertaining whether our good ship is on her true course, and to so trim her sails, repair her hull, lay her fairly before the wind, and replenish her stores, that she may live through the calms of financial and business depressions, weather the gales of internal strife, avoid the rocks and shoals of foreign and domestic wars, and repel the attacks of all piratical crafts at home and abroad, during the future progress of her voyage over an unexplored and unknown sea; for our future course is not to be a return, and we are not to lie listlessly on the water to be borne back by the refluent tide to the harbor whence we sailed. Our course is not backward but forward and onward.

And what are the conclusions from our observations? What do the soundings indicate? What is the outlook from the binacle? Does the gallant craft still respond to the turn of the

helmsman's wheel like a thing of intelligence? Do the "waves bound beneath her like a steed that knows his rider?" Is she followed by hungry sharks ready to devour her crew, or cheered by the presence of the graceful sea gull, with his wavy motion and virgin plumage?

These questions are asked more to excite reflection than for answers; but it may not be amiss to answer so far as can be done by general conclusions. The stability of the present and the hope of the future are found in the underlying principles of our government—the universal equality and inalienable rights of all men. Human rights are the rights of *all* men, and of each man, and they cannot be taken away except so far as he surrenders them. Governments are organized for the protection of human society, but they derive all "their just powers from the consent of the governed." To this extent a man may surrender his natural rights. The government is from an internal, and not an external source. Man rules himself under our system, and for convenience may do it by a delegated power, to be conferred and resumed at stated intervals. His laws, therefore, are of his own making, and while it is his duty as a member of society to obey them, he has the power of revocation whenever he finds them unjust or oppressive.

Under such a form of government, the right of armed revolution does not exist. That is only justifiable against a power which he did not create, and which seeks to control or disegard his rights without his consent. The theory of government based upon an hereditary succession of rulers is not only subversive of the rights of man, but is an irreverent usurpation of divine power. The nurture of a sovereign in the cradle, destined while a puling infant to be the ruler of a nation, whether an idiot, a tyrant, a statesman, or a fool, is as impious as it is absurd. In organized society man is the source of political power for self-government, although we all acknowledge "a higher law;" and however much the term may be abused by speculative theorists, and however much the expression may be distorted by or in the interests of political mountebanks, all jurists and law makers recognize a law above human laws, the *leges legem*, to which all human laws must conform and be made

subservient. But that law does not take away any human rights. It fosters and protects them; and, therefore, it cannot confer the right to rule on hereditary sovereigns. And this principle of equality in rights is universal, and applies to all men, without regard to nationality, creed or color. Whether Caucasian, Teuton, Celt, African, or Mongolian, this question is equally applicable, and it cannot be abrogated by any power beneath that which thundered the laws from Mount Sinai. Man may forfeit his right to life and liberty by his crimes, but this can be done only by the laws in which he has a voice in making. The stability of the present and the hopes of the future are based upon the maintenance of this principle in its integrity; but it is so firmly seated and so interwoven with every fibre of our existence, that the faith and the hope seem to be well founded.

While it is true that there does not seem to be that rigid economy, and unselfish patriotism which characterized the founders of the government, I do not belong to the croakers who believe that all public and private virtue, wisdom and patriotism died with the past. It is an unfortunate disposition, and leads to much unhappiness, to be constantly distrusting every one in public and in private life. I would prefer to be occasionally cheated rather than deal with every man as if I believed him to be a rogue. Under our system, the government will be as good as the people, and the evils which creep into the administration of public affairs begin at the root.

People and rulers have departed to some extent from that simplicity which should be the characteristic of a republic; and by extravagance and luxury—if not riotous living—indulge in expenditures and incur heavy liabilities, to meet which they indulge in speculation, and essay to make money of each other, where there is no money, their efforts to grow rich by a short and rapid process result in bankruptcy. They then blame the government, and clamor for legislation to cure the evil, when they can get none from that source. Their remedy is in their own hands, and no where else; but public officials and ambitious men speculate upon their anxiety, flatter their hopes, spend their money and lead them astray. In one view, the people give too much attention to their government. In anoth-

er, not enough. They depend too much upon the government to mend their broken fortunes. They give too little attention to the kind of men they select, and depend too much upon creeds and platforms.

The evil will go on until it will cure itself in the end. I can lay down a rule which, if rigidly followed, would cure many of the evils which are now charged upon the government. Let every man attend diligently to his own business. Earn the money upon which he lives, and earn it before he expends it. Risk no money in a speculation which he cannot afford to lose, and place none in a doubtful venture but his own. If this course be strictly followed by every man, we will scarcely know we have a government, it will sit so lightly upon our shoulders, and we will soon discover that our business and our fortunes do not depend so much upon the government as upon ourselves. There are more people than is generally supposed who pursue this course; but they are very much hindered in their slow but certain progress by the large class who pursue a different course. Men who spend money they never earned, or owned, must spend that which belongs to others. For many live on what others have toiled to earn. This is one of the great causes of the crippled condition of the industries of our State.

But while these things retard our prosperity periodically, they do not shake the foundation principles of our government, or endanger its permanency. The wrecks which float upon the surface are but the broken fragments of the argosies which have been drawn into the insatiate whirlpool of mad speculation, dashed in pieces on the rocks beneath, and cast up by the restless waters, a warning to reckless adventurers.

The system of fast living and the appropriation of trust funds for private use, which ultimately leads to the theft of public money, are the crying evils of the times. While bolts, and bars, and locks can protect us against common thieves and burglars, we have no security against official thieves except care in the selection of men for official positions of trust and confidence, and the rigid and inexorable enforcement of the law against its infractors, with a merciless punishment of criminals who betray their trusts. And the country is waking up to the importance

of this subject and a better era is dawning. "It is always the darkest the hour before day."

But this particular manifestation of crime is not peculiar to our times, and does not touch the fundamental principles of our government.

The Great Master was betrayed for a bribe, but Christianity still lives; there was treason in the army of the Revolution, and yet the colonists triumphed; and there have been defaulters among public officials and corruption in high places in all ages of the world. In our country the remedy against it is in the hands of the people. In nearly all others they have little, if any, control over the public servants. There is, therefore, no reason to despair of our institutions in view of certain manifestations of corruption among those in positions of trust and confidence. When the crime becomes intolerable the people will rise to the necessity of the occasion, and apply the remedy which they hold in their hands.

But the question arises, are we in a worse condition in this respect than we were in what we regarded as the palmy days of the Republic? We have more facilities for obtaining news than formerly. With our telegraphs and railroads, news travels with great rapidity, and especially bad news; and our innumerable newspapers gather that which is the most sensational and exciting. The quiet deeds of charity and benevolence, the self-sacrificing act of heroism, and the thousands of events in private life which ennoble human actions are unknown to the public. The turbulent elements of society come to the surface. The agents of crime get into the courts, and their deeds are heralded everywhere, and newspapers containing the revolting details are constantly thrust before our eyes. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." We hear and read all that is evil, but little of the good.

And when we take into consideration the difference in the population of this country between this day and a hundred years ago, being a difference of at least twelve to one, and the fact that evil makes more noise in proportion than the good, it becomes a very doubtful question whether criminals and crimes

have more than kept pace with the population. That certain offenses against law have assumed a grave magnitude is a thing to be deplored, but in the presence of the good which emanates from our beneficent government they are but as the spots on the disk of the sun, which mellow the light by breaking the fierce rays of its overpowering effulgence.

But there is no reason to believe that the world is retrograding in morals or honesty. Such a concession would be an admission that civilization, intelligence and Christianity impede the progress of the world and are disadvantageous to mankind; for there are more schools and seminaries, more books to read; more people to read and understand them, more acts of benevolence and charity, more culture and refinement, and more people who worship God to-day than at any other period since the "morning stars sang together" at man's creation. That there are base, gross and wicked people is no new phenomenon. They have infested society and cursed the world since the day when our original progenitor partook of "that forbidden fruit whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe, with loss of Eden."

But the beacon fires of liberty burn as brightly to-day as they did on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1776, and the people of the country cherish the principles upon which the brave old patriots of that day established us as a free and independent nation. This morning has been ushered in over this broad land with the booming of cannon, the chimes of bells, the blare of the bugle, and the joyful greetings and proud huzzas of the people. These demonstrations are hearty, earnest and profound. They are the spontaneous outbursts of patriotism—the grand anthems bursting from the full hearts of a free, loyal and intelligent people.

Why should we not look forward to the future with well-founded hopes, inspired by the success of the past? The staunch ship of State cannot encounter more difficult navigation in the coming century than in the past. She has encountered foes from without and enemies within. She has lain within the trough of the sea, and withstood the earth-shaking broadside; and while she trembled in every timber and groaned throughout

her hull at the "diapason of the cannonade," after the blue smoke of battle had drifted away in curling clouds on the breeze, we looked aloft, and joyfully exclaimed that "our flag is still there!" When the waves of rebellion, with fearful fury crashed upon her in mid-ocean, they were broken and scattered in foam on her hull, and died away in eternal silence at her keel. In calm and storm, in peace and war, our goodly craft has braved a hundred years "the battle and the breeze."

To-day all hands are piped on deck to receive instructions and inspiriting encouragement for a continuance of the voyage for another century. The winds and tides are fair, the skies are bright, and the sails are set. Gently swaying to the billows' motion, we round the headland, and boldly enter upon the broad expanse of waters. The world of old dynasties, which jeered when we essayed our first voyage, became astonished at our progress, and their astonishment turned into amazement as we pursued our successful course. That amazement, as we boldly head out for the open sea on the second century, assumes the aspect of awe. Such a craft, manned by such a crew, carrying a flag which is known and recognized as the emblem of freedom everywhere, is a dangerous emissary among the subjects of kings, emperors, and despots of every form. Wherever that flag floats, whether waving languidly in the gentle zephyr of the tropics, or fluttering amid the ice crags of arctic desolation, it is hailed as the emblem of freedom and the symbol of the rights of man.

To show our influence on the people in the remote corners of the earth, a citizen of the United States, during the trying times of the rebellion, was traveling on the northern coast of Norway; and, landing from a small steamer at a trading town in the early morning, before the inhabitants were astir, found three fishermen from Lapland waiting at the door of a store to do some small business in trade. The fishermen appeared to be a father and two sons. They were dressed in skins of the reindeer, and appeared to be half barbarian, illiterate people. They were introduced to the American, and when the elder of the Laplanders learned that the distinguished stranger was a citizen of this country, his countenance lighted up with an expression of eager intelligence as he asked: "Are you from beyond the great sea?"

Upon being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed: "Tell me, tell me, does liberty still live?" He expressed great satisfaction upon being assured that it did.

If on the coasts of the northern frozen seas, in a land of almost perpetual night, an illiterate fisherman feels such an eager interest in the question of the continued vitality of liberty, what a dangerous messenger will be that ensign of the Ship of State flashing "its meteor glories" among the thrones, crowns, and sceptres of the world. The subjects and victims of oppression will catch "inspiration from its glance," and learning that liberty still lives, will pass the inspiring watchword from man to man. And the cry that "Liberty still lives" will be the world's battle shout of freedom, and the rallying watchword of deliverance.

> "And the dwellers in the rocks and in the vales,
> Shall shout it to each other, and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
> 'Till nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

And in the land of liberty's birth the fires of patriotism will be kept aflame by the iteration and reiteration of the answer to the fisherman's question, that "Liberty still lives." And from the hearts of the crowded cities, from the fireside of the farmer, and from the workshop of the mechanic, in the busy hamlets of labor, and in the homes of luxury and ease, the hearts of freemen will be cheered as our noble craft sails on, with the inspiriting assurance that "Liberty still lives." The burden of that cry will float upon the air wherever our banner waves, and its resonant notes will fill the land with a new inspiration as the joyful assurance is heard.

> "Coming up from each valley, flung down from each height,
> Our Country and Liberty, God for the right."

THE MATCHLESS STORY.

AN ORATION BY HON. JOHN O'BYRNE.

DELIVERED AT WILMINGTON, DEL., JULY 4th, 1876.

Mr. Mayor, Councilmen, Citizens and Ladies: One hundred years have come and gone—and in some land the waves of time have left no impress. Not so with us. A century ago what were we? To-day what are we? We were then 3,000,000 of people, we are now over 40,000,000. What does this mean, what wondrous national tale is this? Is it not a mistake. In all the annaled past the story is matchless. Go back to the frontier line of fact and fable, begin at the misty border which marks the boundary of exact knowledge, and cull out the most extraordinary stories of national progress; parallel them with our tale of a century; and how dry and insipid are they, how deficient in dramatic force, how slow and limping in gait, how denuded of the element of human happiness, when compared with the marvellous and beneficent growth of our Republic?

The glamor of history is thrown around a Cyrus, a Leonidas, a Miltiades, an Alexander, a Charlamagne, or Napoleon, and the glowing mind of the student, drinks in the glory of their career as they rise up in demigod proportions to the imagination. Their glories are written in the blood sweat and woe of the conquered. The wail of the captive is heard as the cadenced answer to the shout of triumph. Herein our history differs from that of all others. Our growth is wreathed and entwined with men's well-being and woman's exaltation. It is a poem of happiness conferred, not of suffering endured. This alone makes our career a blessed one among all the people.

Upon the border land of the Atlantic, bounded by the coast range, or the Alleghany and Appalachian mountains, three millions of chosen people dwelt a hundred years ago. They were a chosen people, culled from the best blood of the Norman,

Saxon, and Celt, men whose conscience were their only monitors, whose ingrained sense of equality was crystalized in the answer of the New England leader, that "he knew no Lord, but the Lord Jehovah." In this fringe of our continent there were no castelated towers, no ivy-crowned turrets, no baronal keeps, no gothic churches, whose foundations were laid in the gloaming of the Myen age; all was new. The compacts of the Puritan Mayflower, and the Catholic Dove, resting upon the great charter of John, were palladium of American rights. Mighty was the power of these compacts and charters, as they gave to the world a republic, which has already overshadowed in freedom, might, glory and prosperity all the political creations of man, and compared with the sheen of which all others are opaque.

This is seemingly exaggerated, but it is not so. England is held to be the foremost in the race of progressive national development. A century ago, the fishermen, farmers and planters, of this land met her, beat her, trailed her flag in the mire of Saratoga and Yorktown. She was then triple our population —with the gates of India, the Spice Islands, and the pearly Orient open, through which untold wealth was poured into her exchequer, with the German and Sclave tributaries to her industries. She is now 30,000,000—we are now 40,000,000.

Of the great drama of the Revolution I will not speak, it is the sunniest and brightest spot in history, its triumphs are jewels, fit companions for those contests which saved our Japethic civilization from Semetic barbarism, a civilization thrice endangered by the Persian, the Carthagenian, and the Saracen. Our municipal life was early freighted with a precious cargo; onward, through the passes of the Alleghanies, the precious burden is carried. The riven pathways are avenues through which the founders of more than Imperial States have passed. The Ohio valley swarm with frontier men, the resonant axe, the muffled rumble of the wagon, the curling smoke of the settlement, the tapping of the woodpecker, warn the huntsman and trapper that settlers with customs codified into law have occupied their haunts,—and their tents and wigwams must be carried onward to the Mississippi, across its rich valleys, over sage desert and rugged peak, up and beyond the back-bone of

the continent, through the ice passes of the Sierra Nevada, to be met with voyagers who defied alike the rage of the Atlantic and the wrath of the Pacific, to find a home in the Eldorado of our western shores. We have tamed the continent—at least our allotted part is subservient to man's interest—and therein the laborer who garners the yellow harvest is recompensed with its profits. Not unmixed prosperity and peace have been ours—the rose had thorns and sorely they pricked us. A war for political existence was waged in the infancy of the Republic. Jackson and New Orleans are the magic words which briefly tell the story of its ending. The arts of peace, with the sporadic exceptions of Indian warfare, dominated and directed the destinies of the Republic for a whole generation after the victory of January, 1815. The brief, brilliant and profitable episode of the Mexican war enlarged our territorial domain, and enshrined the jewels of the Pacific in the quarterings of our flag. A few little years, and the heavens grew dark—the mightiest civil war of recorded history was fought. Blood rained upon battle fields, but did not for long. The geographical unity of the country was preserved by the surrender at Appotomax. The old Roman forbade the preservation of any relic or flag which told of a war between Roman and Roman ; no record of civil strife was permitted, and it was wise. Let us imitate the wisdom of the ancients, and pledge ourselves here, upon this joyous, glorious day, in the face of God and our country, to bury the dead past, to preserve no recollection of the works of those dark days, but hand in hand, heart to heart, soul to soul, march forward with unity of purpose, to enlarge the prosperity, garner the glory, increase the intelligence, deepen the patriotism, and render more enduring than an Egypt pyramid, our Republic ; the sanctuary of right, freedom, and order.

One hundred years ago, around the old State House in Philadelphia, were gathered no denser crowd than now here, then as now—the declaration of independence was read. It was then to be sustained by serried columns of armed men, now by the votes of unarmed freemen. The grim and bloody visage of war, has unrufiled its frowns and scars, and the halcyon smiles of peace now wreath the same brow ; but peace has its duties, as well as war, and their performances are sternly demanded.

Within the old State House sat the Continental Congress—its story is too well known to need repetition. To-day in the same city, the greatest Congress of the Nations ever before assembled, holds high council. It is not a congress of a race, or a nation; it is gathering together of all the tribes and peoples, whom God scattered upon the plains of Shinaar, for impious defiance of his power

Although diverse in speech, with Babel's confusion upon every tongue, yet the threshold of unification has been reached, and an acknowledgment by all mankind, from the Malay, Mongolian, Hindostan, Persian, Turk and Arab, as well as from our cognate races, that all are brothers, the children of a common father, friendly rivals in the race for human perfection has been had amid the hossanahs of song, and the roar of cannon. God save the Republic!

THE OPEN BIBLE; OR, TOLERANT CHRISTIANITY.

The Source and Security of American Freedom and Progress.

AN ORATION—BY HON. COURTLANDT PARKER,

DELIVERED AT NEWARK, N. J., JULY 4TH, 1876.

This is our year of Jubilee. A hundred years have rolled away since the Declaration of our Independence as States, and the formation of the confederacy which ripened into nationality: but little more than two hundred years since the earliest wanderers "not knowing whither they went," ignorant whether to hope or to despair, left the shallops upon which they had braved the ocean, and sought upon this continent a new home.

One hundred years! The life-time of some few men. Some child born this moment may see the recurrence of a century. But how brief a portion is it of the life of most nations! In the days of Pericles, Athens had existed over one thousand years. Almost seven hundred intervened between the birth of Augustus Cæsar and the building of Rome. The census of the great city thirty years before the Christian Era, made its population 4,000,000 souls. Sixteen hundred years comprise the life-time of Egypt from its foundation until Cambyses became its conqueror, while from the union of the Kingdoms of Great Britain under the name of England, until the birth of Shakespeare, was over seven hundred years; from thence till now, more than three hundred more. The greatness of America attained in one hundred years, judged by the ordinary tests of national progress, can perhaps best be appreciated by such a brief summary, exhibiting at a glance the time required for the development of other Empires, in contrast with that taken for our own.

The century over which we rejoice has been one of rare developement in every quarter, and in every field of human progress. Think of the events which have distinguished it. That establishment of separation from the mother country which we wrongly term the war of the Revolution; the rightly called Revolution of

France ; the wars succeeding, which devastated Europe, and illustrated the career of the greatest captain of the world; the singular, romantic and varying life of his distinguished nephew, passing from a prison to a throne, and thence to inglorious flight and death in luxurious exile ; the rise of the great Russian Empire from almost barbarism to the second station among civilized nations ; the creation of Australia ; the almost new creation of Italy ; the subjugation, complete, though sudden, of France to Germany ; as sudden and more complete than when the brave and adventurous Henry the Fifth brought to his knees the French monarch of his day at the bloody field of Agincourt ; the romantic conquest of Mexico by our own arms ; the strange revelation and settlement of California ; and springing from or at least connected with it the stupendous Civil War through which we ourselves have passed, with its momentous consequences to us, to the race so long enslaved among us, to all mankind, in that it has demonstrated the inherant toughness of Democracy, and revealed that we are a Nation which, if it may crumble, can never be overcome or fall ; all these and many more historical events have distinguished this great century and made it most remarkable of all which the world has ever seen. The man whose life spans it, has beheld more stupendous changes than were ever crowded before within so short a time.

It cannot be fairly alleged that the century past excells its predecessors in individual, intellectual or moral development. Knowledge has been widely diffused, and in certain directions greatly increased. But it is not the era of great men, of deepest and most powerful thinkers. It seems as if diffusion was almost inconsistent with depth. The distinction of the age is in discovery, more than in thought. But in this region, namely, that of material discovery, the deeds of the century have been even more remarkable than its political history. Who can enumerate them? Invention has been most prolific and successful, revolutionizing the methods and laws of life and action everywhere. In war, the clumsy firelock and insignificant though awe-inspiring ordnance of 1776 have given place to the breach-loader, the revolver, the chassepot and needle-gun, the mitrailleuse, the rifle cannon, the huge columbiad and other mighty weapons, whose roar

makes that which appalled our forefathers seem nothing in comparison, while fortifications once impregnable are now regarded as utterly and absurdly unavailing. The "wooden walls of England" have come to be despised. A Yankee contriver produced a contemptible naval "cheese-box" whose marvelous success, both for offense and defense, has thrown doubt on the utility of ordinary ships, and art is now seeking in submarine navigation and the use of torpedo boats the means of naval attack and defense. It is through war that nations attain Peace, and to-day the art of war is not simply revolutionized; it is positively mystified; taught to distrust everything it knows, groping for some discovery or invention by which to contend successfully with the inventions which have made old schemes and weapons ridiculous.

In agriculture, methods and means are entirely changed. True, the old plans remain. Virgil's Georgics may still instruct the farmer. The plow, the harrow, the spade, the hoe, the scythe, the flail and the sickle still remain. But with these ancient impliments, the reaper, the mower, the planter, the thresher, and a host of other labor-savers have largely done away with personal toil, whilst chemistry and science have made the earth teem with strange fertility, and the art of gardening has furnished its votaries with the power of almost creation.

In medicine and surgery the progress of the century is perhaps most remarkable. Vaccination has all but quelled the direst of all pestilences. Chemistry has supplied specifics remedying in skillful hands almost every chronic disease, while anæsthetics have robbed surgery of its terrors and made operations possible and common which before men never dared. The victories of medical and surgical skill over disease and death during the wars which have lately scourged Europe and America have illustrated a heroism, individual and professional, not excelled in any age: a devotion to duty and to scientific research of which the world may well be proud.

In mechanics what triumphs have abounded. The perfected cotton-gin brought into many times multiplied use as a fabric for clothing, warmth and decoration almost unknown before, and stimulated an agriculture, the value of which changed the seat of empire. But the steam engine—what differences to mankind

have not been produced by its discovery and application. The stationary steam engine disembowels the earth or foils fable in the multiplication of mechanical production. Applied as a motive power it has changed the habits and character of the world. The steamboat upon our rivers ; the magnificent steamship defying nature and making the ocean its slave ; the locomotive, annihilating space and time, binding together distant realms and opposite oceans, so that no region on earth seems any longer foreign ; could imagination picture what would happen were the use of steam suddenly lost? Yet before this century it was not known.

Even more wonderful in its effects upon mankind has been the discovery of magnetism and the telegraph. Europe lies just across the road. Its inhabitants are our companions with whom we hold daily converse.

Catalogue a few of the mechanical inventions of this wonderful century. The steam engine, the telegraph, the photograph, the hydraulic press, the repeater, the steamboat, the steamship, the locomotive, the diving bell, the rolling mill, the sewing machine. In each word what revolutions in Science and Art and in the habits of life and society start up before the mind.

A noticeable fact in regard to most, if not all, these revolutionizing inventions is that they were the work either of Englishmen or Americans. The progress of the century is mainly due to this one branch of the human family, and the same thing is true most extensively of minor inventions and discoveries. This may be called the Anglo-American century. Other peoples have adopted what Englishmen or American have suggested or begun. But these have led in the march of society.

Whence this striking fact? Whence the prominence, and I hesitate not to say, without stopping more carefully to prove it, the superiority of this race of mankind during the century just concluded? It was not always so. Up to the reign of Elizabeth and even to its termination in 1603, Spain was a greater power than England; Spaniards more enterprising as sailors and discoverers; more distinguished in the history of the world. A hundred years before, three hundred Spaniards had conquered Cuba. Some ninety years previous, Cortez had taken Mexico.

About the same time, Magellan sailed through the straits which bear his name and thus entered the Pacific Ocean. A few years later, in 1533, Pizarro completed his wicked conquest of Peru. France at that time was likewise greater than England, and even colonized in America with greater energy and earlier. The Empire of the Western World was long the prize of doubtful struggle among these three great nations. Even North America was parcelled among them. Florida, named by its Spanish Governor in 1512 and only ceded to the United States in 1821, and Canada, whose dominion by the French began in 1535 and ended in 1759, show by their very names how easily the destiny of this land of ours might have been altered.

Again do we recur to the question, why the prominence during the last century of England and America? Why their wonderful progress, while other nations, greater once than England, and far greater than infant America, even when progressive, halt and fall behind?

I speak of the progress of England during this eventful century, taking it into consideration at the same time with our own. It is right and profitable that we do so—it will tend to restrain our pride, and if rightly studied, perhaps to give us lessons for our future. Let us pause in our consideration of the great question proposed, and glance, though but a moment, at the mighty structure, the British Empire.

The area of the British Isles is some 123,000 square miles; less than California, or Dakotah, or Montana; not half as large as Texas; somewhat over twice as large as the State of New York. But the area of all other British possessions is 3,634,827 square miles, situate everywhere, so that it is true, without a figure, that Britain's morning drum heralds the sun in its progress through the world. And this, though our arms wrested from Great Britain so much of all the immense country now belonging to the United States and its territories, comprising no less than 3,614,784 square miles.

The population of these islands in 1871 was 31,817,108. But under their sway, there were besides 208,091,858. In 1780, the population of these islands did not exceed 15,800,000. That of their possessions certainly then bore no comparison to the number existing now.

The population of the United States, in 1790 was 3,929,214; 1870, 38,558,371. The area of the original States was only 820,680. That of the Union now 3,614,784.

It were enough for America to be the daughter of such a mother. The grandest proof of our progress is the fact that the population of the Union to-day exceeds that of the islands of Great Britain by some 7,000,000, while one hundred years ago, our numbers were scarcely one-fifth of theirs; nearly 12,000,000 less.

It were profitless to go further; to state the material wealth of these two great Empires or to show their increase in the century. It is enough to realize the number subject to their dominion—the extent of the world's area over which each rules. We come back to the question most interesting, why the prominence of these two great commonwealths; why their admitted eminence in progress during this eminently progressive century?

Each owes much to isolation and abundant opportunity; much to the blood which flows in the veins of its people; much to the civil institutions which have moulded their character, and through which, doubtless, both the similarities and differences of Englishmen and Americans have been worked out. But we cannot fail to observe one striking fact. The impetus of English greatness was given by the generation that settled America. It was pushed onwards by the immediately succeeding generations, following for the most part the same course of thought and practice, and from which, from time to time, successive colonies came. The England of to-day is the England first fairly developed in the reign of Elizabeth and James, and which has since only been modified, never fully changed. The America of to-day, departing, I fear, too carelessly from the principles of its originators, is yet great and worthy just in proportion as it adheres to them. To state the view I wish to maintain in short compass, it is this: the character and greatness of England and America, of Englishmen and Americans, are the result of the principles of tolerant Christianity, that is to say, of the open Bible and the inculcation of its precepts and doctrines. The freedom of which we rightly boast is better than any other freedom because it is that which springs from the open Bible, and is re-

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verential and dutiful at the same time that it asserts the rights of man. The progress over which we celebrate this year of jubilee, is due, would we but see it, to the action of those elements of character, which the open Bible, revered and followed as the fathers revered and followed it originates and strengthens—and if we would maintain that progress; if we would have the Nation live more centuries; yea! if we would have the next find us a strong, united and happy people, we must retain the open Bible as a legal institution, insisting upon its use in all education regulated by law, and furthering it by all means consistent with law. This is the grand subject which I venture this day to suggest. A subject, which in fact, one can do little more than suggest, but which is super-eminently worthy of the careful thought of the distinguished society, a branch of which I have the honor to address in this Centennial year of its establishment.

The historical allegation that the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor date the development or first impetus of English greatness, of what peculiarly marks the English character, will be, I think, generally accepted. It was indeed a most remarkable period. The wars of the Roses had toughened the hearts and sinews of the commonalty. The sentiment and habit of duty which were the strength and recommendation of the Feudal system had increased the native manliness which seems inherent in the race. The habit of using martial weapons which the law required ; the enforcement of industry ; the punishment and contempt of sturdy vagrancy and tramps ; the simplicity of diet and of dress ; the strict requisition of honest weights, measures and prices, all enforced by statute ; the fierceness in fight which won Cressy and Agincourt, the simple-hearted patriotism which made every man think first of England than of himself—these had made a people fit indeed for great things.

Over them ruled the Church. Their information in holy story was mainly given by plays and pageants, mystery plays, like those still used in Germany, dramas of religion or popular legends. Not over five millions of people existed in all England ; their habits of life simple in the extreme.

Then came the discovery of printing, and in due time the

printed Bible. First, Tyndale's in 1526 to 1536, the mere possession of a copy of which was its owner's passport to the flames; then Myles Coverdale's in 1535, patronized by Lord Cromwell; then Cranmer's, the first Bible published in England, a copy of which in 1540 was required to be placed in every Parish Church; then Whittingham's, Parker's or the Bishop's Bible dated 1560 and 1568, and finally the Douay or Catholic version in 1609.

Simultaneously or shortly before these publications which mainly effected the English people, properly so called, came the outburst of English letters and talent. The lower world was on fire; the upper a series of constellations. In Church and State, in Poetry and Drama, in Philosophy and Statesmanship, in voyages and travels, in arts and in arms, the Elizabethan age stands grandly eminent, unapproached by aught else in the history of mankind. Think of a period, and that when population was so small, that could produce a Bacon, a Shakespeare, a Spencer and a Sydney, a Cecil, a Marlowe, a Johnson, a More, a Drake, and a Raleigh, besides a crowd of others whom it were a pleasure, could we stop to remember.

But the great feature of the period, especially that ranging between the middle of the reign of Elizabeth and the meeting of the Long Parliament, was the supremacy attained by the Bible. Says an eloquent and graphic writer of modern date, "England became the people of a book and that book was the Bible." It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman: it was read at churches, and read at home, and everywhere its words as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. When Bishop Bonner set up the first six Bibles in St. Paul's "many well disposed persons used much to resort to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them." Says an old writer, "it was wonderful to see with what joy the book of God was received, not only among the learned sort, but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people: and with what greediness God's word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was; everybody that could

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bought the book, or busily read it, or got others to read it to them if they could not themselves."

Quoting again from Mr. Green's history of the English people, "the popularity of the Bible was owing to other causes besides that of religion. The whole prose literature of England, save the forgotten tracts of Wyclif, has grown up since the translation of the Scriptures by Tyndale and Coverdale. No history or romance, no poetry, save the little known verse of Chaucer, existed for any practical purpose in the English tongue, when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered around Bonner's Bible in the nave of St. Paul's; or the family group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legends and annals, war song and psalm, state rolls and biographies, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of Evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by the sea and among the heathen, philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast upon minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning. * * * * As a mere literary monument, the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue. Its perpetual use made it from the instant of its appearance the standard of our language. But for the moment its literary effect was less than its social. The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously, than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically acceptable to ordinary Englishmen, and when we recall the number of phrases which we owe to our great authors, the bits of Shakspeare or Milton which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we should better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which colored English talk two hundred years ago. * * * * But far greater than its effect on literature or social phrase, was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large. Elizabeth might silence or tune the pulpits, but it was impossible for her to silence or tune the great preachers of justice, and

mercy, and truth which spoke from the book which she had again opened for her people. The whole moral effect which is produced now-a-days by the religious newspaper, the tract, the essay, the lecture, the missionary report, the sermon, was then produced by the Bible alone. And its effect in this way, however dispassionately we examine it, was simply amazing. The whole temper of the nation was changed. A new conception of life and of man superseded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class. Literature reflected the general tendency of the time. * * * "Theology rules there," said Grotius, of England, only ten years after the Queen's death. * * * "The whole nation became in fact a church."

Out of all this, and under the action of many wonderful changes and providences, upon which we can look now and plainly see that the Hand of the Almighty directed, with bluff King Harry fighting with the Pope and appealing to the Word against him, his self-will and sensuality thus giving aid to the triumph of the open Bible—with lovely Edward piously giving himself up to the completion of the Reformation—with Mary and Philip fanatically inaugurating persecution and lighting the fires of Smithfield and Oxford—with Elizabeth in her turn contending with Spain, and with the aid of Providence dispersing and destroying the great hostile Armada—out of all this, I say, was evolved the Puritan—not the grim precisian, morose, ascetic, penurious, canting and hyprocritical which that word ordinarily calls up and describes, and which, in later years too often claimed the title ; but the true and original Puritan, who was not necessarily or at first even a separatist, but adhered to the Church and its ministers, and sought honestly to reform, not to destroy. It was, said Fuller, "a name used to stigmatize all those who endeavored in their devotions to accompany the minister with a pure heart, and who were remarkably holy in their conversation. A Puritan was a man of severe morals, a Calvinist in doctrine, and (at last) a non-conformist to *all* the ceremonies and discipline of the Church, though he did not wholly separate from it."

What manner of men and women these were, or might be,

THE PROPERTY OF THE WASHINGTON

consistently with this title, the same author from whom I quote graphically describes. Of one of them he chronicles the personal beauty which distinguished his youth, taking note from a wife's description of him, "of his teeth, even and white as the purest ivory, his hair of brown, very thick-set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, curling with loose, great rings at the end." Serious as was his temper in graver matters, he was fond of hawking and piqued himself on his skill in dancing and fence. His artistic taste showed itself in a critical love of "gravings, sculpture and all liberal arts," as well as in the pleasure he took in his gardens, in the improvement of his grounds, in plantinggroves, and walks, and fruit trees! If he was diligent in his examination of the Scriptures "he had a great love for music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly." The temper of the Puritan gentleman was just, noble and self-controlled. The larger geniality of the age that had passed away shrank into an intense tenderness within the narrow circle of the home. "He was as kind a father," goes on the description already begun, "as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as the world had. Passion was replaced by manly purity. Neither in youth nor ripe years could the fair or enticing woman draw him so much as into unnecessary familiarity or dalliance. Wise and virtuous women he loved, and delighted in all pure and holy and unblemished conversation with them, but so as never to excite scandal or temptation. Scurrilous discourse even among men he abhorred, and though he sometimes took pleasure in wit or mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never could endorse. The play and willfulness of life, the Puritan regarded as unworthy of its character and end. His aim was to attain self-command ; to be master of himself, of his thought and speech and acts A certain gravity and reflectiveness gave its tone to the lightest details of his daily converse with the world about him. His temper, quick as might be, was kept under strict control. In his discourse he was ever on his guard against talkativeness or frivolity, striving to be deliberate in speech, and ranking the words beforehand. His life was orderly and methodical, sparing of diet and self-indulgence ; he

rose early ; he never was at any time idle, and hated to see any one else so. The new sobriety and self-restraint marked itself even in his change of dress. Gorgeous colors and jewels disappeared. This no doubt reflected a certain loss of color and variety in life itself ; but it was a loss compensated by solid gain. Greatest among them was the new conception of social equality. Their common call, their brotherhood in Christ, annihilated in the mind of the Puritans that overpowering sense of social distinctions which characterized a preceding age. The meanest peasant felt himself ennobled as a child of God. The proudest noble recognized a spiritual equality in the poorest saint. Of one of the representative men it is written "he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest ; he never disdained the meanest nor flattered the greatest.

Such was puritanism among the highest. Akin to it was Puritanism among the lower classes. Milton, John Bunyan, Pym, Hampden—these names suggest classes from which they sprung and show us who they were who laid the foundations of English and American greatness. It were delight to dwell upon personal descriptions and live awhile among such men and women. But it is impossible. We must endeavor to hasten on with the subject involved.

Nor can we stop to show how this sort of people changed; how their characteristics exaggerated, intensified, and became unnatural; how, in later days, piety became sanctimony; sobriety, moroseness; sense of right, tyrannous, self-will; frugality, covetousness; virtue, too often hypocrisy; toleration and charity, the very incarnation of their original merit, bitter intolerance and iron compression of opinion. All this, too true of latest puritanism, did not belong to the earlier. It evidently was a natural growth under the conditions of contest, legal repression and general conflict to which puritanism was exposed. But it was not a necessary one—with judicious treatment, it would have been avoided.

The gardener, seeking successfully to propagate a noble plant, chooses the best stock at its healthiest prime, and then selecting the most promising bud, fullest of sap and vitality, he severs it, and carefully conveying and nursing it, in due time grafts it on

some hardy stock, assured that it will permeate and renew it. And so the Divine Gardener and Creator selected the exact moment when the open Bible had done its noblest work, developed and built up the purest, holiest character, and then permitting wrongs and conditions likely to effect that object, He directed an emigration, a conveying of the best part of England to the distant wilderness, there to grow into a nation, like the other, yet even more progressive; of a freedom similar though perhaps more self-asserting, likely to produce a type of men with more active energy than that of those who remained; a nation which, daughter of England not only, but a child of England's special freedom, the freedom of the open Bible, would take its place beside her as a bulwark of tolerant Christianity, a dispenser through all ages of the blessings to mankind which naturally spring therefrom.

No thoughtful man can fail to note the difference between the motives which generally brought the first settlers to America and those which have actuated other emigration. It was lust of gold which led the Spaniard to Mexico and Peru and Cuba and elsewhere, mingled with the stern missionary martyr spirit which distinguished Jesuit self-sacrifice. It was lust of gold which in our day settled California and Australia. It was lust of wealth and power which made Great Britain mistress of the Indies. But with those who from 1610 on to 1700, when large emigration well nigh ceased, defied the storms and sought homes in America, whence soever they came and with scarce an exception, whether from Holland, Sweden, Denmark or England, the motive of expatriation was the full enjoyment of the open Bible—of the right, that is, to believe, and to act upon their belief, of what it teaches; to enjoy the freedom of which it tells, and which it prompts; a freedom which establishes social equality among all men combined with and because of subjection to the will of God: a freedom which implies law, self-restraint, love and regard of one's neighbor, mutual respect among all citizen's; a freedom which prompts activity, self-improvement, progress; a freedom different in character from that which consists with Atheism, Theism or irreligion precisely in that point which has made these two nations so progressive, to wit, that man is intrin-

sically so capable of elevation that it is his duty ever to seek it.

In a word, the freedom here established, and preserved, and existing in the mother country by English law, illustrates at least in comparison with other nations civilized or barbarous which have it not, what is declared by the Divine Founder of Christianity: "if the truth therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

I call it "the freedom of the open Bible"—into which phrase enter two great doctrines: first, that it is not, as with many, merely a book, however to be admired and comparatively regarded, but *the* Bible—authoritative, true, supreme—next, that it is to be open—open to all, not to be kept for sacerdotal or other exposition merely—not to be followed in the way of some rather than of others, but for each human being to follow in his own way, according to private judgment, with such wisdom as he can acquire and on his own responsibility. Worshipful reverence for the Book, combined with toleration towards all who conscientiously follow it, whatever their differences, and with pitiful regard to such as conscientiously and respectfully impugn it, this is the foundation of the freedom which has done such great things for England and for America, and through them for the world.

How in each Nation this fundamental law of the open Bible, whose natural product is tolerant Christianity, has been established and preserved, through all the changes and chances of the life of nations, is a subject full of interest. In the British Isles, Puritanism, the first fruits as I have insisted of the open Bible, found an established Church, part of the law of the land; a pillar of the State, and of the Crown: in Scotland following one form of sectarian theology, in England another. Struggling for influence within the Church, it found obstacles, and then occurred contention which affected the character of both contestants. Antagonism shaped both, and neither party was the better in the end. But, for all that, with both the two great blessings remained: the Bible, in the Church as out of it was *the Book*, and religious belief of every sort was tolerated. True, exceptions to this toleration, or at least restrictions, on the manifestations of contrary belief, occurred both abroad and here. But this has

always been temporary and at last rejected, and while we in America have always scouted an established Church with a remnant to-day of the rancor of the fathers against it, we yet may doubt whether, without the establishment of Churches in England, Scotland, Holland and other commonwealths, our form of Christianity could have been so strong, or civilization and progress so advanced and secure.

For the forces opposed to the open Bible were, and are even still, so organized and so supported by civil power, that like organization and support were perhaps necessary. The ends of Providence, one may almost think he sees, required that England, the chosen chief champion of Protestant Christianity and illustration of its effects, a European power with others to contend with or to influence, should be for all these centuries more of a monarchy than a republic, while America, afar off, to whom all must come over the seas, but with an illimitable future in its immense area, could with safety at once exemplify that republicanism to which the open Bible leads. And so in the Providence of the Most High, there came about for Britain the established Churches of the two Kingdoms, combined with their noble Universities and schools, while in America the hearts of men were led to the establishment of the system of Public Schools, in itself and by itself insufficient, except that in them, as everywhere else, there was permitted the open Bible, and except Colleges and Universities, developing a higher culture than is possible in Public Schools, were consecrated to positive instruction in religion.

It is these great agencies at home and abroad that have done the great work of this marvellous century; the Church, the College and the School, all fostered by the Civil Law and shaped by Providence with a skill in adaptation equal to that in physical culture for the production of the peculiar growths required there and here.

A word more on this topic, tiresome though I may be. The distinction of the British Constitution is its composite nature, the harmony with which it commingles all three of the known forms of government. Its outward strength lies in its aristocracy which remains in England, though it has perished almost

everywhere else, and exerts a conservative force whose value can hardly be overestimated; especially because it supplies reward for merit and exertion, and thus constantly keeps up the existence of intellectual ability and strong character. The greatness of Britain is largely due to this. The number of men of force and culture there, as well as the extent of culture when it exists, is very great.

And yet it is not difficult to see that this is in a great degree the fruit of the Puritanism I have described, the true Puritanism, earliest offspring of the open Bible. It was this earnest religion that created most, if not all, of those numerous endowed schools everywhere to be found; in all of which religious teaching is a prominent feature, and which are the nurseries of Scholarship. From the lowest, meritorious pupils pass as a reward to some higher, one and from that to some still higher, until at last the peculiar few reach Oxford or Cambridge, where industry and success reap exalted reward in fellowships, in the Church, or even Parliamentary membership. And then professional success and merit are rewarded by office, honor and heriditary nobility, so that the aristocracy is constantly renewed with a new and vigorous growth—and the race of Englishman proper is perpetuated.

The system established here under the inspiration of the earliest settlers, and wrought into the frame work of our civil polity, was calculated to attain like results without repression of popular power. It is easy to see how it has shaped American characteristics and promoted American individualities. It had, like the other, several distinct means. First, the Public School, and in it always and everywhere and originally as a means of instruction, the open Bible. Second, Endowed Schools, Colleges and Seminaries, all for the most part under denominational influence, and all thus teaching religious truth. Third, Voluntary Churches with their educational adjuncts, the great source after all of popular and universal education, and upon which, today, the liberty and progress of America depend more directly than upon any other foundation. Through these we have as yet prospered; very much because of that feature of our Constitution, out-growth itself of evident Providence, by which we

are divided into separate states or communities, and enabled thus more thoroughly to attend to these important fundamental forces. It is under their stimulus that American character is so independent, so self-asserting, so intelligent, so progressive, so universally, perhaps, audacious in every field of thought and action. The differences between American and English character are plainly traceable to the universal diffusion of education among us—to its comparatively superficial character—to the exclusively materialistic nature of the rewards to be gained by exertion. And alas, with all, there is clear experience of one great inherent defect: so great that unless it is met speedily, the end of all may come, that that Bible which created and shaped our freedom, and veneration and love for which, originated our schools, is, practically, no longer open there; is in fact, in many places, the only book legally and by name forbidden and excluded. Such a possibility, it is plain, never occurred to the fathers, whether of the seventeenth or the eighteenth century. Had they dreamed of it, they would have framed our Constitution so as always to avoid it. A horror of religious tyranny, an enthusiasm for religious freedom and for the formularies of religious toleration, led them to forget the dangers which might spring from the toleration of systematic irreligion and from the acts of those who, too highly valuing their own creed, first undermine public education by obtaining the exclusion of religion from Schools, and then prepare to attack the system as therefore positively and absolutely injurious.

My Fellow Citizens: If I have seemed thus far desultory and not practical, I trust it has been only in appearance. I meet you on the threshold of a new century, a century called by the world the second century of the Republic, but really the third, substantially, of the formation of the American nation, a graft, yet a separate stock from England in this continent, then the region of vastness and mystery. The train of thought I have thus far followed I trust is natural and pertinent. The chief distinctions of the century; to whom they specially belong; that they have resulted from the natural action, under Providence, of that peculiar sort of freedom which is British in contradistinction to that of any other nationality; the origin and

individualities of that freedom, its intrinsic characteristics and worth: how it has been nurtured and maintained abroad—how here among ourselves; these are the great topics at which I have glanced, suggesting them merely to your future reflection, and all along with a practical purpose, to wit, to sound the alarm for the future of the Public School, and of the country, whose institutions confessedly depend upon it, and to appeal to all to uphold and extend collegiate education under denominational influences as a means beyond the reach of political majorities, whereby the open Bible may still be a positive institution, its precepts positively inculcated, and the freedom and progress which depend upon it thus perpetuated. For, if we will only observe and think, we must plainly see that, so far, no freedom has lasted, anywhere, where there was not the open Bible—that is to say, the Christian religion, with perfect toleration.

It is just here that I am met with the ordinary and plausible objection that the American Constitution acknowledges no religion, and does not even mention a God, and that its only reference to it is the amendment "that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," the argument being that nothing which teaches religion can be done under the provisions of law. To which there is easy reply: first, that the subject is one not intended to belong to Congress, nor to the national Legislature; that it concerns internal police, a topic entirely reserved to the States; that if this is not fully correct still the very amendment, construed by the established rule "*Expressio unius est exclusio, alterius*," legalizes all legislation by Congress on the subject of religion not implying its establishment nor the prohibition of its free exercise—and that it is to the Christian religion beyond all doubt that this amendment relates. And this view is strengthened by a later amendment which makes a difference in guilt between those in arms against it who have taken an oath (appealing thereby to God) to support the government, and those who have not. I add that Congress has, from the beginning, legislated and acted so as to acknowledge religion, as by requiring an oath of office and oaths from witnesses and by punishing perjury, by establishing by rule the opening of

their sessions with prayer, and by constituting chaplains, both for themselves and for troops, and manifold other acknowledgments of the Supreme Being and the Christian religion which He has ordained.

And going back to documents still operative, except so far as expressly and by necessary implication repealed, we find the articles of confederation recite that "it has pleased the Great Governor of the world to incline the hearts of the Legislatures of the various States to ratify this perpetual union;" we find the Declaration of Independence asserting the being of God, His Creation and the equality He established among men, appealing to Him as the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of the intentions of its signers, and expressing that they rely on "Divine Providence for protection" in the struggle they initiated; we find Congress after the Revolution passing the celebrated ordinance of 1787, for the government of the territory Northwest of the River Ohio, and declaring certain articles of compact between the original States and the people and States in the territory, forever unalterable save by common consent, in order to "extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty which form the bases whereon these republics, their laws and constitutions are erected, and to fix and establish those principles as the basis of all law and constitutions, and governments which forever shall be formed in the said territory;" and among these articles is the following: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, Schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." If these citations, with the practice of the Continental Congress and that which succeeded it, the successive Presidents and the various Departments, Executive and Judicial, all in acknowledgment of the claims of the Christian religion, do not negative the allegation that the Nation, as such, has no religion, it is difficult to say how such a charge can as to any nation be disproved.

The ordinance of 1787, when it mentioned religion and morality and made schools and education having them for its purpose or effect an unalterable compact between the old Thirteen and all its Northwest future, referred to the Christian

religion ; that religion which was held by all the people then within the newly-established confederation. That ordinance remained in force, notwithstanding the subsequent Constitution, and by it the government positively declared that it had a religion ; that that religion was Christian, and that it was forever to remain and be promoted by schools.

But this argument for the Bible in the schools does not stop with the consideration of the national Constitution. As already said, the subject does not *ex natura* belong to Congress nor to national matters ; it concerns internal police, a topic entirely reserved to the States, and when we consider the question in this light, all doubt dissipates. For those who will study the history of the various Colonies, will find in each that the maintenance and propagation of the Christian religion was one of their chief motives. If this was conspicuously true in New England, it was also true elsewhere, and especially in this our State of New Jersey. The Dutch who peopled Bergen and Somerset, the Quakers who found their home at Salem and Burlington, as well as the English Puritans who settled at Elizabeth, Newark and Woodbridge, and the Scotch who came later direct to Raritan Bay, all brought with them a deep sense of religion and sought its perpetuation. The laws of the early colonists stamped their form of Christianity on the commonwealth, and they have never been repealed. Our latest constitution formally adopts the Common law of which it is part, and in an illustration of it there yet appears upon our statute book a law in the words following : "all impostors in religion such as personate our Saviour Jesus Christ, or suffer their followers to worship or pay divine honors, or terrify, delude or abuse the people by false denunciation of judgments, shall, on conviction, suffer fine and imprisonment." And another : "if any person shall wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God, by denying, cursing or contumaciously reproaching His being or providence, or by cursing or by contumaciously reproaching Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, or the Christian religion or the holy word of God (that is, the canonical Scriptures contained in the books of the Old and New Testament) or by profane scoffing at or exposing them or any of

them to contempt and ridicule, any person so offending shall, on conviction, be punished by fine," or in State's Prison. The first constitution of the State, whose date is July 2, 1776, a Declaration of Independence prior to that in Philadelphia, made by a convention convened a month before and in session a century ago this day, declares in Article XIX. that "there shall be no establishment of any one religious sect in this Colony, in preference to another, and that no Protestant inhabitant of this Colony shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil rights merely on account of his religious principles, but that all persons professing a belief in the faith of any Protestant sect * * * * shall fully and freely enjoy every privilege and immunity enjoyed by others, their fellow subjects."

The present Constitution, confirmed June 29, 1844, begins with the fitting preamble, "We, the people of the State of New Jersey, grateful to Almighty God for the civil and religious liberty which He hath so long permitted us to enjoy, and looking to Him for a blessing upon our endeavors to secure and transmit the same unimpaired to succeeding generations, do ordain and establish this Constitution." Succeeding sections secure and perpetuate the fund for free schools for the equal benefit of all the people of the State. Can a reasonable man contend that in endeavoring to secure and transmit civil and religious liberty, a people greatful to Almighty God for it, and looking to Him for a blessing, can begin by driving His word from the schools, the chosen means of securing this security?

It is objected that this fund is for the equal benefit of all, and that if the Bible be in the school, those who deny it, or oppose its inculcation, pay tax without a benefit. I answer, that the context describes the public school as for the equal benefit of all, and so it is if all may, if they please, have advantage from it. Whatever the reason for which I do not choose to use it, it is my fault, if not my loss. I pay taxes for roads which I never use, for sewers with which I will not connect, for gas which I will not introduce. All taxes suppose equal benefit to all the assessed. No one can resist payment if by possibility, living within the district, he may have the benefit he refuses.

It is insisted by some that no use of the Bible can be made

without in some degree teaching the opinions, held by the teacher, and that therefore the rights of sects are involved. The answer is that the risk is nothing to the harm which must occur if anything like morals or religion is excluded from the schools. Beside, the argument would interdict all legal proceedings. Why should it be that the Bible should be acknowledged by oaths taken upon it, its Author daily appealed to as the final Judge of the World; belief in a future state of rewards and punishments made the test of the capacity to speak truth; and yet the Book and the name of the Almighty be excluded from the schools. What is this but to teach irreligion? And what is that but to make education a curse, instead of a blessing? Says wise and good Sir Thomas More in his Utopia: "If you allow your people to be badly taught, their morals to be corrupted from their childhood, and then when they are men punish them for the very crimes to which they have been trained in childhood—what is this, but first to make them thieves, and then to punish them?"

Some say: divide the cost of public education among the sects, on condition of their maintaining the schools. Such a course would be resigning to others a duty which belongs to the State. Its result would be the abandonment of the fundamental principle of the Republic, expressed by Burke in the oft-repeated saying that "education is the cheap defence of nations;" more directly, that public safety requires the State to see to it that her citizens are fit to rule. In truth, the State ought to compel every child to attend some school. She cannot confide to others a duty so vital.

I should be ashamed, fellow citizens, to apologize for the seriousness of my subject. Its importance and propriety cannot be over estimated. No Fourth of July should be disgraced by bombast and self-adulation by exhilarants or anæsthetics. It is the National Sabbath, and like a sabbath, should be dedicated, not simply to rest and joy, but also to self-improvement. But this Centennial anniversary is a day of peculiar solemnity. Its arrival is a test of our national stability. We have invited the world to meet and rejoice with us. Only through God's mercy does it come to us. We have been snatched as the brands from the very fire. It might have been a day of silence, of

shame and despair. The occasion calls for gravity, self-examination, truth, resolution of amendment, as well as for thankfulness and hope. Honest self-scrutiny forbids unmixed confidence. True, the nation has passed through many dangers. Foreign war has only strengthened it. Out of the terrific civil conflict from which we have just emerged, whose embers still smoke and every now and then almost blaze, it has come, politically, stronger than ever. But while the edifice stands erect, when the people of the earth doubtful through the amazing struggle, are astonished and in view of the great things enacted before their eyes, the great mountain, whose top stone has been brought forth with shoutings, cry, "grace unto it," while we hail the day as a minister of fraternity—a day of hand-shaking that is no longer a bloody chasm—a day of the fatted calf without a jealous brother, there are suddenly revealed signs of evil, occasions of grave anxiety. What timber in our edifice is sound? What stone beyond risk of crumbling? What spikes free from rust? What fastenings wholly secure? How dreadfully are we not illustrating the wisdom of Plato the Divine, when he said "as long as beggars hungering and thirsting for office, rush into the administration of public affairs, political life will be but a fierce contest for shadows, a strife for civil pre-eminence, as though this were in reality the highest good: laws will be but the remedies of quack physicians, giving temporary relief, yet ultimately aggravating what they cannot cure, whilst the rottenness of the foundation will finally bring down the superstructure, whatever may be the external form to which its security may be fondly confided." The passage I quote seems well nigh inspired. Corruption, moral rottenness is the great danger of this Republic. Not in politics alone; far less in the action of one party or the other. What we find there, is but illustrative of what is elsewhere, yea, everywhere, Materialism is so triumphant. It has so eaten into the heart of all good things—I had almost said, of all good men. The higher life is so unpopular, so derided, so dispised. What is generally desired that is not gilded? How few dispise glitter and sound? How insane is the appetite for success? How dolefully do we all gaze around, searching for men—men such as we have read of—such

as some of us have known—fit to be called *statesmen*. I do not say we have none. Thank God! we have, but, comparatively, how few. Most are but aspirants for personal success—the success of sound, of glitter, of shoddy style. It is the fault of our educational habits that their scope is so contracted. We hurry into action. The sooner at work, every man thinks, the better. So men are in action unequipped. And even the best rush by the shortest road towards their meditated goal. How many wait and seek the formation of character, make that their motive, and then seek or accept life's tasks as duties. And so, general rottenness goes on, till even the horrid expositions on which the press batters to-day would be almost welcomed as necessary to the hope of better things, if it were not for the fear that familiarity with scandal and filth may breed contempt for evil accusation.

It is in view of this underlying want of moral tone, cropping out in every quarter that I have chosen and press my subject to-day. I have endeavored to speak as they would speak who laid the foundations of our freedom and progress, the men of 1664 who once walked these streets, who laid its broad avenues and parks, who established here religion and law, whose characteristics still live recognizable in many a descendant, whose lives and plans still contribute to the happiness we enjoy. I have endeavored to speak as they would speak who rejoiced one hundred years ago over the news of the Declaration we celebrate—a Declaration to which they came slowly, unwillingly, only from conscientious belief in its necessity, in calm religious resolution.

I have endeavored to speak as he would speak, chief promoter of the subsequent constitution, and so most of all, the Father of his Country.

Hear this Proclamation, made immediately on the completion of the Constitution, as an illustration of his views on the question whether the nation has a religion, and how intimately that religion should be connected with education.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, it is the duty of all Nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His Will, to be grateful for His Benefits, and to humbly implore His Protection and Favor ; and whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "To recommend to the peo- "ple of the United States a day of public Thanksgiving and "Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful "Hearts the many and signal Favors of Almighty God, espe- "cially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to estab- "lish a Form of Government for their Safety and Happiness ;"

NOW, THEREFORE, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the Service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be ; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble Thanks for His kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation ; for the signal and manifold Mercies, and the favorable Interpositions of His Providence in the Cause and Conclusion of the late War ; for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union and Plenty which we have since enjoyed ; for the peaceable and rationable Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the National one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious Liberty with which we are blessed, and the Means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful Knowledge ; and, in general, for all the great and various Favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And also, That we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and Supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our National and other Transgressions ; to enable us all, whether in public or private Stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually ; to render our National Government a blessing to all the People, by constantly being a Government of wise,

just and constitutional Laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations, (especially such as have shewn kindness unto us;) and to bless them with good Government, Peace and Concord; to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the Encrease of Science among them and us; and generally, to grant unto all Mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my Hand, at the City of New-York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine.

G. WASHINGTON.

I would speak the sentiments of these fathers on this solemn day. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. It is ever in danger. Now from foreign enmity—now from intestine strife—at other times, as now, from the growth of corruption—irreverence for right as right, materialism, defiling everything, destroying true manhood, disgusting the good and competent with public affairs, and leaving the State to be managed and directed by cunning incompetency, seeking and using place for profit, scoffing at duty,—in a word, from moral rottenness. And the escape and, blessed be God there will be escape—I speak with no fear, for God is with us—from ruin to come, the ruin that has befallen other republics, the ruin that has so far been avoided, because our freedom is that which comes of the open Bible, is restoration and increase of its dominance and influence. Stand by it, fellow citizens, as the true Palladium of your liberties. Maintain the schools—and maintain it in the schools. Let it be an institution there, recognized and revered. Thus much can we do as citizens, nor little as it seems can we over estimate its extent. But this must not be all. In every way must we seek to saturate the community with Christian morality. The Church, the Sunday School, Colleges and Academies where religion is directly taught, the support of these is not only our duty as Christians. It is our duty also as patriots. The very infidel, if he loves his country, will aid in the promulgation of tolerant Christianity and the morality it inculcates. For, let no man doubt that just

in proportion to the extent that that morality prevails, just in proportion as we remain the land of the open Bible—in that proportion, and that only, may we be assured that our freedom and progress will last, and that another century will find the Nation one great, happy, republican and free.

ADDRESS

BY COL. ALBERT R. LAMAR.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SAVANNAH, GA., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW CITIZENS: Impelled by causes not necessary to be mentioned here, for many years the people of this country have failed to gather in the spirit of patriotic devotion around a common altar. But to-day, from one end of the land to the other, the people will renew their vows to the great principles which gave birth to the American republic in 1776. Standing in the shadow of a dead century and facing the dawn of a coming one, the people of Savannah have determined to light again the torch of liberty, and with confident hopes to transmit it to their children and their children's children. In order to give suitable mark to this Centennial day they have selected a gentleman to read to you the Declaration of Independence, a document whose vehement eloquence not only moved the arms and hearts of American patriots, but set Europe ablaze in revolution a hundred years ago. I have the honor to introduce to you Capt. Robt. Falligant, a gentleman who in the last struggle for constitutional liberty nobly distinguished himself, and illustrated Georgia, his native State.

CENTENNIAL GROWTH
IN
NATIONALITY, INDUSTRIES, AND EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS BY HON. HENRY BARNARD, L.L.D.,

DELIVERED AT HARTFORD, CONN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Fellow-Citizens, Countrymen, one and all, for on this day, although we meet here formally as one of the cities and towns of this Commonwealth at the call of our chief municipal officer, and on the proclamation of the Governor of the State, we are members of a still larger community, governed by one Constitution, having a common history, and sharing in the weal or the woe of a common destiny—we are an integral part of a great whole, a Nation whose marvelous expansion in territory by peaceful acquisition, whose vast increase of numbers by annual accessions of people flying to us as to a city of refuge from every country on the globe, whose rapid development of diversified occupations, of comfortable homes, and public institutions of learning, science, and religion, we have come together from the promptings of our own hearts, as have ten thousand other local communities all over the land, to commemorate, as the direct and legitimate fruits of that Declaration, which has just been so well read, and of the acts which followed. In that Declaration, and in those results, my countrymen, you and I, all of us, speakers and hearers, find to-day not only the themes of our meditations but our inspiration, and the springs of that exultant joy with which we hail the morn that ushers in the second century of our national existence. That Declaration was made by the Representatives of the Colonies as States-United, the war which it justified was carried on by their joint councils and arms, and the Confederation, or Compact of States which had begun to loosen even before the war was ended, and threatened to dissolve in anarchy and disgrace as soon as the pressure of a common enemy was removed, was in 1787 consolidated into a

Constitutional Republic, national in all the essential attributes of sovereignty, leaving to each State all administration which touched the immediate interests of families and individuals.

I. Let us, then, in the spirit of that Proclamation issued by President Washington on the 3d of October, 1789, in less than six months after his inauguration as President of the United States, in pursuance of a joint resolution of both Houses of Congress, and "of the bounden duty of all nations,"—thank God, humbly and sincerely, "for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation;" "for His providential interposition in the course and conclusion of the late war;" and "for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and especially for the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;" and beseech Him "to enable us to render our national government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, faithfully executed and obeyed."

Under the operations of this national government the territory of the republic has been augmented seven-fold, until it exceeds the area of all the States of Europe; the population has increased from 3,000,000 to 40,000,000; the thirteen States have multiplied to thirty-eight, each charged with only that local administration relating to land, business, travel, traffic, schools, churches, charities, and police, which touches nearly every family and individual, while the larger interests of emigration, commerce, currency, international and interstate communication, the general welfare and the protection of all from aggression or belligerent legislation, foreign or domestic, are left national.

To this increase of territory and population, and to the coordinate administration of all these local and national interests, there appears no limit fixed in natural laws, or the capacities of the people, if properly trained to sobriety of judgment and life. Surely, no other government in the same age of the world has conferred so many benefits on its own people, or interfered less with the happiness of others.

II. The growth of the country in all its diversified industries is most conspicuously shown in the Centennial Exposition now open in Philadelphia. Although I have made two visits, I feel myself utterly unprepared to describe the wealth, splendor, and variety of industrial productions of our own and other countries gathered within the grounds of that Exposition. For our present purpose it will suffice to say that we should be deeply thankful that the necessities of our early settlers, and of the great mass of all who come to this country now to abide with us, as well as the development of our national resources, make labor—labor of hand and head—the normal condition of all our people. Under this stern necessity, invention has been quickened and applied to all agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing operations, in such various and useful ways, as can only be appreciated when brought together and actually seen.

III. The earliest schools on this continent were instituted by the Dominicans and other religious orders of the Catholic Church in Mexico, Central America, and the French settlements in Canada, before 1600. The earliest Free School, so-called, in the English colonies, was established at Charles City, Virginia, through the efforts of Rev. Patrick Copeland, in 1621. These efforts had been preceded by the Virginia Company in a grant of 10,000 acres of land in Henrico county to a college at Jamestown, 'for the training up of the children of the infidels in true religion, moral virtue, civility, and other godliness,' for which purpose the King had granted in 1618 a special license for a general contribution over his realm of England, which was taken up in 1619, and amounted to £2,043. The Company in the same year (1619) instructed the Governor to see "that each town, borough, and hundred procured, by just means, a certain number of their children to be brought up in the first elements of literature; and that the most towardly of them should be fitted for college, in the building which they proposed to procure as soon as any profit arose from the estate appropriated to that use; and earnestly required their utmost help and furtherance in that pious and important work." An individual, signing himself "*Dust and Ashes*," in 1621 donated £550 "to the erecting of some school, or some other way whereby some of

the children of the Virginians might be brought up in the Christian religion and good manners." * * *

In all the New England States, following the example of England in the old educational foundations, Free Schools were first established in all the older and larger towns, which were invariably not what are now known as free schools—schools of gratuitous instruction, elementary common schools, supported by tax, and without any charge for tuition or fees, but grammar schools, and *free* originally in the sense of being exempt from any ecclesiastical supervision, or sometimes as liberal in the character of their instruction, and never actually free or gratuitous even to children of certain localities, or specified kinship to the founders. They were always *endowed*—supported practically by the rents of land, granted by the colonial or municipal authorities, or the income of bequests from beneficent individuals, but always exacting some payment in wood or money for the support of the teacher and incidental expenses.

It is difficult for the present generation of teachers, pupils, and school officers, with our numerous and costly school edifices, and their equipment for warmth, ventilation, and physical comfort, with our well-graded system of classes, books and teachers, with our normal schools, institutes, and associations for the training and improvement of teachers, with our well-endowed academies, high schools, colleges, and professional seminaries of every kind, to understand the limited educational resources with which the first century of our national existence opened and which continued to within the last forty years.

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From these references [to the school and college text books, and autographic remisincences by pupils and teachers, of "schools as they were" in all of the old thirteen states before 1800], it is evident that the school and the college were very different institutions then, and now, Their buildings, books, and teachers seem altogether insufficient to train the men and women who made the homes, farms, and workshops of the ante-Revolutionary period, achieved our independence, and framed the constitutions and laws under which our national and state governments were organized. And we must find in

other agencies—in the daily struggle for existence, in the obedience, industry, and sobriety of the family, in the teaching of the Sabbath and the study of the Bible, in the responsibilities of local magistracy and the discussions incident to town and colonial administration—in such agencies as these, combined with very narrow but thorough formal instruction, we must find the mental vigor, political wisdom, and general intelligence which enabled our ancestors to do their great work. The school in its best conditions, except as it trains the faculties, and gives the key to books, is subordinate to actual business, be it of head or hand, thoughtfully done. * * * *

In this, as well as in other portions of the great field of public administration, Washington, and the fathers of the republic, displayed their far-reaching sagacity and patriotism. In his Farewell Address to the People of the United States, he struck the key-note of all exhortation on this subject: "Promote, as one object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." In laying out the Federal City which now bears his name, under authority of Congress, among the squares reserved for public uses was one for a National University. In his first formal recommendations of special measures to the consideration of both Houses of Congress was "the promotion of science and literature. Knowledge in every country is the surest basis of public happiness." In a subsequent speech he distinctly recommends a National University, as well as a Military Academy. "A primary object of such an institution, gathering its students from every portion of the country, should be instruction in the science of government."

What changes in the civil and diplomatic service, and in the national feeling of the country, would have followed the establishment of a National University at the Capitol, founded on Washington's suggestions, and under his administration, with its students "gathered from all parts of the country for the completion of their education in all branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government," escaping the local prejudices and habitual jealousies of being brought up and always living within State lines, and in forming friendships in juvenile years with kindred spirits born under different social and geographical relations! How much of misconception from non-acquaintance, which gradually widens and deepens into open alienation,

and finally, when fostered and inflamed by artful and ambitious demagogues, into violent antagonism, would have been avoided! how strong but subtle, numerous yet almost unseen, would have been the ties which, knit in their academic walks, and strengthened in the generous competition of scholarship, and in the interchanged visits of each other's homes, and by correspondence, would have been interwoven into the domestic life and the public action of those graduates in the course of a century! How much the sentiment of nationality, the grateful feeling of being the recipients of the culture provided by a common country, would have been fostered! and how the public service, supplied, as it would have been, at least by all the earlier Presidents and heads of departments, from these graduates, trained in languages and sciences such as the public interests required, for its curriculum must have been moulded by public opinion, would have been elevated and rescued from the low personal and partisan purposes to which it has been degraded! Looked at from an educational point of view, and in connection with the immense scientific material which have been gradually gathered in the necessary operations of the government, such a University, with its own and the libraries, museums, and galleries, to which its professors and graduates could have had access for original research, and the endowments which, like those of Washington and Smithson, it would have received, would have been worthy of the name of Washington, and ranked now second to no other in this or any country.

Benjamin Franklin, with all his other claims to the affectionate remembrances of his countrymen, should be honored for his great services to popular education in the foundation of one of the earliest public libraries in the country, and in his plan of an Academy and an English School, which is now the University of Pennsylvania. Both John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were the avowed advocates of education in its elementary as well as its higher forms, and devoted their time and estates to the foundation of schools and higher seminaries of learning. Mr. Adams was the author of the section in the first Constitution of Massachusetts (1780) relating to the encouragement of literature and schools, which has since been incorporated substantially into the organic law of every State. Twenty of the last years of Mr. Jefferson's life were spent in labors to establish a great institution of liberal culture; and he will be remembered, with the Declaration of Independence, as the founder of the University of Virginia.

I wish I could give with precision the name of that great benefactor of American education who inserted in the first draft of the Ordinance of 1784 for disposing of lands in the Western

Territory, the paragraph which reads as finally passed. "There shall be reserved the lot No. 16 of every township for the maintenance of public schools." This provision of 1785 was confirmed by the Ordinance of 1787, "for the government of the territory northward of the river Ohio," which also declared that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and other means of education shall be forever encouraged." Thus was incorporated into the land policy of the National Government an educational endowment, which, if it had been properly guarded and administered, would have increased with the expanding wants of each community, where these lands thus reserved were situated. Although sometimes neglected, and even misapplied, this magnificent endowment of over 70,000,000 acres of public lands, has started germs of educational institutions in more than one hundred thousand districts, and kept alive by its place in the constitution and laws of each of the States where the lands were situated, the obligation of legislators to consider the educational interests of the people. To this generous provision for elementary schools by Congress should be added the endowment of higher seminaries—a College or University in each of the States in which public lands were situated, to the extent of nearly 2,000,000 acres. * *

Various attempts have been made from time to time to nationalize the educational feature of the Land Policy of the National Government, so as to embrace all the States; but it was not until 1862, after the persistent efforts of Hon. Justin M. Morrill, of Vermont, that public lands were donated to the several States and Territories, to provide Colleges for the benefit of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts,' by which over 9,000,000 acres have already been set apart, and over forty institutions established or enlarged to realize the objects of the grant.

In this direction reconstruction and reëndowment could have been carried on promptly, liberally, and with universal acceptance, if due regard had been had to the existing conditions of southern society. It is not too late now, although three generations of children and youth have been swept beyond the reach of schools and colleges, since this work should have been begun, and made the problem of universal education more difficult. A noble example was set by Mr. George Peabody, and much good has been already done, and will continue to be done, by the mode in which his funds are applied, in stimulating local contributions, and helping sustain normal and model schools. But his benefaction, large as it is, is insignificant; it should be at once a hundred, nay, a thousand-folded, to supply the educational destitution of the States in which the old labor and

social systems have been not only broken up, but left the ground perfectly covered and obstructed with their ruins But not only are funds wanted, but agents and teachers, with local sympathies and knowledge, must be searched for, and trained in the spirit and methods of Oberlin. A hundred normal seminaries, like those of Hampton Institute, should as early as practicable be established and aided by Congress, and a system of industrial schools, for whites and blacks, be at once organized all over the country. Here is a field in which the largest public spirit can find scope for the fullest exercise. Let all unite to do even tardy justice to this long neglected interest, and let Southern men and women be employed in the work of educating their own children, under such systems, and even without regard to systems as developed in other parts of the country, as shall be found practicable in their hands. What we want, what these States and the whole country want, are schools, numerous and good enough to meet the pressing want of over one million of children and youth. Let us have as soon as possible a generation of adults educated in the ideas and ways of the new dispensation. * * *

The old Bell, which has become historic from its association with the Hall in which the title deed of our liberties was signed, and that more august instrument, the Constitution of the United States, was framed, has long since done its work. It rang out the old, and rang in the new dispensation. But its proclamation of "Liberty throughout the land" which had come echoing down the centuries from the old Hebrew Commonwealth, took a prophetic significance in 1864; and now, on this centennial anniversary, ten thousand bells have quickened its still lingering vibrations and carried their inspiring tones into the hearts of millions which they never reached before; and on each recurring anniversary let them all—

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the law of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

THE GRAND MISSION OF AMERICA.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. JOSEPH H. TWITCHELL,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT HARTFORD, CONN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

This republic was ordained of God who has provided the conditions of the organization of the race into nations by the configuration of land and the interspaces of the sea. By these national organizations the culture and development of the race are secured. We believe that our nation is a creature of God—that he ordained it for an object, and we believe that we have some comprehension of what that object is. He gave us the best results of the travail of ages past for an outfit, separating us from the circumstances that in the existing nations encumbered these results, and sent us forth to do his will. We built on foundations already prepared a new building. Other men had labored and we entered upon their labors. God endowed and set us for a sign to testify the worth of men and the hope there is for man. And we are rejoicing to-day that in our first hundred years we seem to have measurably—*measurably*—fulfilled our Divine calling. It is not our national prosperity, great as it is, that is the appropriate theme of our most joyful congratulations, but it is our success in demonstrating that men are equal as God's children, which affords a prophecy of better things for the race. That is what our history as a lesson amounts to.

There have been failures in particulars, but not on the whole; though we fall short, yet still, on the whole, the outline of the lesson may be read clearly. The day of remembrance and of recollection is also the day of anticipation. We turn from looking back one hundred years to looking forward one hundred. It is well for some reasons to dwell upon to-day, but the proper compliment of our memories, reaching over generations, is hope reaching forward over a similar period of time. Dwelling on

to-day—filling our eyes with it—we can neither see far back nor far on. We are caught in the contemplation of evils that exist and that occupy us with a sense of what has not been done and of unpleasing aspects. True there *are* evils, but think what has been wrought in advancing the work of the grand mission of America. Do we doubt that the work is to go on? No! There are to be strifes and contending forces. But as out of strife has come progress, so will it be hereafter. Some things that we have not wanted, as well as some things that we have wanted have been done, yet on the whole the result is progress. It is God's way to bring better things by strife. (The speaker here alluded to the battle of Gettysburg, where he officiated as chaplain in the burial of the dead—the blue and the gray often in the same grave—and said that the only prayer that he could offer was "Thy will be done, thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven."

The republic is to continue on in the same general career it has hitherto followed. The same great truths its history has developed and realized in social and civil life are to still further emerge. The proposition that all men are created equal is to be still further demonstrated. Human rights are to be vindicated and set free from all that would deny them—Is any law that asserts the dignity of human nature to be abrogated? Never. The Republic is to become a still brighter and brighter sign to the nations to show them the way to liberty. We have opened our doors to the oppressed. Are those doors to be closed? No; a thousand times no. We have given out an invitation to those who are held in the chains of wrong. Is that invitation to be recalled? No, never. The invitation has been accepted; and here the speaker alluded to the fact—which shows how homogenous we finally become as a nation, though heterogenous through immigration—that the Declaration of Independence is read here to-day by a man whose father was born in Ireland; the national songs are sung by a man who was himself born in Ireland; and the company of singers here, nearly all, were born in Germany. Then he passed to the subject of Chinese education in this country and spoke of Yung Wing and his life-work, alluding to him as the representative of the better thought and hope of China, and then paid

his respects to that part of the Cincinnati platform which alludes to this race. So long as he had voted he had given his support to this political party whose convention was held at Cincinnati, but *that* platform wherein it seems on this point to verge toward un-American doctrine, he repudiated; "I disown it; I say woe to its policy; I bestow my malediction upon it." Now, if there is any one here who will pay like respect to the platform of the other party the whole duty will be done. We are urged to-day in view of our calling, and of the fulfillment of the past to set our faces and hearts toward the future in harmony and sympathy with the hope we are to realize. Let every man make it a personal duty and look within himself. God save the Republic! May it stand in righteousness and mercy; so only can it stand. If we forsake our calling, God will take away the crown He has given us. The kingdom of God will be taken from us and given to another nation which shall bring forth the fruits thereof.

NEW HAVEN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN ORATION BY REV. LEONARD BACON, D. D.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, NEW HAVEN, CONN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

In the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, the fourth of July fell on Thursday. On that day, the Continental congress at Philadelphia gave notice to all nations that the political communities which it represented had ceased to be colonies, were absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown, and had become Independent States. The news that such a Declaration had been made was not flashed along electric wires; it was not conveyed by steam car or steam boat; nor can I learn that it was sent in all directions by an extraordinary express. But we may assume that as early as Tuesday morning, July 9th, the people of New Haven heard the news, and that such news reported by neighbor to neighbor, was talked about everywhere, with every variety of opinion as to whether the Independence that had been declared could be maintained; some rejoicing in the Declaration and sure that it would stand; others doubting; here and there one indignant, but not daring to express his indignation. All knew that the decisive step had been taken, and that the country was committed to a life and death struggle, not for the recovery of chartered and inherited rights as provinces included in the British empire, but for an independent nationality and a place among acknowledged sovereignties.

It is difficult for us to form in our minds any just conception of what New Haven was a hundred years ago. But let us make the attempt. At that time, the town of New Haven included East Haven, North Haven, Hamden, West Haven, and almost the entire territory of what are now the three towns of Woodbridge, Beacon Falls and Bethany. What is now the city of New Haven was then "the town plat"—the nine original squares

—with the surrounding fields and scattered dwellings, from the West river to the Quinnipiack, and between the harbor and the two sentinel cliffs which guard the beauty of the plain. Here was New Haven proper—the territorial parish of the First Ecclesiastical Society, all the outlying portions of the township having been set off into distinct parishes for church and school purposes. In other words, the town of New Haven, at that time was bounded on the east by Branford, on the north by Wallingford (which included Cheshire), on the west by Derby and Milford; and all the "freemen" within those bounds were accustomed to assemble here in town meeting.

A hundred years ago, there was a very pleasant village here at the "town-plat," though very little had been done to make it beautiful. This public square had been reserved, with a wise forethought for certain public uses; but in the hundred and thirty-eight years that had passed since it was laid out by the proprietors who purchased these lands from the Indians, it had never been enclosed, nor planted with trees, nor graded; for the people had always been too poor to do much for mere beauty. Here, at the centre of their public square, the planters of New Haven built a plain, rude house for public worship, and behind it they made their graves—thus giving to the spot a consecration that ought never to be forgotten. At the time which we are now endeavoring to recall, that central spot (almost identical with the site of what is now called Centre church) had been reoccupied about eighteen years, by the brick meeting-house of the First church; and the burying-ground, enclosed with a rude fence, but otherwise neglected, was still the only burial-place within the parochial limits of the First Ecclesiastical Society. A little south of the burying-ground, was another brick edifice, the state house, so called even while Connecticut was still a colony. Where the North church now stands, there was a framed meeting-house, recently built by what was called the Fair Haven Society, a secession from the White Haven, whose house of worship (colloquially called "the old Blue Meeting-house") was on the corner now known as St. John Place. Beside those three churches there was another from which Church street derives its name. That was pre-eminently "the *church*"—

those who worshipped there would have resented the suggestion of its being a meeting-house. It was, in fact, a missionary station or outpost of the Church of England, and as such was served by a missionary of the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." The building, though of respectable dimensions (58x38), was smaller than the others, yet it had one distinction,—its steeple—a few feet south of Cutler corner, and in full view from the Green, though somewhat less aspiring than the other three—was surmounted by the figure of a crown, signifying that, whatever might be the doctrine or the sentiment elsewhere, *there* the king's ecclesiastical supremacy was acknowledged, and loyalty to his sacred person was a conspicious virtue. Only a few householders worshipped there, for the Church of England was an exotic in the climate of New England. Not till the Episcopal church had become (in consequence of the event which this day commemorates) an organization dependent on no king but Christ, an American church, and therefore no longer English, did it begin to strike its roots deep into the soil and to flourish as if it were indigenous. Two other public buildings adorned this "market-place;" one a little school-house just behind the Fair Haven meeting-house and not unlike the old-time wayside school-houses in the country; the other a county jail, which was a wooden structure fronting on College street about half way from Elm to Chapel.

Beside all these public buildings, representative of religion, of government and justice, and of provision by the commonwealth against popular ignorance, there was the college, then as now, the pride of New Haven, but very different then from what we now see. The college buildings at that time were only three. First there was the original college edifice, to which, at its completion, in 1718, the name of Yale had been given in honor of a distinguished benefactor, and from which that name had been gradually, and at last authoritatively, transfered to the institution which has made it famous. That original Yale College was close on the corner of College and Chapel streets, a wooden building, long and narrow, three stories high, with three entries, and cupola and clock.

Next in age was the brick chapel with its tower and spire, the

building now called the Athenæum and lately transformed into recitation rooms. More glorious yet was the new brick college (then not ten years old), which had been named Connecticut Hall, and which remains (though not unchanged) the "Old South Middle."

Such was New Haven, a hundred years ago, in its public buildings and institutions. Its population, within the present town limits was, at the largest estimate, not more than 1800 (including about 150 students) where there are now more than thirty times that number. If you ask, what were the people who lived here then, I may say that I remember some of them. Certainly they were, at least in outward manifestation, a religious people. Differences of religious judgment and sympathy had divided them, within less than forty years, into three worshipping assemblies beside the little company that had gone over to the Church of England. Their religious zeal supported three ministers; and I will venture to say that the houses were comparatively few in which there was not some form of household religion. Compared with other communities in that age (on either side of the ocean) they were an intelligent people. With few exceptions, they could read and write; and though they had no daily newspapers, nor any knowledge of the modern sciences, nor any illumination from popular lectures, nor that sort of intelligence and refinement which comes from the theater, they knew some things as well as we do. They knew something about the chief end of man and man's responsibility to God; something about their rights as freeborn subjects of their king; something about their chartered freedom; and the tradition had never died out among them. There were graves in the old burial ground which would not let them forget that a king may prove himself a traitor to his people, and may be brought to account by the people whom he has betrayed. There were social distinctions then, as now. Some families were recognized as more intelligent and cultivated than others. Some were respected for their ancestry, if they had not disgraced it. Men in official stations—civil, military, or ecclesiastical—were treated with a sort of formal deference now almost obsolete; but then, as now, a man, whatever title he might bear,

was pretty sure to be estimated by his neighbors at his real worth, and nothing more. Some men were considered wealthy, others were depressed by poverty, but the distinction between rich and poor was not just what it is to-day. There were no great capitalists, nor was there anything like a class of mere laborers with no dependence but their daily wages. The aggregate wealth of the community was very moderate, with no overgrown fortunes and hardly anything like abject want. Almost every family was in that condition—"neither poverty nor riches"—which a wise man of old desired and prayed for as most helpful to right living. Such a community was not likely to break out into any turbulent or noisy demonstrations.

Doubtless the Declaration of Independence was appreciated as a great fact by the people of New Haven when they heard of it. Perhaps the church bells were rung (that would cost nothing); perhaps there was some shouting by men and boys (that would also cost nothing): perhaps there was a bonfire on the Green or at the "Head of the Wharf" (that would not cost much); but we may be sure that the great fact was not greeted with the thunder of artillery nor celebrated with fireworks; for gunpowder was just then too precious to be consumed in that way. The little newspaper, then published in this town every Wednesday, gives no indication of any popular excitement on that occasion. On "Wednesday, July 10th, 1776," the *Connecticut Journal* had news, much of it very important, and almost every word of it relating to the conflict between the colonies and the mother country; news from London to the date of April 9; from Halifax to June 4; from Boston to July 4; from New York to July 8, and from Philadelphia to July 6. Under the Philadelphia date the first item was "Yesterday the CONGRESS unanimously resolved to declare *the United Colonies* FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES." That was all, save that, in another column, the printer said, "To-morrow will be ready for sale '*The Resolves of the Congress declaring the United Colonies* FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES.'" What the printer, in that advertisement, called "The Resolves of Congress," was a handbill, 8 inches by 9, in two columns, with a rudely ornamented border, and was reproduced in the *Journal* for July 17. It was the immortal state paper

with which we are so familiar, and we may be sure that everybody in New Haven, old enough to know the meaning of it had read it, or heard it read, before another seven days had been counted.

The Declaration of Independence was not at all an unexpected event. It surprised nobody. Slowly but irresistibly the conviction had come that the only alternative before the United Colonies was absolute subjection to a British Parliament or absolute independence of the British crown. Such was the general conviction, but whether independence was possible, whether the time had come to strike for it, whether something might not yet be gained by remonstrance and negotiation, were questions on which there were different opinions even among men whose patriotism could not be reasonably doubted.

[Here followed some of the facts intended to give a better understanding of "what were the thoughts, and what the hopes and fears of good men in New Haven a hundred years ago."]

Having at last undertaken to wage war in defense of American liberty, the Continental Congress proceeded, very naturally, to a formal declaration of war, setting forth the causes which impelled them to take up arms.

That declaration preceded by a year the Declaration of Independence; for at that time only a few sagacious minds had seen clearly the impossibility of reconciliation. Declaring to the world that they had taken up arms in self-defense and would never lay them down till hostilities should cease on the part of the aggressors, they nevertheless disavowed again the idea of separation from the British empire. "Necessity," said they, "has not yet driven us to that desperate measure;" "we have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states." That was an honest declaration. Doubtless a few prophetic souls had seen the vision of a separate and independent nationality, and knew to what issue the long controversy had been tending; but the thought and sentiment of the people throughout the colonies, at that time—the thought and sentiment of thoughtful and patriotic men in every colony—was fairly expressed in that declaration. They were English colonies, proud of the

English blood and name; and as young birds cling to the nest when the mother trusts them out half-fledged, so they clung to their connection with Great Britain notwithstanding the unmotherly harshness of the mother country. They were English as their fathers were; and it was their English blood that roused them to resist the invasion of their English liberty. The meteor flag of England

> "Had braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze,"

and it was theirs; its memories of Blenheim and Ramillies, of Crecy and Agincourt, were theirs; and they themselves had helped to plant that famous banner on the ramparts of Louisburg and Quebec. Because they were English they could boast

> "That Chatham's language was their mother-tongue,
> And Wolfe's great name compatriot with their own."

Because they were English, Milton was theirs, and Shakespeare, and the English Bible. They still desired to be included in the great empire whose navy commanded the ocean, and whose commerce encircled the globe. They desired to be under its protection, to share in its growth and glory, and enjoying their chartered freedom under the imperial crown, to maintain the closest relations of amity and mutual helpfulness with the mother country and with every portion of the empire.

All this was true in July, 1775. When Washington consented to command the Continental armies "raised or to be raised," he thought that armed resistance might achieve some adequate security for the liberty of the colonies without achieving their independence. When, in his journey from Philadelphia to New York, hearing the news from Bunker Hill and how the New England volunteers had faced the British regulars in battle, he said, "Thank God! our cause is safe;" he was not thinking of independence, but only of chartered liberty. When, on his journey from New York to New Haven, he said to Dr. Ripley, of Green's Farms, who dined with him at Fairfield, "If we can maintain the war for a year we shall succeed," his hopes was that by one year of unsuccessful war the British ministry and parliament would be brought to some reasonable terms of reconciliation. When (in the words of our

historian Palfrey), "the roll of the New England drums at Cambridge announced the presence there of the Virginian, George Washington," he knew not, nor did Putnam know, nor Prescott, nor Stark, nor the farmers who had hastened to the siege of Boston, that the war in which he then assumed the chief command was, what we now call it, the war of independence. With all sincerity the Congress, four days later, while solemnly declaring "before God and the world," "The arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unbating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties, being with one mind resolved to die freeman rather than to live slaves"—could also say, at the same time, to their "friends and fellow subjects in every part of the empire," "We assure them that we mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to be restored." The declaration on the 6th of July, 1775, was a declaration of war, but not of independence.

Yet, from the beginning of the war, there was in reality only one issue—though a whole year must pass before that issue could be clearly apprehended by the nation and proclaimed to the world. From the first clash of arms the only possible result was either subjection or separation; either the loss of liberty or the achievement of independence. The first shot from Major Pitcairn's pistol on the village green at Lexington, at the gray dawn of April 19th, 1775, was fatal to the connection between these colonies and their mother country. That was "the shot that echoed round the world," and is echoing still along "the corridors of time." That first shot, with the slaughter that followed and the resistance and repulse of the British soldiery that day at Concord, was felt by thousands who knew in a moment that it meant war in defense of chartered liberty, but did not yet know that, for colonies at war with their mother country, independence was the only possible liberty. As the war proceeded, its meaning, and the question really at issue became evident. The organization of a Continental army, the expulsion of the king's regiments and the king's governor from Boston, the military operations in various parts of the country, the

collapse of the regal governments followed by the setting up of popular governments under the advice of the Continental Congress—what did such things mean but that the colonies must be thenceforward an independent nation or provinces conquered and enslaved ?

It came, therefore, as a matter of course, that from the beginning of 1876, the people in all the colonies began to be distinctly aware that the war in progress was and could be nothing less than a war for independence. The fiction fundamental to the British Constitution, that the king can do no wrong, and that whatever wrong is done in his name is only the wrongdoing of his ministers, gave way before the harsh fact that they were at war, not with Parliament nor with Lord North, but with king George III. So palpable was the absurdity of professing allegiance to a king who was waging war against them, that as early as April in that year, the Chief Justice of South Carolina under the new government just organized there, declared from his official seat in a charge to the grand jury, "The Almighty created America to be independent of Great Britain, let us beware of the impiety of being backward to act as instruments in the Almighty hand now extended to accomplish His purpose."

When the public opinion of the colonies, north and south, was thus declaring itself, the time had come for action on the part of the Continental Congress. Accordingly on the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, in behalf of the delegation from Virginia, proposed a resolution "that the united colonies are and ought to be free and independent states ; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown ; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved." It was agreed that the resolution should be considered the next day, and every member was enjoined to be present for that purpose. The next day's debate was earnest, for the Congress was by no means unanimous. Nobody denied or doubted that liberty and independence must stand or fall together, but some who had been leaders up to that point could not see that the time had come for such a declaration. Some were embarrassed by

instructions given the year before and not yet rescinded. The debate having been continued through the day (which was Saturday) was adjourned to Monday, June 10. On that day the resolution was adopted in committee of the whole by a vote of seven colonies against five, and so was reported to the house. Hoping that unanimity might be gained by a little delay, the house postponed its final action for three weeks, but appointed a committee to prepare a formal declaration of independence. Meanwhile, though the sessions of the congress were always with closed doors, these proceedings were no secret, and public opinion was finding distinct and authentic expression. I need not tell what was done elsewhere ; but I may say what was done, just at that juncture, in our old commonwealth.

On the 14th of June there came together at Hartford, in obedience to a call from Jonathan Trumbull, governor, "a General Assembly of the Governor and Company of the English colony of Connecticut, in New England, in America"—the last that was to meet under that name. It put upon its record a clear though brief recital of the causes which had made an entire separation from Great Britain the only possible alternative of slavery, and then—what? Let me give the words of the record : "Appealing to that God who knows the secrets of all hearts for the sincerity of former declarations of our desire to preserve our ancient and constitutional relation to that nation, and protesting solemnly against their oppression and injustice which have driven us from them, and compelled us to use such means as God in His providence hath put in our power for our necessary defence and preservation,

Resolved, unanimously, by this Assembly, that the delegates of this colony in General Congress be and they are hereby instructed to propose to that respectable body, to declare the United American colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and to give the assent of this colony to such declaration."

It was amid such manifestations of the national will coming in from various quarters, that the Congress, on Monday, July 1, took up the postponed resolution declaring the colonies independent, discussed it again in committee of the whole and passed

it, so bringing it back for a final decision. The vote in the house was postponed till the next day, and then, July 2, the resolution was adopted and entered on the journal. In anticipation of this result, the formal Declaration of Independence had been reported by the special committee on the preceding Friday (June 28), and it was next taken up for consideration. After prolonged discussion in committee of the whole and various amendments (some of which were certainly changes for the better), it came before the house for final decision, and was then adopted, in the form in which we have heard it read to-day, the most illustrious state paper in the history of nations.

We may be sure, therefore, that whatever diversity of opinion there may have been in New Haven on the 4th of July, 1776, about the expediency of declaring independence at that time, news that such a declaration had been made by the Congress caused no great astonishment or excitement here. The General Assembly of Connecticut, had already made its declaration, and instructed its delegates in the Congress. One of those delegates was Roger Sherman (or as his neighbors called him, "Squire Sherman"); and nobody in this town, certainly, could be surprised to hear that the Continental Congress had done what Roger Sherman thought right and expedient to be done. The fact that Roger Sherman had been appointed on a committee to prepare the Declaration may have been unknown here, even in his own house; but what he thought about the expediency of the measure was no secret. We, to-day, I will venture to affirm are more excited about the Declaration of Independence than they were to whom the news of it came, a hundred years ago.

[Here followed a large number of records, or extracts from records, principally from the town clerk's office in New Haven, to show that our fathers on all proper public occasions were firmly, perhaps unconsciously, pursuing those steps which when taken by a brave and high-spirited people inevitably lead to their complete independence.]

I have exhausted your patience, and must refrain from tracing even an outline of the war, as New Haven was concerned in it, after that memorable day a hundred years ago. Especially must I refrain from a description of the day when this town

was invaded and plundered, and was saved from conflagration only by the gallant resistance of its citizens keeping the enemy at bay till it was too late for him to do all he designed. The commemoration of that day will be more appropriate to its hundredth anniversary, July 4th, 1879. From the day of that invasion to this time, no footstep of an enemy in arms has pressed our soil—no roll of hostile drums or blare of hostile trumpet has wounded the air of beautiful New Haven. So may it be through all the centuries to come!

But before I sit down, I may yet say one word, suggested by what I have just been reading to you from the records of 1775. At the time of that conflict with Great Britain—first for municipal freedom, and then for national independence as the only security of freedom, the people of these colonies, and eminently the people of New England, were, perhaps, in proportion to their numbers, the most warlike people in christendom. From the day when Miles Standish, in the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth, was chosen "Captain" and invested with "authority of command" in military affairs, every settlement had its military organization. The civil order, the ecclesiastical, and the military, were equally indispensable. In every town, the captain and the trained militia were as necessary as the pastor and the church, or the magistrate and the town meeting. When the founders of our fair city came to Quinnipiack, 238 years ago, they came not only with the leaders of their unformed civil state, Eaton and Goodyear—not only with their learned minister of God's word, Davenport, to be the pastor of the church they were to organize—but also with their captain, Turner, who had been trained like Standish in the wars of the Dutch Republic, and who in the Pequot war of the preceding year had seen the inviting beauty of the Quinnipiack bay and plain. Who does not know how, in those early times,

> "Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
> Each man equip'd, on Sunday morn,
> With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn,"

and that, in the arrangements of the house of worship, a place for "the soldiers," near the door, was as much a matter of course as the place for "the elders" at the other side of the building? Who does not know that every able-bodied man

(with few exceptions) was required to bear arms and to be trained in the use of them? What need that I should tell how a vigorous military organization and the constant exhibition of readiness for self-defense, not less than justice and kindness in dealing with the Indians, were continually the indispensable condition of safety? What need of my telling the story of King Philip's war, just two hundred years ago? Let it suffice to remind you of the long series of inter-colonial wars, contemporaneous with every war between England and her hereditary enemies, France and Spain—beginning in 1689 and continued with now and then a few years' interruption till the final conquest and surrender of the French dominion on this continent in 1762. It was in the last war of that long series that the military heroes of our war for independence had their training, and it was in the same war that the New England farmers and Virginia hunters, fighting under the same flag and under the same generals with British red-coats, learned how to face them without fear. That war which swept from our continent the Bourbon lillies and the Bourbon legions made us independent and enabled us, a few years later, to stand up as independent, and, in the ringing proclamation of July 4th, 1776, to inform the world that where the English colonies had been struggling for existence, a nation had been born.

Fellow citizens! We have a goodly heritage—how came it to be ours? God has given it to us. How? By the hardships, the struggles, the self-denial, the manifold suffering of our fathers and predecessors on this soil; by their labor and their valor, their conflicts with rude nature and with savage men; by their blood shed freely in so many battles; by their manly sagacity and the Divine instinct guiding them to build better than they knew. For us (in the Eternal Providence) were their hardships, their struggles, their sufferings, their heroic self-denials. For us were the cares that wearied them and their conflicts in behalf of liberty. For us were the hopes that cheered in labor and strengthened them in battle. For us—no not for us alone, but for our children too, and for the unborn generations. They who were here a hundred years ago, saw not what we see to-day (oh! that they could have seen it), but they

labored to win it for us, and for those who shall come after us. In this sense they entered into God's plan and became the ministers of his beneficence to us. We bless their memory to-day and give glory to their God. He brought a vine out of Egypt when he brought hither the heroic fathers of New England. He planted it and has guarded it age after age. We are now dwelling for a little while under its shadow and partaking of its fruit. Others will soon be in our places, and the inheritance will be theirs. As the fathers lived not for themselves but for us, so we are living for those who will come after us. Be it ours so to live that they shall bless God for what we have wrought as the servants of his love; and that age after age, till time shall end, may repeat our fathers' words of trust and of worship, QUI TRANSTULIT SUSTINET.

A CENTURY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BY HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, AT BOSTON, MASS., JULY 4, 1876.

I.

Again and again, Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens, in years gone by, considerations or circumstances of some sort, public or private—I know not what—have prevented my acceptance of most kind and flattering invitations to deliver the Oration in this my native city on the Fourth of July. On one of those occasions, long, long ago, I am said to have playfully replied to the Mayor of that period, that, if I lived to witness this Centennial Anniversary, I would not refuse any service which might be required of me. That pledge has been recalled by others, if not remembered by myself, and by the grace of God I am here to-day to fulfill it. I have come at last, in obedience to your call, to add my name to the distinguished roll of those who have discharged this service in unbroken succession since the year 1783, when the date of a glorious act of patriots was substituted for that of a dastardly deed of hirelings—the 4th of July for the 5th of March—as a day of annual celebration by the people of Boston.

In rising to redeem the promise thus inconsiderately given, I may be pardoned for not forgetting, at the outset, who presided over the Executive Council of Massachusetts when the Declaration, which has just been read, was first formally and solemnly proclaimed to the people, from the balcony of yonder Old State House, on the 18th of July, 1776; and whose privilege it was amid the shoutings of the assembled multitude, the ringing of the bells, the salutes of the surrounding forts, and the firing of 13 volleys from 13 successive divisions of the Continental regiments, drawn up "in correspondence with the number of American States United," to invoke "Stability and

Perpetuity to American Independence! God save our American States!"

That invocation was not in vain. That wish, that prayer, has been graciously granted. We are here this day to thank God for it. We do thank God for it with all our hearts, and ascribe to Him all the glory. And it would be unnatural if I did not feel a more than common satisfaction, that the privilege of giving expression to your emotions of joy and gratitude at this hour should have been assigned to the oldest living descendant of him by whom that invocation was uttered and that prayer breathed up to Heaven.

And if, indeed, in addition to this—as you, Mr. Mayor, so kindly urged in originally inviting me—the name I bear may serve in any sort as a link between the earliest settlement of New England, two centuries and a half ago, and the grand culmination of that settlement in this Centennial Epoch in American Independence, all the less may I be at liberty to express anything of the compunction or regret, which I cannot but sincerely feel, that so responsible and difficult a task had not been imposed upon some more sufficient or certainly upon some younger man.

Yet what can I say? What can any one say, here or elsewhere, to-day, which shall either satisfy the expectations of others, or meet his own sense of the demands of such an occasion? For myself, certainly, the longer I have contemplated it—the more deeply I have reflected on it—so much the more hopeless I have become of finding myself able to give any adequate expression to its full significance, its real sublimity and grandeur. A hundred-fold more than when John Adams wrote to his wife it would be so forever, it is an occasion for "shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other." Ovations, rather than orations, are the order of such a day as this. Emotions like those which ought to fill, and which do fill, all our hearts, call for the swelling tones of a multitude, the cheers of a mighty crowd, and refuse to be uttered by any single human voice. The strongest phrases seem feeble and powerless; the best results of historical research have the dryness of chaff and husks, and the richest flowers of rhetoric

the drowsiness of "poppy or mandragora," in presence of the simplest statement of the grand consummation we are here to celebrate—a century of self-government completed! A hundred years of free republican institutions realized and rounded out! An era of popular liberty, continued and prolonged from generation to generation, until to-day it assumes its full proportions, and asserts its rightful place, among the ages! It is a theme from which an Everett, a Choate, or even a Webster might have shrunk. But those voices alas! were long ago hushed. It is a theme on which any one, living or dead, might have been glad to follow the precedent of those few incomparable sentences at Gettysburg, on the 19th of November, 1863, and forebear from all attempt at extended discourse. It is not for me, however, to copy that unique original—nor yet to shelter myself under an example, which I should in vain aspire to equal.

And indeed, fellow-citizens, some formal words must be spoken here to-day—trite, familiar, commonplace words though they may be—some words of commemoration; some words of congratulation; some words of glory to God, and acknowledgment to man; some grateful lookings back; some hopeful, trustful lookings forward—these, I am sensible, cannot be spared from our great assembly on this Centennial Day. You would not pardon me for omitting them. But where shall I begin? To what specific subject shall I turn for refuge from the thousand thoughts which come crowding to one's mind and rushing to one's lips, all jealous of postponement, all clamoring for utterance before our Festival shall close, and before this Centennial sun shall set? The single, simple act which has made the Fourth of July memorable forever—the mere scene of the Declaration—would of itself and alone supply an ample subject for far more than the little hour which I may dare to occupy; and though it has been described a hundred times before, in histories and addresses, and in countless magazines and journals, it imperatively demands something more than a cursory allusion here to-day, and challenges our attention as it never did before, and hardly ever can challenge it again.

II.

Go back with me, then, for a few moments at least, to that

Jefferson. great year of our Lord, and that great day of American Liberty. Transport yourselves with me, in imagination, to Philadelphia. It will require but little effort for any of us to do so, for all our hearts are there already. Yes, we are all there—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf,—we are all there, at this high noon of our Nation's birthday, and that beautiful City of Brotherly Love, rejoicing in all her brilliant displays, and partaking of the full enjoyment of all her pageantry and pride. Certainly, the birthplace and the burial-place of Franklin are in cordial sympathy at this hour; and a common sentiment of congratulation and joy, leaping and vibrating from heart to heart, outstrips even the magic swiftness of magnetic wires. There are no chords of such elastic reach and such electric power as the heartstrings of a mighty nation, touched and tuned, as all our heartstrings are to-day, to the sense of a common glory—throbbing and thrilling with a common exultation.

Go with me, then, I say, to Philadelphia:—not to Philadelphia, indeed, as she is at this moment, with all her bravery on, with all her beautiful garments around her, with all the graceful and generous contributions which so many other cities and other States and other Nations have sent for adornment—not forgetting those most graceful, most welcome, most touching contributions, in view of the precise character of the occasion, from Old England herself;—but go with me to Philadelphia as she was just a hundred years ago. Enter with me her noble Independence Hall, so happily restored and consecrated afresh as the Runnymede of our Nation; and, as we enter it, let us not forget to be grateful that no demands of public convenience or expediency have called for the demolition of that old State House of Pennsylvania. Observe and watch the movements, listen attentively to the words, look steadfastly at the countenances, of the men who compose the little Congress assembled there. Braver, wiser, nobler men have never been gathered and grouped under a single roof, before or since, in any age, on any soil beneath the sun. What are they doing? What are they daring? Who are they, thus to do, and thus to dare?

Single out with me, as you easily will at the first glance, by a

presence and a stature not easily overlooked or mistaken, the young, ardent, accomplished Jefferson. He is only just 33 years of age. Charming in conversation, ready and full in counsel, he is "slow of tongue," like the great Lawgiver of the Israelites, for any public discussion or formal discourse. But he has brought with him the reputation of wielding what John Adams well called "a masterly pen." And grandly has he justified the reputation. Grandly has he employed that pen already in drafting a paper which is at this moment lying on the table, and awaiting its final signature and sanction.

Three weeks before, indeed—on the previous 7th of June, his own noble colleague, Richard Henry Lee, had moved the resolution, whose adoption on the 2d of July had virtually settled the whole question. Nothing, certainly, more explicit or emphatic could have been wanted for that Congress than that resolution, setting forth, as it did, in language of striking simplicity and brevity and dignity, "That these United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

The resolution was, indeed, not only comprehensive and conclusive enough for the Congress which adopted it, but, I need not say, it is comprehensive and conclusive enough for us; and I heartily wish that, in the century to come, its reading might be substituted for that of the longer Declaration, which has put the patience of our audiences to so severe a test for so many years past, if not to-day.

But the form in which that resolution was to be announced and proclaimed to the people of the colonies, and the reasons by which it was to be justified before the world, were at that time of intense interest and of momentous importance. No graver responsibility was ever devolved upon a young man of 33, if, indeed, upon any man of any age, than that of preparing such a paper. As often as I have examined the original draft of that paper, still extant in the archives of the State Department at Washington, and have observed how very few changes were made, or even suggested, by the illustrious men associated

with its author on the committee for its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvelous a composition, of its kind and for its purpose, as the annals of mankind can show. The earliest honors of this day certainly may well be paid, here and throughout the country, to the young Virginian of "the masterly pen."

And here, by the favor of a highly valued friend and fellow-citizen, to whom it was given by Jefferson himself a few months only before his death, I am privileged to hold in my hands and to lift up to the eager gaze of you all, a most compact and convenient little mahogany case, which bears this autograph inscription on its face, dated "Monticello, November 1825:"

"Thomas Jefferson gives this Writing Desk to Joseph Coolidge, Junr., as a memorial of his affection. It was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben Randall, Cabinet-maker, of Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that City in May, 1776, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence."

"Politics, as well as Religion," the inscription proceeds to say, "has its superstitions. These, gaining strength with time, may, one day, give imaginary value to this relic, for its association with the birth of the Great Charter of our Independence."

Superstitions! Imaginary value! Not for an instant can we admit such ideas. The modesty of the writer has betrayed even "the masterly pen." There is no imaginary value to this relic, and no superstition is required to render it as precious and as priceless a piece of wood, as the secular cabinets of the world have ever possessed, or ever claimed to possess. No cabinet-maker on earth will have a more enduring name than this inscription has secured to "Ben Randall of Philadelphia." No pen will have a wider or more lasting fame than his who wrote the inscription. The very table at Runnymede, which some of us have seen, on which the Magna Charta of England is said to have been signed or sealed five centuries and a half before—even were it authenticated by the genuine autographs of every one of those brave old Barons, with Stephen Langton at their head—who extorted its grand pledges and promises from King John—so soon to be violated—could hardly exceed, could hardly

equal, in interest and value, this little mahogany desk. Long may it find its appropriate and appreciating ownership in the successive generations of a family in which the blood of Virginia and Massachusetts are so auspiciously commingled!

But the young Jefferson is not alone from Virginia, on the day we are celebrating, in the Hall which we have entered as imaginary spectators of the scene. His venerated friend and old legal preceptor—George Wythe—is, indeed, temporarily absent from his side; and even Richard Henry Lee, the original mover of the measure, and upon whom it might have devolved to draw up the Declaration, has been called home by dangerous illness in his family, and is not there to help him. But "the gay, good-humored" Francis Lightfoot Lee, a younger brother, is there. Benjamin Harrison, the father of our late President Harrison, is there, and has just reported the Declaration from the Committee of the Whole, of which he was Chairman. The "mild and philanthropic" Carter Braxton is there, in the place of the lamented Peyton Randolph, the first President of the Continental Congress, who had died, to the sorrow of the whole country, six or seven months before. And the noble-hearted Thomas Nelson is there—the largest subscriber to the generous relief sent from Virginia to Boston during the sore distress occasioned by the shutting up of our port, and who was the mover of those Instructions in the Convention of Virginia, passed on the 15th of May, under which Richard Henry Lee offered the original Resolution of Independence, on the 7th of June.

I am particular, fellow citizens, in giving to the Old Dominion the foremost place in this rapid survey of the Fourth of July, 1776, and in naming every one of her delegates who participated in that day's doings; for it is hardly too much to say that the destinies of our country, at that period, hung and hinged upon her action, and upon the action of her great and glorious sons. Without Virginia, as we must all acknowledge —without her Patrick Henry among the people, her Lees and Jefferson in the forum, and her Washington in the field—I will not say that the cause of American Liberty and American Independence must have been ultimately defeated—no, no; there was no ultimate defeat for that cause in the decrees of the

Most High!—but it must have been delayed, postponed, perplexed, and to many eyes and many hearts rendered seemingly hopeless. It was Union which assured our independence, and there could have been no Union without the influence and co-operation of that great leading Southern Colony. To-day, then, as we look back over the wide gulf of a century, we are ready and glad to forget everything of alienation, everything of contention and estrangement which has intervened, and to hail her once more, as our Fathers in Faneuil Hall hailed her in 1775, as "our noble, patriotic sister Colony, Virginia."

I may not attempt, on this occasion, to speak with equal particularity of all the other delegates whom we see assembled in that immortal Congress. Their names are all inscribed where they can never be obliterated, never be forgotten. Yet some others of them so challenge our attention and rivet our gaze, as we look in upon that old, time-honored Hall, that I cannot pass to other topics without a brief allusion to them.

III.

Sherman and Hancock.

Who can overlook or mistake the sturdy front of Roger Sherman, whom we are proud to recall as a native of Massachusetts, though now a delegate from Connecticut—that "Old Puritan," as John Adams well said, "as honest as an angel, and as firm in the cause of American Independence as Mount Atlas,"—represented most worthily to-day by the distinguished orator of the Centennial at Philadelphia, as well as by more than one distinguished grandson in our own State?

Who can overlook or mistake the stalwart figure of Samuel Chase of Maryland, "of ardent passions, of strong mind, of domineering temper, of a turbulent and boisterous life," who had helped to burn in effigy the Maryland Stamp Distributor 11 years before, and who, we are told by one who knew what he was saying, "must ever be conspicuous in the catalogue of that Congress?"

His milder and more amiable colleague, Charles Carroll was engaged at that moment in pressing the cause of independence on the hesitating Convention of Maryland at Annapolis; and though, as we shall see, he signed the Declaration on the

2d of August, and outlived all his compeers on the roll of glory, he is missing from the illustrious band as we look in upon them this morning.

I cannot but remember that it was my privilege to see and know that venerable person in my early manhood. Entering his drawing-room nearly five-and-forty years ago I found him reposing on a sofa and covered with a shawl, and was not even aware of his presence, so shrunk and shrivelled by the lapse of years was his originally feeble frame. *Quot libras in duce summo!* But the little heap on the sofa was soon seen stirring, and, rousing himself from his midday nap, he rose and greeted me with a courtesy and grace which I can never forget. In the 95th year of his age, as he was, and within a few months of his death, it is not surprising that there should be little for me to recall of that interview, save his eagar inquiries about James Madison, whom I had just visited at Montpelier, and his affectionate allusions to John Adams, who had gone before him; and save, too, the exceeding satisfaction for myself of having seen and pressed the hand of the last surviving signer of the Declaration.

But Cæsar Rodney, who has gone home on the same patriotic errand which had called Carroll to Maryland, had happily returned in season, and had come in, two days before, "in his boots and spars," to give the casting vote for Delaware in favor of Independence.

And there is Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, the bosom friend of our own Hancock, and who is associated with him under the same roof in those elegant hospitalities which helped to make men known and understand and trust each other. And with him you may see and almost hear the eloquent Edward Rutledge, who not long before had united with John Adams and Richard Henry Lee in urging on the several colonies the great measure of establishing permanent governments at once for themselves—a decisive step which we may not forget that South Carolina was among the very earliest in taking. She took it however, with a reservation, and her delegates were not quite ready to vote for Independence when it was first proposed.

But Richard Stockton of New Jersey must not be unmarked or unmentioned in our rapid survey, more especially as it is a

matter of record that his original doubts about the measure, which he is now bravely supporting, had been dissipated and dispelled "by the irresistible and conclusive arguments of John Adams."

And who requires to be reminded that our "Great Bostonian," Benjamin Franklin, is at his post to-day, representing his adopted colony with less support than he could wish—for Pennsylvania, as well as New York, was sadly divided, and at times almost paralyzed by her divisions—but with patriotism and firmness and prudence and sagacity and philosophy and wit and common sense and courage enough to constitute a whole delegation and to represent a whole colony by himself! He is the last man of that whole glorious group of fifty—or it may have been one or two more or one or two less than fifty—who requires to be pointed out in order to be the observed of all observers.

But I must not stop here. It is fit, above all other things, that, while we do justice to the great actors in this scene from other colonies, we should not overlook the delegates from our own colony. It is fit, above all things, that we should recall something more than the names of the men who represented Massachusetts in that great Assembly, and who boldly affixed their signatures in her behalf to that immortal instrument.

Was there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man than that which was won and worn by John Hancock a hundred years ago to-day? Not altogether a great man; not without some grave defects of character—we remember nothing at this hour save his Presidency of the Congress of the Declaration and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta. Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place—the very same chair in which Washington was to sit eleven years later as President of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair, emblazoned on the back of which Franklin was to descry "a rising, and not a setting sun," when that Constitution had been finally adopted—behold him, the young Boston merchant, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his own head, sitting there to-day in all the calm composure and dignity which so peculiarly char-

acterized him, and which nothing seemed able to relax or ruffle. He had chanced to come on to the Congress during the previous year just as Peyton Randolph had been compelled to relinquish his seat and go home, returning only to die ; and, having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him, and with the ready good humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms and placed him in the Presidential chair ; then, turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed : "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her by making a Massachusetts man our President whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The Declaration is adopted. It is already late in the evening, and all formal promulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days, the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the old bell in the cupola over his head, proclaiming liberty to all mankind, and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes. Meantime, for him, however, a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The paper is before him. You may see the very table on which it was laid, and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now. He dips his pen, and with an untrembling hand proceeds to execute a signature, which would seem to have been studied in the schools, and practiced in the counting-room, and shaped and modeled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood, until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act ; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable "as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades."

Under that signature, with only the attestation of a secretary, the Declaration goes forth to the American people, to be printed in their journals, to be proclaimed in their streets, to be published from their pulpits, to be read at the head of their armies, to be incorporated forever in their history. The British forces, driven away from Boston, are now landing on Staten Island, and the reverses of Long Island are just awaiting us. They

were met by the promulgation of this act of offence and defiance to all royal authority. But there was no individual responsibility for that act, save in the signature of John Hancock, President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary. Not until the 2d of August was our young Boston merchant relieved from the perilous, the appalling grandeur of standing sole sponsor for the revolt of thirteen colonies and three millions of people. Sixteen or seventeen years before, as a very young man, he had made a visit to London, and was present at the burial of George II., and at the coronation of George III. He is now not only the witness but the instrument, and in some sort the impersonation, of a far more substantial change of dynasty on his own soil—the burial of royalty under any and every title, and the coronation of a sovereign whose scepter has already endured for a century, and whose sway has already embraced three times thirteen States and more than thirteen times three millions of people!

Ah, if his quaint, picturesque, charming old mansion-house, so long the gem of Beacon street, could have stood till this day, our Centennial decorations and illuminations might haply have so marked, and sanctified, and glorified it, that the rage of reconstruction would have passed over it still longer, and spared it for the reverent gaze of other generations. But his own name and fame are secure ; and, whatever may have been the foibles or faults of his later years, to-day we will remember that momentous and matchless signature, and him who made it, with nothing but respect, admiration, and gratitude.

IV.

Samuel and John Adams.

But Hancock, as I need not remind you, was not the only proscribed patriot who represented Massachusetts at Philadelphia on the day we are commemorating. His associate in Gen. Gage's memorable exception from pardon is close at his side. He who, as a Harvard College student, in 1743, had maintained the affirmative of the thesis, "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved," and who, during those whole three-and-thirty years since had been training up himself and

training up his fellow-countrymen in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and of Liberty; he who had replied to Gage's recommendation to him to make his peace with the King, "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings, and no personal considerations shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country;" he who had drawn up the Boston Instructions to her Representatives in the General Court, adopted at Faneuil Hall, on the 24th of May, 1764, the earliest protest against the Stamp act, and one of the grandest papers of our whole Revolutionary period; he who had instituted and organized those Committees of Correspondence, without which we could have had no united counsels, no concerted action, no union, no success; he who, after the massacre of March 5, 1770, had demanded so heroically the removal from Boston of the British regiments, ever afterwards known as "Sam Adams's regiments," telling the Governor to his face, with an emphasis and eloquence which were hardly ever exceeded since Demosthenes stood on the Bema, or Paul on Mars Hill. "If the Lieutenant-Governor or Col. Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment they have authority to remove two; and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by all the regular troops will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the province;" he, "the Palinurus of the American Revolution," as Jefferson once called him, but, thank Heaven! a Palinurus who was never put to sleep at the helm, never thrown into the sea, but who is still watching the compass and the stars, and steering the ship as she enters at last the haven he has so long yearned for—the veteran Samuel Adams, the disinterested, inflexible, incorruptible statesman—is second to no one in that whole Congress, hardly second to any one in the whole thirteen colonies, in his claim to the honors and grateful acknowledgments of this hour. We have just gladly hailed his statue on its way to the Capitol.

Nor must the name of Robert Treat Paine be forgotten among the five delegates of Massachusetts in that Hall of Independence, a hundred years ago to-day—an able lawyer, a learned Judge, a just man; connected by marriage, if I mistake not, Mr. Mayor, with your own gallant grandfather, Gen. Cobb, and who himself

inherited the blood and illustrated the virtues of the hero and statesman whose name he bore—Robert Treat, a most distinguished officer in King Phillip's War, and afterward a worthy Governor of Connecticut.

And with him, too, is Elbridge Gerry, the very youngest member of the whole Continental Congress, just thirty-two years of age—who had been one of the chosen friends of the proto-martyr, Gen. Joseph Warren, who was with Warren at Watertown the very last night before he fell at Bunker Hill, and into whose ear that heroic volunteer had whispered those memorable words of presentiment, "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori;" who lived himself to serve his Commonwealth and the Nation ardently and efficiently at home and abroad, ever in accordance with his own patriotic injunction, "It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the service of his country," and died on his way to his post as Vice-President of the United States.

One more name is still to be pronounced. One more star of that little Massachusetts cluster is still to be observed and noted. And it is one which, on the precise occasion we commemorate—one which, during those great days of June and July, 1776, on which the question of independence was immediately discussed and decided,—had hardly "a fellow in the firmament," and which was certainly "the bright, particular star" of our own constellation. You will all have anticipated me in meaning John Adams. Beyond all doubt he is the Massachusetts name most prominently associated with the immediate day we celebrate.

Others may have been earlier and more active than he in preparing the way. Others may have labored longer and more zealous to instruct the popular mind and inflame the popular heart for the great step which was now to be taken. Others may have been more ardent, as they unquestionably were more prominent, in the various stages of the struggle against Writs of Assistance, and Stamp Acts, and Tea Taxes. But from the date of that marvelous letter of his to Nathan Webb, in 1775 when he was less than 20 years old, he seems to have forecast the destinies of this continent as few other men of any age at that day had done; while from the moment at which the Conti-

nental Congress took the question of Independence fairly in hand as a question to be decided and acted on, until they had brought it to its final issue in the Declaration, his was the voice, above and before all other voices, which commanded the ears, convinced the minds, and inspired the hearts of his colleagues, and triumphantly secured the result.

I need not speak of him in other relations or in after years. His long life of varied and noble service to his country, in almost every sphere of public duty, domestic and foreign, belongs to history; and history has long ago taken it in charge. But the testimony which was borne to his grand efforts and utterances, by the author of the Declaration himself, can never be gainsaid, never be weakened, never be forgotten. That testimony, old as it is, familiar as it is, belongs to this day. John Adams will be remembered and honored forever, in every true American heart, as the acknowledged Champion of Independence in the Continental Congress—"coming out with a power which moved us from our seats"—"our Colossus on the floor."

And when we recall the circumstances of his death—the year, the day, the hour—and the last words upon his dying lips, "Independence forever"—who can help feeling that there was some mysterious tie holding back his heroic spirit from the skies, until it should be set free amid the exulting shouts of his country's first National Jubilee!

But not his heroic spirit alone!

In this rapid survey of the men assembled at Philadelphia a hundred years ago to-day, I began with Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, and I end with John Adams of Massachusetts, and no one can hesitate to admit that, under God, they were the very Alpha and Omega of that day's doings—the pen and the tongue—the masterly author, and the no less masterly advocate of the Declaration.

V.

The Statesmen.

And now, my friends, what legend of Ancient Rome or Greece or Egypt, what myth of prehistoric mythology, what story of Herodotus, or fable of Æsop, or metamorphosis

of Ovid, would have seemed more fabulous and mythical—did it rest on any remote or doubtful tradition, or had not so many of us lived to be startled and thrilled and awed by it—than the fact, that these two men, under so many different circumstances and surroundings, of age and constitution and climate, widely distant from each other, living alike in quiet neighborhoods, remote from the smoke and stir of cities, and long before railroads and telegraphs had made any advances toward the annihilation or abridgement of space, should have been released to their rest and summoned to the skies, not only on the same day, but that day the Fourth of July, and that Fourth of July the Fiftieth Anniversary of that great Declaration which they had contended for and carried through so triumphantly side by side?

What an added emphasis Jefferson would have given to the inscription on this little desk—"Politics, as well as Religion, has its superstitions," could he have foreseen the close even of his own life, much more the simultaneous close of these two lives, on that Day of days! Oh, let me not admit the idea of superstition! Let me rather reverently say, as Webster said at the time, in that magnificent eulogy which left so little for any one else to say as to the lives or deaths of Adams and Jefferson: "As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognize in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care?"

And now another fifty years have passed away, and we are holding our high Centennial Festival; and still the most striking, most impressive, most memorable coincidence in all American history, or even in the authentic records of mankind, is without a visible monument anywhere!

In the interesting little City of Weimar, renowned as the resort and residence of more than one of the greatest philosophers and poets of Germany, many a traveler must have seen and admired the charming statutes of Goethe and Schiller, standing side by side and hand in hand, on a single pedestal, and offering, as it were, the laurel wreath of literary priority or preëminence to each other. Few nobler works of art, in conception

or execution, can be found on the continent of Europe. And what could be a worthier or a juster commemoration of the marvelous coincidence of which I have just spoken and of the men who are the subjects of it, and of the declaration with which, alike in their lives and in their deaths, that they are so peculiarly and so signally associated, than just such a monument, with the statutes of Adams and Jefferson, side by side and hand in hand, upon the same base, pressing upon each other, in mutual acknowledgment and deference, the victor palm of triumph for which they must ever be held in common and equal honor! It would be a new tie between Massachusetts and Virginia. It would be a new bond of that Union which is the safety and glory of both. It would be a new pledge of that restored good will between the North and South, which is the herald and harbinger of a second century of National Independence. It would be a fit recognition of the great hand of God in our history!

At all events, it is one of the crying omissions and neglects which reproach us all this day, that "glorious old John Adams" is without any proportionate public monument in the State of which he was one of the grandest citizens and sons, and in whose behalf he rendered such inestimable services to his country. It is almost ludicrous to look around and see who has been commemorated, and he neglected! He might be seen standing alone, as he knew so well how to stand alone in life. He might be seen grouped with his illustrious son, only second to himself in his claims on the omitted posthumous honors of his native State. Or, if the claim of noble women to such commemorations were ever to be recognized on our soil, he might be lovingly grouped with that incomparable wife, from whom he was so often separated by public duties and personal dangers, and whose familiar correspondence with him, and his with her, furnishes a picture of fidelity and affection, and of patriotic zeal and courage and self sacrifice, almost without a parallel in our Revolutionary Annals.

But before all other statues, let us have those of Adams and Jefferson on a single block, as they stood together just a hundred years ago to-day—as they were translated together just fifty

years ago to-day—foremost for Independence in their lives, and in their deaths not divided! Next, certainly, to the completion of the National Monument to Washington, at the Capital, this double statue of this "double star" of the Declaration calls for the contributions of a patriotic people. It would have something of special appropriateness as the first gift to that Boston Park, which is to date from the Centennial Period.

I have felt, Mr. Mayor and fellow citizens, as I am sure you all must feel, that the men who were gathered at Philadelphia a hundred years ago to-day, familiar as their names and their story may be to ourselves and to all the world, had an imperative claim to the first and highest honors of this Centennial anniversary. But, having paid these passing tributes to their memory, I hasten to turn to considerations less purely personal.

The Declaration has been adopted, and has been sent forth in a hundred journals and on a thousand broadsides to every camp and council chamber, to every town and village and hamlet and fireside throughout the colonies. What was it? What did it declare? What was its rightful interpretation and intention? Under what circumstances was it adopted? What did it accomplish for ourselves and for mankind?

A recent and powerful writer on "The Growth of the English Constitution," whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Commencement of Old Cambridge University two years ago, says most strikingly and most justly: "There are certain great political documents, each of which forms a landmark in our political history. There is the Great Charter, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights." "But no one of them," he adds, "gave itself out as the enactment of anything new. All claimed to set forth, with new strength it might be, and with new clearness, those rights of Englishmen which were already old." The same remark has more recently been incorporated into "A Short History of the English People." "In itself," says the writer of that admirable little volume, "the Charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The Charter of Henry I. formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry II."

So substantially—so almost precisely—it may be said of the great American charter, which was drawn up by Thomas Jefferson on the precious little desk which lies before me. It made no pretentions to novelty. The men of 1776 were not in any sense, certainly not in any seditious sense, greedy of novelties—"*avidi novarum rerum.*" They have claimed nothing new. They desired nothing new. Their old original rights as Englishmen were all that they sought to enjoy, and those they resolved to vindicate. It was the invasion and denial of those old rights of Englishmen which they resisted and revolted from.

As our excellent fellow-citizen, Mr. Dana, so well said publicly at Lexington last year,—and as we should all have been glad to have him in the way of repeating quietly in London this year,—

'We were not the revolutionists. The King and Parliament were the revolutionists. They were the radical innovators. We were the conservators of existing institutions.'

No one has forgotten, or can ever forget, how early and how emphatically all this was admitted by some of the grandest statesmen and orators of England herself. It was the attempt to subvert our rights as Englishmen which roused Chatham to some of his most majestic efforts. It was the attempt to subvert our rights as Englishmen which kindled Burke to not a few of his most brilliant utterance. It was the attempt to subvert our rights as Englishmen which inspired Barre and Conway and Camden with appeals and arguments and phrases which will keep their memories fresh when all else associated with them is forgotten. The names of all three of them, as you well know, have long been the cherished designations of American towns.

They all perceived and understood that we were contending for English rights, and against the violation of the great principles of English liberty. Nay, not a few of them perceived and understood that we were fighting their battles as well as our own, and that the liberties of Englishmen upon their own soil were virtually involved in our cause and in our contest.

There is a most notable letter of Josiah Quincy, Jr.'s, written from London at the end of 1774—a few months only before that young patriot returned to die so sadly within sight of his native shores—in which he tells his wife, to whom he was not likely to

write for any mere sensational effect, that "some of the first characters for understanding, integrity, and spirit," whom he had met in London, had used language of this sort: "This nation is lost. Corruption and the influence of the crown have led us into bondage, and a standing army has riveted our chains. To America only can we look for salvation. "Tis America only can save England. Unite and persevere. You must prevail—you must triumph." Quincy was careful not to betray names, in a letter which might be intercepted before it reached its destination. But we know the men with whom he had been brought into association by Franklin and other friends—men like Shelburne, and Hartley, and Pownall, and Priestley, and Brand Hollis, and Sir George Saville, to say nothing of Burke and Chatham. The language was not lost upon us. We did unite and persevere. We did prevail and triumph. And it is hardly too much to say that we did "save England." We saved her from herself; saved her from being the successful instrument of overthrowing the rights of Englishmen; saved her "from the poisoned chalice which would have been commended to her own lips:" saved her from "the bloody instructions which would have returned to plague the inventor." Not only was it true, as Lord Macaulay said in one of his brilliant essays, that "England was never so rich so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the seas, as since the alienation of her American colonies," but it is not less true that England came out of that contest with new and larger views of liberty; with a broader and deeper sense of what was due to human rights, and with an experience of incalculable value to her in the management of the vast colonial system which remained, or was in store for her.

A vast and gigantic colonial system, beyond all doubt it has proved to be. She was just entering, a hundred years ago on that wonderful career of conquest in the East which was to compensate her—if it were a compensation—for her impending losses in the West. Her gallant Cornwallis was soon to receive the jeweled sword of Tippoo Saib at Bangalore, in exchange for that which he was now destined to surrender to Washington at Yorktown.

It is certainly not among the least striking coincidences of our Centennial year that at the very moment when we are celebrating

the event which stripped Great Britain of thirteen colonies and three millions of subjects—now grown into thirty-eight States and more than forty millions of people—she is welcoming the return of her amiable and genial Prince from a royal progress through the widespread regions of "Ormus and of Ind," bringing back, to lay at the foot of the British throne, the homage of nine principal provinces and a hundred and forty-eight feudatory states, and of not less than two hundred and forty millions of people, from Ceylon to the Himlayas, and affording ample justtfication for the Queen's new title of Empress of India. Among all the parallelisms of modern history there are few more striking and impressive than this.

The American colonies never quarreled or caviled about the titles of their sovereign. If, as has been said, "they went to war about a preamble," it was not about the preamble of the royal name. It was the imperial power, the more than imperial pretensions and usurpations which drove them to rebellion. The Declaration was, in its own terms, a personal and most stringent arrangement of the King. It could have been nothing else. George III. was to us the sole responsible instrument of oppression. Parliament had, indeed, sustained him; but the Colonies had never admitted the authority of a Parliament in which they had no representation. There is no passage in Mr. Jefferson's paper more carefully or more felicitiously worded than that in which he says of the sovereign, that, "he has combined *with others* to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to *their acts of pretended legislation*." A slip of "the masterly pen" on this point might have cost us our consistency; but that pen was on its guard, and this is the only allusion to Lords or Commons. We could recognize no one but the monarch. We could contend with nothing less than royalty. We could separate ourselves only from the crown. English precedence had abundantly taught us that kings were not beneath the reach of arraignment and indictment; and arraignment and indictment were then our only means of justifying our cause to ourselves and to the world. Yes; harsh, severe, stinging, scalding—I had almost said,—as that long series of allegations and accusa-

tions may sound, and certainly does sound, as we read it or listen to it, in cold blood, a century after the issues are all happily settled, it was a temperate and dignified utterance under the circumstances of the case, and breathed quite enough of moderation to be relished or accepted by those who were bearing the brunt of so terrible a struggle for life and liberty and all that was dear to them, as that which those issues involved. Nor in all that bitter indictment is there a single count which does not refer to, and rest upon, some violation of the rights of Englishmen, or some violation of the rights of humanity. We stand by the Declaration to-day, and always, and disavow nothing of its reasoning and rhetoric.

And after all, Jefferson was not a whit more severe on the King than Chatham had been on the King's ministers six months before, when he told them to their faces : "The whole of your political conduct has been one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence, blundering, and the most notorious servility, incapacity, and corruption." Nor was William Pitt, the younger much more measured in his language, at a later period of the struggle, when he declared : "These ministers will destroy the empire they were called upon to save before the indignation of a great and suffering people can fall upon their heads in the punishment which they deserve. I affirm the war to have been a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war."

I need not say, fellow-citizens, that we are here to indulge in no reproaches upon Old England to-day, as we look back from the lofty hight of a century of independence on the course of events which severed us from her dominions. We are by no means in the mood to reopen the adjudications of Ghent or of Geneva ; nor can we allow the ties of old traditions to be seriously jarred, on such an occasion as this, by any recent failures of *extraditions*, however vexatious or provoking. But certainly, resentments on either side, for anything said or done during our revolutionary period,—after such a lapse of time,—would dishonor the hearts which cherished them and the tongues which uttered them. Who wonders that George the Third would not let such colonies as ours go without a struggle? They were the

brightest jewels of his crown. Who wonders that he shrank from the responsibility of such a dismemberment of his empire, and that his brain reeled at the very thought of it? It would have been a poor compliment to us had he not considered us worth holding at any and every cost. We should hardly have forgiven him had he not desired to retain us. Nor can we altogether wonder that, with the views of kingly prerogative which belonged to that period, and in which he was educated, he should have preferred the policy of coercion to that of conciliation, and should have insisted on sending over troops to subdue us.

Our old mother country has had indeed, a peculiar destiny, and in many respects a glorious one. Not alone with her drum-beat, as Webster so grandly said, has she encircled the earth. Not alone with her martial airs has she kept company with the hours. She has carried civilization and Christianity wherever she has carried her flag. She has carried her noble tongue, with all its incomparable treasures of literature and science and religion, around the globe; and, with our aid—for she will confess that we are doing our full part in this line of extension—it is fast becoming the most prevailing speech of civilized man. We thank God at this hour, and at every hour, that "Chatham's language is our mother tongue," and that we have an inherited and indisputable share in the glory of so many of the great names by which that language has been illustrated and adorned.

But she has done more than all this. She has planted the great institutions and principles of civil freedom in every latitude where she could find a foothold. From her our Revolutionary fathers learned to understand and value them, and from her they inherited the spirit to defend them. Not in vain had her brave barons extorted Magna Charta from King John. Not in vain had her Simon de Montfort summoned the knights and burgesses, and laid the foundations of a Parliament and a House of Commons. Not in vain had her noble Sir John Elliot died, as a martyr of free speech, in the Tower. Not in vain had her heroic Hampden resisted ship-money and died on the battle-field. Not in vain for us, certainly, the great examples and the

great warnings of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, or those sadder ones of Sidney and Russell, or that later and more glorious one still of William of Orange.

The grand lessons of her own history, forgotten, overlooked, or resolutely disregarded, it may be, on her own side of the Atlantic, in the days we are commemorating, were the very inspiration of her colonies on this side; and under that inspiration they contended and conquered. And though she may sometimes be almost tempted to take sadly upon her lips the words of the old prophet: "I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me," she has long ago learned that such a rebellion as ours was really in her own interest and for her own ultimate welfare—begun, continued, and ended as it was, in vindication of the liberties of Englishmen.

I cannot forget how justly and eloquently my friend, Dr. Ellis, a few months ago, in this same hall, gave expression to the respect which is so widely entertained on this side of the Atlantic for the sovereign lady who has now graced the British throne for nearly forty years. No passage of his admirable oration elicited a warmer response from the multitudes who listened to him. How much of the growth and grandeur of Great Britain is associated with the names of illustrious women! Even those of us who have no fancy for female suffrage might often be well-nigh tempted to take refuge from the incompetencies and intrigues and corruptions of men under the presidency of the purer and gentler sex. What would English history be without the names of Elizabeth and Anne? What would it be without the name of Victoria—of whom it has recently been written "that by a long course of loyal acquiescence in the declared wishes of her people, she has brought about what is nothing less than a great revolution—all the more beneficent because it has been gradual and silent?" Ever honored be her name and that of her lamented consort.

> Ever-beloved and loving may her rule be;
> And when old Time shall lead her to her end,
> Goodness and she fill up one monument.

The Declaration is adopted and promulgated; but we may not forget how long and how serious a reluctance there had

been to take the irrevocable step. As late as September, 1774, Washington had publicly declared his belief that independence "was wished by no thinking man." As late as the 6th of March, 1775, in his memorable oration in the Old South, with all the associations of "the Boston Massacre" fresh in his heart, Warren had declared that "independence was not our aim." As late as July, 1775, the letter of the Continental Congress to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London had said: "North America, my lord, wishes most ardently for a lasting connection with Great Britain, on terms of just and equal liberty," and a simultaneous humble petition to the King, signed by every member of the Congress, reiterated the same assurance. And as late as the 25th of August, 1775, Jefferson himself, in a letter to the John Randolph of that day, speaking of those who "still wish for reunion with their parent country," says most emphatically, "I am one of these; and would rather be in dependence on Great Britain, properly limited, than on any nation on earth, or than on no nation." Not all the blood of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, crying from the ground long before these words were written, had extinguished the wish for reconciliation and reunion even in the heart of the very author of the Declaration.

Tell me not, tell me not, that there was anything of equivocation, anything of hypocrisy in these and a hundred other similar expressions which might be cited. The truest human hearts are full of such inconsistency and hypocrisy as that. The dearest friends, the tenderest relatives are never more overflowing and outpouring, nor ever more sincere, in feelings and expressions of devotion and love, than when called to contemplate some terrible impending necessity of final separation and divorce. The ties between us and Old England could not be sundered without sadness, and sadness on both sides of the ocean. Franklin, albeit his eyes were "unused to the melting mood," is recorded to have wept as he left England, in view of the inevitable result of which he was coming home to be a witness and an instrument; and I have heard from the poet Roger's own lips, what many of you may have read in his Table-Talk, how deeply he was impressed, as a boy, by his father's

putting on a mourning suit when he heard of the first shedding of American blood.

Nor could it, in the nature of things, have been only their warm undoubted attachment to England which made so many of the men of 1776 reluctant to the last to cross the Rubicon. They saw clearly before them, they could not help seeing, the full proportions, the tremendous odds, of the contest into which the colonies must be plunged by such a step. Think you, that no apprehensions and anxieties weighed heavily on the minds and hearts of those far-seeing men? Think you, that as their names were called on the day we commemorate, begining with Josiah Bartlett of New Hampshire,—or, as one by one they approached the secretary's desk, on the following 2d of August, to write their names on that now hallowed parchment,—they did not realize the full responsibility, and the full risk to their country and to themselves, which such a vote and such a signature involved? They sat, indeed, with closed doors; and it is only from traditions or eaves-droppings, or from the casual expressions of diaries or letters, that we catch glimpses of what was done, or gleanings of what was said. But how full of import are some of those glimpses and gleanings.

"Will you sign?" said Hancock to Charles Carroll, who, as we have seen, had not been present on the 4th of July. "Most willingly," was the reply. "There goes two millions with a dash of the pen," says one of those standing by; while another remarks, "Oh, Carroll, you will get off, there are so many Charles Carrolls." And then we may see him stepping back to the desk, and putting that addition—"of Carrollton"—to his name, which will designate him forever, and be a prouder title of nobility than those in the peerage of Great Britain, which were afterward adorned by his accomplished and facinating granddaughters.

"We must stand by each other—we must hang together,"—is presently heard from some one of the signers; with the instant reply, "Yes, we must hang together, or we shall assuredly hang separately." And, on this suggestion, the portly and humorous Benjamin Harrison, whom we have seen forcing Hancock into the chair, may be heard bantering our spare and slender Elbridge Gerry—levity provoking levity—and telling him with grim mer-

riment that, when that hanging scene arrives, he shall have the advantage: "It will be all over with me in a moment, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone!" These are among the "asides" of the drama, but, I need not say, they more than make up in significance for all they may seem to lack in dignity.

The excellent William Ellery of Rhode Island, whose name was afterward borne by his grandson, our revered Channing, often spoke, we are told, of the scene of the signing, and spoke of it as an event which many regarded with awe, perhaps with uncertainty, but none with fear. "I was determined," he used to say, "to see how all looked as they signed what might be their death warrant. I placed myself beside the secretary, Charles Thompson, and eyed each closely as he affixed his name to the document. Undaunted resolution was displayed in every countenance."

"You inquire," wrote John Adams to William Plumer, "whether every member of Congress did, on the 4th of July, 1776, in fact, cordially approve of the Declaration of Independence. They who were then members all signed it, and, as I could not see their hearts, it would be hard for me to say that they did not approve it, but, as far as I could penetrate the intricate internal foldings of their souls, I then believed, and have not since altered my opinion, that there were several who signed with regret, and several others with many doubts and much lukewarmness. The measure had been on the carpet for months, and obstinately opposed from day to day. Majorities were constantly against it. For many days the majority depended upon Mr. Hewes of North Carolina. While a member one day was speaking and reading documents from all the colonies to prove that the public opinion, the general sense of all, was in favor of the measure, when he came to North Carolina, and produced letters and public proceedings which demonstrated that the majority of that colony were in favor of it, Mr. Hewes, who had hitherto constantly voted against it, started suddenly upright, and, lifting up both his hands to Heaven, as if he had been in a trance, cried out, 'It is done, and I will abide by it.' I would give more for a perfect painting of the terror and horror upon the faces of the old ma-

jority, at that critical moment, than for the best piece of Raphael."

There is quite enough, in these traditions and hearsays, in these glimpses and gleanings, to show us that the supporters and signers of the Declaration were not blind to the responsibilities and hazards in which they were involving themselves and the country. There is quite enough, certainly, in these and other indications, to give color and credit to what I so well remember hearing the late Mr. Justice Story say, half a century ago, that, as the result of all his conversations with the great men of the revolutionary period—and especially with his illustrious and venerated chief on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, John Marshall—he was convinced that a majority of the Continental Congress was opposed to the Declaration, and that it was carried through by the patient, persistent, and overwhelming efforts and arguments of the minority.

Two of those arguments, as Mr. Jefferson has left them on record, were enough for that occasion, or certainly are enough for this.

One of the two was, "That the people wait for us to lead the way; that *they* are in favor of the measure, though the instructions given by some of their representatives are not." And most true indeed it was, my friends, at that day, as it often has been since that day, that the people were ahead of their so-called leaders. The minds of the masses were made up. They had no doubts or misgivings. They demanded that independence should be recognized and proclaimed. John Adams knew how to keep up with them. Sam Adams had kept his finger on their pulse from the beginning, and had "marked time" for every one of their advancing steps. Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Jefferson, and some other ardent and noble spirits, were by no means behind them. But not a few of the leaders were, in fact, only followers. "The people waited for them to lead the way." Independence was the resolve and the act of the American people, and the American people gladly received and enthusiastically ratified, and heroically sustained the Declaration, until independence was no longer a question either at home or abroad. Yes, our great charter,

as we fondly call it, though with something, it must be confessed, of poetic or patriotic license, was no temporizing concession, wrung by menaces from reluctant monarchs, but was the spontaneous and imperative dictate of a nation resolved to be free.

The other of those two arguments was even more conclusive and more clinching. It was, "that the question was not whether by a declaration of independence we should make ourselves what we are not, but whether we should declare a fact which already exists."

"A fact which already exists!" Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, there is no more interesting historical truth to us of Boston than this. Our hearts are all at Philadelphia to-day, as I have already said, rejoicing in all that is there said and done in honor of the men who made this day immortal, and hailing it, with our fellow countrymen, from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, as our national birthday. And nobly has Philadelphia met the requisitions, and more than fulfilled the expectations of the occacasion; furnishing a fête and a pageant of which the whole nation is proud. Yet we are not called on to forget—we could not be pardoned, indeed, for not remembering—that while the Declaration was boldly and grandly made in that hallowed Pennsylvania hall, independence had already been won—and won here in Massachusetts. It was said by some one of the old patriots —John Adams, I believe—that "the Revolution was effected before the war commenced; and Jefferson is now our authority for the assertion that "independence existed before it was declared." They both well knew what they were talking about. Congresses in Carpenters' Hall, and Congresses in the old Pennsylvania State House, did grand things, and were composed of grand men, and we render to their memories all the homage and all the glory which they so richly earned. But here in Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, and the principal town of British North America at that day, the question had already been brought to an issue, and already been irrevocably decided. Here the manifest destiny of the Colonies had been recognized and accepted. It was upon us, as all the world knows, that the blows of British oppression fell first and fell heaviest—felllike a storm of hail stones and

coals of fire; and where they fell, and as soon as they fell, they were resisted, and successfully resisted.

Why, away back in 1761, when George the Third had been but a year on his throne, and when the printer's ink on the pages of our Harvard "Pietas et Gratulatio" was hardly dry; when the seven years' war was still unfinished, in which New England had done her full share of the fighting, and reaped her full share of the glory, and when the British flag, by the help of her men and money, was just floating in triumph over the whole American continent—a mad resolution had been adopted to reconstruct—O word of ill omen!—the whole colonial system, and to bring America into closer conformity and subjection to the laws of the mother country. A revenue is to be collected here. A standing army is to be established here. The navigation act and acts of trade are to be enforced and executed here. And all without any representation on our part. The first practical step in this direction is taken. A custom-house officer, named Cockle, applies to the Superior Court at Salem for a writ of assistance. That cockle-shell exploded like dynamite! The Court postpones the case, and orders its argument in Boston. And then and there, in 1761, in our old town house, afterward known as the Old State House—alas, alas, that it is thought necessary to talk about removing or even reconstructing it!—James Otis, as John Adams himself tells us, "breathed into this nation the breath of life." Then and there," he adds, and he spoke of what he witnessed and heard, "then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, *i. e.*, in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

The next year finds the same great scholar and orator exposing himself to the cry of "treason" in denouncing the idea of taxation without representation, and forthwith vindicating himself in a masterly pamphlet which excited the admiration and sympathy of the whole people.

Another year brings the first installment of the scheme for raising a revenue in the colonies, in the shape of declaratory resolves, and Otis meets it plumply and boldly, in Feneuil Hall—at that moment freshly rebuilt and reopened—with the counter declaration that "every British subject in America is, of common

right, by act of Parliament, and by the laws of God and nature, entitled to all the essential privileges of Britons."

And now George Grenville has devised and proposed the Stamp Act. And, before it is even known that the bill had passed, Samuel Adams is heard reading, in that same Faneuil Hall, at the May meeting of 1764, those memorable instructions from Boston to her representatives: "There is no room for delay. If taxes are laid upon us in any shape without our having a legal representation where they are laid, are we not reduced from the character of free subjects to the miserable state of tributary slaves? * * * We claim British rights, not by charter only; we are born to them. Use your endeavors that the weight of the North American colonies may be added to that of this province, that by united application all may happily obtain redress." Redress and Union—and union as the means, and the only means, of redress—had thus early become the doctrine of our Boston leaders; and James Otis follows out that doctrine without a moment's delay, in another brilliant plea for the rights of the colonies.

The next year finds the pen of John Adams in motion, in a powerful communication to the public journals, setting forth distinctly that "there seems to be a direct and formal design on foot in Great Britain to enslave all America," and adding most ominously those emphatic words: "Be it remembered, liberty must be defended at all hazards!"

And, I need not say, it was remembered, and liberty was defended at all hazards, here upon our own soil.

Ten long years, however, are still to elapse before the wager of battle is to be fully joined. The stirring events which crowded those years, and which have been so vividly depicted by Sparks and Bancroft and Frothingham—to name no others—are too familiar for repetition or reference. Virginia, through the clarion voice of Patrick Henry, nobly sustained by her house of burgesses, leads off in the grand remonstrance. Massachusetts, through the trumpet tones of James Otis, rouses the whole continent by a demand for a General Congress. South Carolina, through the influence of Christopher Gadsden, responds first to the demand. "Deep calleth unto deep." In October, 1765, dele-

gates, regularly or irregularly chosen, from nine colonies, are in consultation at New York; from South Carolina comes the watchword of assured success: "There ought to be no New-England man, no New Yorker, known on the continent; but all of us Americans."

Meantime the people are everywhere inflamed and maddened at the attempt to enforce the Stamp Act. Everywhere that attempt is resisted. Everywhere it is resolved that it shall never be executed. It is at length repealed, and a momentary lull succeeds. But the repeal is accompanied by more declaratory resolutions of the power of Parliament to tax the colonies "in all cases whatsoever;" and then follows that train of abuses and usurpations which Jefferson's immortal paper charges upon the King, and which the King himself unquestionably ordered. "It was to no purpose," said Lord North in 1774, "making objections, for the King would have it so." "The King," said he, "meant to try the question with America." And it is well added by the narrator of the anecdote, "Boston seems to have been the place fixed upon to try the question."

Yes, at Boston the bolts of royal indignation are to be aimed and winged. She has been foremost in destroying the stamps, in defying the soldiers, in drowning the tea. Letters, too, have reached the Government, like those which Rehum the Chancellor and Shimshai the Scribe wrote to King Artaxerxes about Jerusalem, calling this "a rebellious city, and hurtful unto kings and provinces, and that they have moved sedition within the same of old time, and would not pay toll, tribute and custom;" and warning His Majesty that, unless subdued and crushed, "he would have no portion on this side the river." In vain did our eloquent young Quincy pour forth his burning words of remonstrance. The port of Boston is closed, and her people are to be starved into compliance. Well did Boston say of herself, in townmeeting, that "she had been stationed by Providence in the front rank of the conflict." Grandly has our eloquent historian, Bancroft, said of her, in a sentence which sums up the whole matter, "like the last embattling of a Roman legion"—"The King set himself, and his ministry, and his Parliament, and all Great Britain to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile

coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind!"

Generously and nobly did the other colonies come to our aid, and the cause of Boston was everywhere acknowledged to be "the cause of all." But we may not forget how peculiarly it was "the cause of Boston," and that here, on our own Massachusetts soil, the practical question of independence was first tried and virtually settled. The brave Col. Pickering at Salem Bridge, the heroic minute men at Lexington and Concord Bridge, the gallant Col. Prescott at Bunker Hill, did their part in hastening that settlement and bringing it to a crisis; and when the continental army was at length brought to our rescue, and the glorious Washington, after holding the British forces at bay for nine months, had fairly driven them from the town—though more than three months were still to intervene before the Declaration was to be made—it could truly and justly be said that it was only "the declaration of a fact which already exists."

Indeed, Massachusetts had practically administered "a government independent of the King" from the 19th of July, 1775; while on the very first day of May, 1776, her General Court had passed a solemn act to erase forthwith the name of the King, and the year of his reign, from all civil commissions, writs, and precepts, and to substitute therefor "the year of the Christian era and the name of the government and people of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." Other colonies may have empowered or instructed their delegates in Congress earlier than this colony to act on the subject. But this was action itself—positive, decisive, conclusive action. The Declaration was made in Philadelphia; but the independence which was declared can date back nowhere, for its first existence as a fact, earlier than to Massachusetts. Upon her the lot fell "to try the question;" and, with the aid of Washington and the Continental army, it was tried, and tried triumphantly, upon her soil. Certainly, if Faneuil Hall was the cradle of liberty, our Old State House was the cradle of independence, and our Old South the nursery of liberty and independence both; and if these sacred edifices, all or any of them, are indeed destined to disappear, let us see to it that some corner of

their sites at least be consecrated to monuments which shall tell their story, in legible lettering, to our children and our children's children forever!

Thanks be to God, that, in his good providence, the trial of this great question fell primarily upon a colony and a people peculiarly fitted to meet it; whose whole condition and training had prepared them for it, and whose whole history had pointed to it.

Why, quaint old John Evelyn, in his delicious diary, tells us, under date of May, 1671, that the great anxiety of the Council for plantations, of which he had just been made a member, was "to know the condition of New England," which appeared "to be very independent as to their regard to Old England or His Majesty," and "almost upon the very brink of renouncing any dependence on the crown."

"I have always laughed," said John Adams, in a letter to Benjamin Rush in 1807, at the affectation of representing American Independence as a novel idea, as a modern discovery, as a late invention. The idea of it as a possible thing, as a probable event, as a necessary and unavoidable measure, in case Great Britain should assume an unconstitutional authority over us, has been familiar to Americans from the first settlement of the country, and was well understood by Gov. Winthrop in 1675, as by Gov. Samuel Adams, when he told you that independence had been the first wish of his heart for seven years." "The principles and feelings which produced the Revolution, said he again, in his second letter to Tudor in 1818, "ought to be traced back for two hundred years, and sought in the history of the country from the first plantations in America." The first emigrants, he maintains, were the true authors of our independence, and the men of the revolutionary period, himself among them, were only "the awakeners and revivers of the original fundamental principles of colonization."

And the accomplished historian of New England, Dr. Palfrey, follows up the idea, and says more precisely: "He who well weighs the facts which have been presented in connection with the principal emigration to Massachusetts, and other related facts which will offer themselves to notice as we proceed, may

find himself conducted to the conclusion that when Winthrop and his associates (in 1629) prepared to convey across the water a charter from the King which, they hoped, would in their beginnings afford them some protection both from himself, and through him, from the Powers of Continental Europe, they had conceived a project no less important than that of laying on this side of the Atlantic the foundations of a nation of Puritan Englishmen—foundations to be built upon as future circumstances should decide or allow."

Indeed, that transfer of their charter and of their "whole government" to New-England, on their own responsibility, was an act closely approaching to a declaration of independence, and clearly foreshadowing it. And when, only a few years afterward, we find the magistrates and deputies resisting a demand for the surrender of the charter, studiously and systematically "avoiding and protracting" all questions on the subject, and "hastening their fortifications" meantime; and when we hear even the ministers of the colony openly declaring that, "if a General Governor were sent over here, we ought not to accept him, but to defend our lawful possessions, if we were able,"—we recognize a spirit and a purpose which cannot be mistaken. That spirit and that purpose were manifested and illustrated in a manner even more marked and unequivocal—as the late venerable Josiah Quincy reminded the people of Boston, just half a century ago to-day—when under the lead of one who had come over in the ship with the charter, and had lived to be the Nestor of New England—Simon Bradstreet—"a glorious revolution was effected here in Massachusetts 30 days before it was known that King William had just effected a similar glorious revolution on the other side of the Atlantic." New England, it seems, with characteristic and commendable dispatch, had fairly got rid of Sir Edmund Andros a month before she knew that Old England had got rid of his master!

But I do not forget that we must look further back than even the earliest settlement of American colonies for the primal fiat of independence. I do not forget that when Edmund Burke, in 1775, in alluding to the possibility of an American representation in Parliament, exclaimed so emphatically and eloquently,

"*Opposuit natura*—I cannot remove the eternal barriers of the creation," he had really exhausted the whole argument. No effective representation was possible. If it had been possible, England herself would have been aghast at it. The very idea of James Otis and Patrick Henry and the Adamses arguing the great questions of human rights and popular liberty on the floor of the House of Commons, and in the hearing of the common people of Great Britain, would have thrown the King and Lord North into convulsions of terror, and we should soon have heard them crying out, "These men that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." One of their own Board of Trade (Soame Jenyns) well said, with as much truth as humor or sarcasm, "I have lately seen so many specimens of the great powers of speech of which these American gentlemen are possessed, that I should be afraid the sudden importation of so much eloquence at once would endanger the safety of England. It will be much cheaper for us to pay their army than their orators." But no effective representation was possible; and without it taxation *was* tyranny, in spite of the great dictionary dogmatist and his insolent pamphlet.

Why, even in these days of ocean steamers, reducing the passage across the Atlantic from forty or fifty or sixty days to ten, representation in Westminster Hall is not proposed for the colonies which England still holds on our continent; and it would be little better than a farce if it were proposed and attempted. The Dominion of Canada, as we all know, remains as she is, seeking neither independence nor annexation, only because her people prefer to be, and are proud of being, a part of the British Empire; and because that Empire has abandoned all military occupation or forcible restraint upon them, and has adopted a system involving no collision or contention. Canada is now doubly a monument of the greatness and wisdom of the immortal Chatham. His military policy conquered it for England, and his civil policy, "ruling from his urn," and supplemented by that of his great son, holds it for England at this day, permitting it, substantially to rule itself, through the agency of a Parliament of its own, with, at this moment, as it happens, an able, intelligent, and accomplished Governor-Gen-

eral, whose name and blood were not without close affinities to those of that marvellous statesman and orator while he lived.

It did not require the warning of our example to bring about such results. It is written in the eternal constitution of things that no large colonies, educated to a sense of their rights, and capable of defending them—no English or Anglo-Saxon colony, certainly—can be governed by a power three thousand miles across an ocean, unless they are governed to their own satisfaction, and held as colonies with their own consent and free will. An imperial military sway may be as elastic and far-reaching as the magnetic wires, it matters not whether three thousand or fifteen thousand miles—over an uncivilized region or an unenlightened race. But who is wild enough to conceive, as Burke said a hundred years ago, "that the natives of Hindostan and those of Virginia, could be ordered in the same manner; or that the Cutchery Court and the Grand Jury at Salem could be regulated on a similar plan?" "I am convinced," said Fox, in 1791, in the fresh light of the experience America had afforded him, "that the only method of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves."

Yes, from the hour when Columbus and his compeers discovered our continent its ultimate political destiny was fixed. At the very gateway of the Pantheon of American liberty and American independence might well be seen a triple monument, like that to the old inventors of printing at Frankfort, including Columbus and Americus Vespucius and Cabot. They were the pioneers in the march to independence. They were the precursors in the only progress of freedom which was to have no backward steps. Liberty had struggled long and bravely in other ages and in other lands. It had made glorious manifestations of its power and promise in Athens and in Rome; in the mediæval republics of Italy; on the plains of Germany; along the dykes of Holland; among the icy fastnesses of Switzwerland; and, more securely and hopefully still, in the sea-girt isle of Old England. But it was the glory of those heroic old navigators to reveal a standing-place for it at last, where its lever could find a secure fulcrum, and rest safely until it had moved the world! The fulness of time had now come. Under an impulse of religious con-

viction, the poor persecuted pilgrims launched out upon the stormy deep in a single, leaking, almost foundering bark ; and in the very cabin of the Mayflower the first written compact of self-government in the history of mankind is prepared and signed. Ten years afterward the Massachusetts Company come over with their charter, and administer it on the avowed principle that the whole government, civil and religious, is transferred. All the rest which is to follow until the 4th of July, 1776, is only matter of time and opportunity. Certainly, my friends, as we look back to-day through the long vista of the past, we perceive that it was no mere declaration of men which primarily brought about the independence we celebrate. We cannot but reverently recognize the hand of that Almighty Maker of the World who "founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods." We cannot but feel the full force and felicity of those opening words in which the Declaration speaks of our assuming among the powers of the earth "that separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitled us."

I spoke, Mr. Mayor, at the outset of this oration, of "A Century of Self-Government Completed." And so, in some sort, it is. The Declaration of Philadelphia was, in itself, both an assertion and an act of self-government, and it had been preceded or was immediately followed by provisions for local self-government in all the separate colonies—Massachusettes, New Hampshire and South Carolina, conditionally at least, having led the way. But we may not forget that six or seven years of hard fighting are still to intervene before our independence is to be acknowledged by Great Britain, and six or seven years more before the full consummation will have been reached by the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the organization of our National system under the august and transcendent Presidency of Washington.

With that august and transcendent Presidency, dating—as it is pleasant to remember—precisely a hundred years from the analogous accesssion of William of Orange to the throne of England, our history as an organized nation fairly begins. When that centennial anniversary shall arrive, thirteen years hence, the

time may have come for a full review of our National career and character, and for a complete computation or a just estimate of what a century of self-government has accomplished for ourselves and for mankind.

I dared not attempt such a review to-day. This anniversary has seemed to me to belong peculiarly—I had almost said sacredly—to the men and the events which rendered the Fourth of July so memorable forever; and I have willingly left myself little time for anything else. God grant that when the 30th of April, 1889 shall dawn upon those of us who may live to see it, the thick clouds which now darken our political sky may have passed away; that wholesome and healing counsels may have prevailed throughout our land; that integrity and purity may be once more conspicuous in our high places; that an honest currency may have been re-established, and prosperity restored to all branches of our domestic industry and our foreign commerce, and that some of those social problems which are perplexing and tormenting so many of our Southern States may have been safely and satisfactorily solved!

For indeed, fellow-citizens, we cannot shut out eyes to the fact that this great year of our Lord and of American liberty has been ushered in by not a few discouraging and depressing circumstances. Appalling catastrophes, appalling crimes, have marked its course. Financial, political, moral delinquencies and wrongs have swept over our land like an Arctic or an Antarctic wave, or both conjoined, until we have been almost ready to cry out in anguish to Heaven, "Thou hast multiplied the nation but not increased the joy!" It will be an added stigma, in all time to come, on the corruption of the hour, and on all concerned in it, that it has cast so deep a shade over our Centennial festival.

All this, however, we are persuaded, is temporary and exceptional—the result, not of our institutions, but of disturbing causes, and as distinctly traceable to those causes as the scoriæ of a volcano or the debris of a deluge. Had there been no long and demoralizing civil war to account for such developments, we might indeed be alarmed for our future. As it is, our confidence in the Republic is unshaken. We are ready even to accept all

that has occurred to overshadow our jubilee, as a seasonable warning against vainglorious boastings; as a timely admonition that our institutions are not proof against licentiousness and profligacy, but that eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty."

Already the reaction has commenced. Already the people are everywhere roused to the importance of something higher than mere partisan activity and zeal, and to a sense that something beside "big wars" may be required to "make ambition virtue." Everywhere the idea is scouted that there are any immunities or impunities for bribery and corruption; and the scorn of the whole people is deservedly cast on any one detected in plucking our eagle's wings to feather his own nest. Everywhere there is a demand for integrity, for principle, for character, as the only safe qualifications for public employments as well as for private trusts. Oh, let that demand be enforced and insisted on—as I hope and believe it will be—and we shall have nothing to fear for our freedom, and but little to regret in the temporary depression and mortification which have recalled us to a deeper sense of our dangers and our duties.

Meantime we may be more than content that no shortcomings or failures of our own day can diminish the glories of the past or dim the brilliancy of successes achieved by our fathers.

We can look back upon our history so far and find in it enough to make us grateful, enough to make us hopeful, enough to make us proud of our institutions and of our country, enough to make us resolve never to despair of the Republic, enough to assure us that, could our fathers look down on all which has been accomplished, they would feel that their toils and sacrifices had not been in vain; enough to convince other nations and the world at large that, in uniting so generously with us to decorate our grand Exposition and celebrate our Centennial birthday, they are swelling the triumphs of a people and power which have left no doubtful impress upon the hundred years of their independent national existence.

Those hundred years have been crowded, as we all know, with wonderful changes in all quarters of the globe. I would not disparage or depreciate the interest and importance of the great events and great reforms which have been witnessed during

their progress, and especially near their end, in almost every country of the Old World. Nor would I presume to claim too confidently for the closing century that when the records of mankind are made up in some far distant future it will be remembered and designated, peculiarly and preëminently, as the American age. Yet it may well be doubted whether the dispassionate historian of after years will find that the influences of any other nation have been of farther reach and wider range or of more efficiency for the welfare of the world than those of our great Republic, since it had a name and a place on the earth.

Other ages have had their designations, local or personal or mithical—historic or prehistoric—ages of stone or iron, of silver or gold; ages of kings or queens, of reformers or of conquerors. That marvelous compound of almost everything wise or foolish noble or base, witty or ridiculous, sublime or profane, Voltaire maintained that, in his day, no man of reflection or of taste could count more than four authenthic ages in the history of the world: 1. That of Phillip and Alexander, with Pericles and Demosthenes, Aristotle and Plato, Apelles, Phidias, and Praxiteles 2. That of Cæsar and Augustus, with Lucretius and Cicero and Livy, Virgil and Horace, Varro and Vitruvius; 3. That of the Medici, with Michael Angelo and Raphael, Galileo and Dante; 4. That which he was at the moment engaged in depicting—the age of Louis XIV., which, in his judgment, surpassed all the others!

Our American age could bear no comparison with ages like these—measured only by the brilliancy of historians and philosophers, of poets or painters. We need not, indeed, be ashamed of what has been done for literature and science and art during these hundred years, nor hesitate to point with pride to our own authors and artists, living and dead. But the day has gone by when literature and the fine arts, or even science and the useful arts, can characterize an age. There are other and higher measures of comparison. And the very nation which counts Voltaire among its greatest celebrities—the nation which aided us so generously in our Revolutionary struggle, and which is now rejoicing in its own successful establishment of republican institutions—the land of the great and good Lafayette, has taken the lead in pointing out the true grounds on which our American age may

challenge and claim a special recognition. An association of Frenchmen, under the lead of some of their most distinguished statesmen and scholars, has proposed to erect, and is engaged in erecting, as their contribution to our Centennial, a gigantic statue at the very throat of the harbor of our supreme commercial emporium, which shall symbolize the legend inscribed on its pedestal, "Liberty enlightening the World!"

That glorious legend presents the standard by which our age is to be judged, and by which we may well be willing and proud to have it judged. All else in our own career, certainly, is secondary. The growth and grandeur of our territorial dimensions, the multiplication of our States, the number and size and wealth our cities, the marvelous increase of our population, the measureless extent of our railways and internal navigation, our overflowing granaries, our inexhaustible mines, our countless inventions and multitudinous industries—all these may be remitted to the census and left for the students of statistics. The claim which our country presents, for giving no second or subordinate character to the age which has just closed, rests only on what has been accomplished, at home and abroad, for elevating the condition of mankind, for advancing political and human freedom, for promoting the greatest good of the greatest number; for proving the capacity of man for self government; and for "enlightening the world" by the example of a rational, regulated, enduring constitutional liberty. And who will dispute or question that claim? In what region of the earth ever so remote from us, in what corner of creation ever so far out of the range of our communication, does not some burden lightened, some bond loosened, some yoke lifted, some labor better remunerated, some new hope for despairing hearts, some new light or new liberty for the benighted or the oppressed, bear witness this day, and trace itself, directly or indirectly, back to the impulse given to the world by the successful establishment and operation of free institutions on this American continent?

How many colonies have been more wisely and humanely and liberally administered under the warning of our Revolution? How many churches have abated something of their old intolerance and bigotry, under the encouragement of our religious

freedom! Who believes or imagines that free schools, a free press, the elective franchise, the rights of representation, the principles of constitutional government, would have made the notable progress they have made, had our example been wanting! Who believes or imagines that even the rotten boroughs of old England would have disappeared so rapidly had there been no American representative republic! And has there been a more effective influence on human welfare and human freedom since the world began than that which has resulted from the existence of a great land of liberty in this Western Hemisphere, of unbounded resources, with acres enough for so many myriads of homes, and with a welcome for all who may fly to it from oppression from every region beneath the sun?

Let not our example be perverted or dishonored, by others or by ourselves. It was no wild breaking away from all authority, which we celebrate to-day. It was no mad revolt against everything like government. No incendiary torch can be rightly kindled at our flame. Doubtless there had been excesses and violences in many quarters of our land—irrepressible outbreaks under unbearable provocations—"irregular things, done in the confusion of mighty troubles." Doubtless our Boston mobs did not always move "to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." But in all our deliberative assemblies, in all our town meetings, in all our Provincial and Continental Congresses, there was a respect for the great principles of law and order; and the definition of true civil liberty, which had been so remarkably laid down by one of the founders of our Commonwealth, more than a century before, was, consciously or unconsciously, recognized—"a Liberty for that only which is good, just and honest." The Declaration we commemorate expressly admitted and asserted that "governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes."

It dictated no special forms of government for other people, and hardly for ourselves. It had no denunciations, or even disparagements, for monarchies or for empires, but eagerly contemplated, as we do at this hour, alliances and friendly relations with both. We have welcomed to our Jubilee, with peculiar in-

terest and gratification, the representatives of the nations of Europe—all them monarchial—to whom we were so deeply indebted for sympathy and for assistance in our struggle for independence. We have welcomed, too, the personal presence of an Emperor, from another quarter of our own hemisphere, of whose eager and enlightened interest in education and literature and science we had learned so much from our lamented Agassis and have now witnessed so much for ourselves.

Our fathers were no propagandists of republican institutions in the abstract. Their own adoption of a republican form was, at the moment, almost as much a matter of chance as of choice, of necessity as of preference. The Thirteen Colonies had, happily, been too long accustomed to manage their own affairs, and were too wisely jealous of each other, also, to admit for an instant any idea of centralization ; and without centralization a monarchy, or any other form of arbitrary government,was out of the question. Union was then, as it is now, the only safety for liberty ; but it could only be a Constitutional Union, a limited and restricted Union, founded on compromises and mutual concessions ; a Union recognizing a large measure of State rights — resting not only on the division of powers among legislative and executive departments, but resting also on the distribution of powers between the States and the nation, both deriving their original authority from the people, and exercising that authority for the people. This was the system contemplated by the Declaration of 1776. This was the system approximated to by the Confederation of 1778-81. This was the system finally consummated by the Constitution of 1789. And under this system our great example of self-government has been held up before the nations, fulfilling, so far as it has fulfilled it, that lofty mission which is recognized to-day as "Liberty enlightening the World."

Let me not speak of that example in any vainglorious spirit. Let me not seem to arrogate for my country anything of superior wisdom or virtue. Who will pretend that we have always made the most of our independence or the best of our liberty? Who will maintain that we have always exhibited the brightest side of our institutions or always intrusted their administration to the wisest or worthiest men? Who will deny that we have some-

times taught the world what to avoid, as well as what to imitate; and that the cause of freedom and reform has sometimes been discouraged and put back by our short-comings, or by our excesses? Our light has been at best but a revolving light, warning by its darker intervals or its sombre shades, as well as cheering by its flashes of brilliancy, or by the clear lustre of its steadier shining. Yet, in spite of all its imperfection and irregularities, to no other earthly light have so many eyes been turned; from no other earthly illumination have so many hearts drawn hope and courage. It has breasted the tides of sectional and of party strife. It has stood the shock of foreign and of civil war. It will still hold on, erect and unextinguished, "defying the returning wave" of demoralization and corruption. Millions of young hearts, in all quarters of our land, are awakening at this moment to the responsibility which rests peculiarly upon them, for rendering its radiance purer and brighter and more constant; millions of young hearts are resolving at this hour that it shall not be their fault if it do not stand for a century to come, as it has stood for a century past, a beacon of liberty to mankind! Their little flags of hope and promise are floating to-day from every cottage window along the roadside. With those young hearts it is safe.

Meantime, we may all rejoice and take courage, as we remember of how great a drawback and obstruction our example has been disembarrassed and relieved within a few years past. Certainly, we cannot forget, this day, in looking back over the century which is gone, how long that example was overshadowed, in the eyes all men, by the existence of African Slavery in so considerable a portion of our country. Never, never, however—it may be safely said—was there a more tremendous, a more dreadful, problem submitted to a nation for solution, than that which this institution involved for the United States of America. Nor were we alone responsible for its existence. I do not speak of it in the way of apology for ourselves. Still less would I refer to it in the way of crimination or reproach toward others, abroad or at home. But the well-known paragraph on this subject, in the original draft of the Declaration, is quite too notable a reminiscence of the little desk before me, to be forgotten on such an occasion as this. That omitted clause, which, as Mr. Jefferson

tells us, "was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia," not without "tenderness," too, as he adds, to some "Northern brethen who, though they had very few slaves themselves, had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others," —contained the direct allegation that the King had "prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce." That memorable clause, omitted for prudential reasons only, has passed into history, and its truth can never be disputed. It recalls to us and recalls to the world, the historical fact—which we certainly have a special right to remember this day—that not only had African slavery found its portentous and pernicious way into our colonies in their very earliest settlement, but that it had been fixed and fastened upon some of them by royal vetoes, prohibiting the passage of laws to restrain its further introduction. It had thus not only entwined and entangled itself about the very roots of our choicest harvests—until slavery and cotton at last seemed as inseparable as the tares and wheat of the sacred parable—but it had engrafted itself upon the very fabric of our Government. We all know, the world knows, that our Independence could not have been achieved, our Union could not have been maintained, our Constitution could not have been established, without the adoption of those compromises which recognized its continued existence, and left it to the responsibility of the States of which it was the grievous inheritence. And from that day forward, the method of dealing with it, of disposing of it, and of extinguishing it, became more and more a problem full of terrible perplexity, and seemingly incapable of human solution.

Oh, that it could have been solved at last by some process less deplorable and dreadful than Civil War! How unspeakably glorious it would have been for us this day, could the Great Emancipation have been concerted, arranged and ultimately effected, without violence or bloodshed, as a simple and sublime act of philanthrophy and justice!

But it was not in the divine economy that so huge an original wrong should be righted by any easy process. The decree seemed to have gone forth from the very registries of heaven:

> "Cuncta prius tentanda, sed immedicabile vulnus
> Ense recidendum est."

The immedicable wound must be cut away by the sword! Again and again as that terrible war went on, we might almost hear voices crying out in the words of the old prophet: "O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard; rest and be still!" But the answering voice seemed not less audible: "How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge?"

And the war went on—bravely fought on both sides, as we all know—until, as one of its necessities, Slavery was abolished. It fell at last under that right of war to abolish it which the late John Quincy Adams had been the first to announce in the way of warning, more than twenty years before, in my own hearing, on the floor of Congress, while I was your representative. I remember well the burst of indignation and derision with which that warning was received. No prediction of Casandra was ever more scorned than his, and he did not live to witness its verification. But whoever else may have been more immediately and personally instrumental in the final result—the brave soldiers who fought the battles or the gallant generals who led them—the devoted philanthropists or the ardent statesmen who, in season and out of season, labored for it—the martyr President who proclaimed it—the true story of emancipation can never be fairly and fully told without "the old man eloquent,' who died beneath the roof of the Capitol nearly 30 years ago being recognized as one of the leading figures of the narrative.

But, thanks be to God, who overrules everything for good, that great event, the greatest of our American age—great enough, alone and by itself, to give a name and a character to any age—has been accomplished; and, by His blessing, we present our country to the world this day without a slave, white or black, upon its soil! Thanks be to God not only that our beloved Union has been saved, but that it has been made both easier to save and better worth saving hereafter by the final solution of a problem before which all human wisdom had stood aghast and confounded for so many generations! Thanks be to God, and to Him be all the praise and the glory, we can read the great words of the Declaration on this Centennial anniversay, without reservation or evasion; "We hold these

truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The legend on that new colossal Pharos at Long Island may now indeed be, "Liberty enlightening the World."

VII.

Duties of the Future.

We come, then, to-day, fellow-citizens, with hearts full of gratitude to God and man, to pass down our country and its institutions—not wholly without scars and blemishes upon their front—not without shadows on the past or clouds on the future—but freed forever from at least one great stain, and firmly rooted in the love and loyalty of a united people—to the generations which are to succeed us.

And what shall we say to those succeeding generations as we commit the sacred trust to their keeping and guardianship? If I could hope without presumption that any humble counsels of mine on this hallowed anniversary could be remembered beyond the hour of their utterance, and reach the ears of my countrymen in future days; if I could borrow "the masterly pen" of Jefferson, and produce words which should partake of the immortality of those which he wrote on this little desk; if I could command the matchless tongue of John Adams, when he poured out appeals and arguments which moved men from their seats, and settled the destinies of a nation; if I could catch but a single spark of those electric fires which Franklin wrested from the skies, and flash down a phrase, a word, a thought, along the magic chords which stretch across the ocean of the future—what could I, what would I say?

I could not omit, certainly, to reiterate the solemn obligations which rest on every citizen of this Republic to cherish and enforce the great principles of our Colonial and Revolutionary Fathers—the principles of Liberty and Law, one and inseparable—the principles of the Constitution and the Union.

I could not omit to urge on every man to remember that self-government politically can only be successful if it be accompanied by self-government personally; that there must be government somewhere; and that, if the people are indeed to be

sovereigns, they must exercise their sovereignty over themselves individually, as well as over themselves in the aggregate—regulating their own lives, resisting their own temptations, subduing their own passions, and voluntarily imposing upon themselves some measure of that restraint and discipline, which, under other systems, is supplied from the armories of arbitrary power—the discipline of virtue, in the place of the discipline of slavery.

I could not omit to caution them against the corrupting influence of intemperance, extravagance and luxury. I could not omit to warn them against political intrigue, as well as against personal licentiousness; and to implore them to regard principle and character, rather than mere party allegiance, in the choice of men to rule over them.

I could not omit to call upon them to foster and further the cause of universal Education; to give a liberal support to our schools and colleges; to promote the advancement of science and art, in all their multiplied divisions and relations; and to encourage and sustain all those noble institutions of charity, which, in our own land above all others, have given the crowning grace and glory to modern civilization.

I could not refrain from pressing upon them a just and generous consideration for the interests and the rights of their fellowmen everywhere, and an earnest effort to promote peace and good will among the nations of the earth.

I could not refrain from reminding them of the shame, the unspeakable shame and ignominy, which would attach to those who should show themselves unable to uphold the glorious fabric of self-government which had been founded for them at such a cost by their Fathers: "*Videte, videte, ne, ut illis pulcherrimum fuit tantam vobis imperii gloriam relinquere, sic vobis turpissimum sit, illud quod accepistis, tueri et conservare non posse!*"

And surely, most surely, I could not fail to invoke them to imitate and emulate the examples of virtue and purity and patriotism, which the great founders of our Colonies and of our nation had so abundantly left them.

VIII.

But could I stop there? Could I hold out to them, as the re-

What are great men?

sults of a long life of observation and experience, nothing but the principles and examples of great men?

Who and what are great men? "Woe to the country," said Metternich to our own Ticknor, forty years ago, "whose condition and institutions no longer produce great men to manage its affairs." The wily Austrian applied his remark to England at that day; but his woe—if it be a woe—would have a wider range in our time, and leave hardly any land unreached. Certainly we hear it nowadays, at every turn, that never before has there been so striking a disproportion between supply and demand as at this moment, the world over, in the commodity of great men.

But who, and what, are great men? "And now stand forth," says an eminent Swiss historian, who had completed a survey of the whole history of mankind, at the very moment when, as he says, "a blaze of freedom is just bursting forth beyond the ocean,"—"And now stand forth, ye gigantic forms, shades of the first Chieftains, and Sons of Gods, who glimmer among the rocky halls and mountain fortresses of the ancient world; and you, Conquerors of the world from Babylon and from Macedonia; ye Dynasties of Cæsars, of Huns, Arabs, Moguls, and Tartars; ye Commanders of the faithful on the Tigris, and Commanders of the Faithful on the Tiber; you hoary Counselors of Kings, and Peers of Sovereigns; Warriors on the car of triumph, covered with scars, and crowned with laurels; ye long rows of Consuls and Dictators, famed for your lofty minds, your unshaken constancy, your ungovernable spirit, stand forth, and let us survey for awhile your assembly, like a council of the Gods! What were ye? The first among mortals? Seldom can you claim that title! The best of men? Still fewer of you have deserved such praise! Were ye the compellors, the instigators of the human race, the prime movers of all their works? Rather let us say that you were the instruments, that you were the wheels, by whose means the Invisible Being has conducted the incomprehensible fabric of universal government across the ocean of time!"

Instruments and wheels of the Invisible Governor of the

Universe! This is indeed all which the greatest of men ever have been, or ever can be. No flatteries of courtiers; no adulations of the multitude; no audacity of self-reliance; no intoxications of success; no evolutions or developments of science —can make more or other of them. This is "the sea-mark of their utmost sail"—the goal of their furthest run—the very round and top of their highest soaring.

Oh, if there could be, to-day, a deeper and more pervading impression of this great truth throughout our land, and a more prevailing conformity of our thoughts and words and acts to the lessons which it involves; if we could lift ourselves to a loftier sense of our relations to the Invisible; if, in surveying our past history, we could catch larger and more exalted views of our destinies and our responsibilities; if we could realize that the want of good men may be a heavier woe to a land than any want of what the world calls great men, our Centennial Year would not only be signalized by splendid ceremonials and magnificent commemorations and gorgeous expositions, but it would go far toward fulfilling something of the grandeur of that "Acceptable Year" which was announced by higher than human lips, and would be the auspicious promise and pledge of a glorious second century of Independence and Freedom for our country!

For, if that second century of self-government is to go on safely to its close, or is to go on safely and prosperously at all, there must be some renewal of that old spirit of subordination and obedience to divine as well as human laws, which has been our security in the past. There must be faith in something higher and better than ourselves. There must be a reverent acknowledgment of an Unseen, but All-seeing, All-controlling Ruler of the Universe. His Word, His Day, His House, His Worship, must be sacred to our children, as they have been to their fathers; and His blessing must never fail to be invoked upon our land and upon our liberties. The patriot voice, which cried from the balcony of yonder old State House, when the Declaration had been originally proclaimed, "Stability and perpetuity to American Independence," did not fail to add, "God save our American States." I would prolong that ancestral

prayer. And the last phrase to pass my lips at this hour, and to take its chance of remembrance or oblivion in years to come, as the conclusion of this Centennial oration, and the sum and summing up of all I can say to the present or the future, shall be: There is, there can be no independence of God; in Him, as a nation, no less than in Him, as individuals, "we live, and move, and have our being!" God save our American States!

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

AN ORATION BY HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN TAUNTON, MASS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

I SALUTE you, my fellow-countrymen, with a cheer of welcome on this joyous day, when forty millions of human voices rise up with one accord to heaven, in grateful benisons for the mercies showered on three successive generations of the race, by the Great Disposer of events, during the hundred years that have passed away. Yet far be it from us to glory in this anniversary festival with any spirit of ostentation, as if assuming to be the very elect of God's creatures. Let us rather join in humble but earnest supplication for the continuance of that support from aloft by reason of which a small and weak and scattered band have been permitted so to grow into strength as now to command a recognized position among the leading powers of the earth.

Less than three centuries since, the European explorer first set his foot on these northern shores, with a view to occupation. He found a primitive race aspiring scarcely higher than to the common enjoyment of animal existence, and slow to respond to any nobler call. How long they had continued in the same condition there was little evidence to determine. But enough has been since gathered to justify the belief that advance never could have been one of their attributes. Without forecast, and insensible to ambition, after long experience and earnest effort to elevate them, the experiment of civilization must be admitted to have failed. The North American Indian never could have improved the state he was in when first found here. He must be regarded merely as the symbol of continuous negation, of the everlasting rotation of the present, not profiting by the experience of the past, and feebly sensible of the possibilities of the future.

CENTRAL RESERVE

The European had at last come in upon him, and the scene began at once to change. The magnificence of nature presented to his view, to which the native had been blind, at once stimulated his passion to develop its advantages by culture, and ere long the wilderness began to blossom as the rose. The hum of industry was heard to echo in every valley, and it ascended every mountain. A new people had appeared, animated by a spirit which enlisted labor without stint and directed it in channels of beauty and of use. With eyes steadily fixed upon the future, and their sturdy sinews braced to the immediate task, there is no cause for wonder that the sparse but earnest adventurers who first set foot on the soil of the new continent, should in the steady progress of time, have made good the aspirations with which they began, of founding a future happy home for ever increasing millions of their race. Between two such forces, the American Indian, who dwells only in the present, and the European pioneer, who fixes his gaze so steadily on the future, the issue of a struggle could end only in one way. Whilst the one goes on dwindling even to the prospect of ultimate extinction, the other spreads peace and happiness among numbers increasing over the continent with a rapidity never before equalled in the records of civilization.

But here it seems as if I catch a sound of rebuke from afar in another quarter of the globe. "Come now," says the hoary denizen of ancient Africa, "this assurance on the part of a new people like you is altogether intolerable. You, of a race starting only as if yesterday, with your infant civilization, what nonsense to pride yourself on your petty labors, when you have not an idea of the magnitude of the works and the magnificence of the results obtained from them in our fertile regions by a population refined long and long and long before you and your boasted new continent were even dreamed of in the march of mankind. Just come over here to the land of Egypt, flowing with milk and honey. Cast a glance at our temples and pyramids, at our lakes and rivers, and even our tombs, erected so long since that nobody can tell when. Observe the masterly skill displayed in securing durability, calling for a corresponding contribution of skilled labor from myriads of workmen to

complete them. Consider further that even that holy book, which you yourselves esteem as embodying the highest conception of the Deity, and lessons of morals continually taught among you to this day, had its origin substantially from here. Remember that all this happened before the development of the boasted Greek and Roman cultivation, and be modest with pretensions for your land of yesterday, of any peculiar merit for your aspirations to advance mankind.

To all of which interjections of my African prompter I make but a short reply. By his own showing he appeals only to what was ages ago, and not to what now is. What are the imperishable monuments constructed so long since, but memorials of an obsolete antiquity, to be gazed upon by the wandering traveler as examples never to be copied? If once devoted to special forms of Divine worship, the faith that animated the structures has not simply lost its vitality, but has been buried in oblivion. What are the catacombs but futile efforts to perpetuate mere matter after the living principle has vanished away? Why not have applied what they cost to advance the condition of the rising generations? How about the sacred book to which you refer? Does it not record an account of an emigration of an industrious and conscientious people compelled to fly by reason of the recklessness of an ignorant ruler? And how has it been ever since? Although conceded by nature one of the most favored regions of the earth, the general tendency has been far from indicating a corresponding degree of prosperity. Even the splendid memorials of long past ages testify by the solitude around them only to the folly of indulging in vain aspirations. The conclusion then to be drawn from such a spectacle is not a vision of life but of death, not of hope but of despair.

Lo! I have presented to you in this picture the three types of humanity as exemplified in the social systems of the world.

Whilst the African represents the past, and the Indian clings only to the present, it is left to the European and his congener in America persistently to follow in the future the great object of the advancement of mankind.

1. The retrogade. 2. The stationary. 3. The advance. Which is it to be with us?

We can only judge of the future by what it has been in the past. Is there or is there not a peculiar element, not found in either of the other races, which has shown so much vigor in the American during the past century as to give him a fair right to count upon large improvement in time to come?

I confidently answer for him that there is. That element is his devotion to the principle of liberty.

Do you ask me where to find it in words! Turn we then at once to the immortal scroll ever fastened into the solemnities of this our great anniversary. There lies imbedded in a brief sentence, more of living and pervading force than could have ever been applied to secure permanence to all the vast monuments of Egypt or the world.

We all know it well, but still I repeat it:

"We know these truths to be self-evident: 1. That all men are created equal. 2. That they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights. 3. That among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I have considered these significant words as vested with a virtue so subtile as certain ultimately to penetrate the abodes of mankind all over the world. But I separate them altogether from the solemn charges against King George, which immediately follow in the Declaration. These may have been just or they may not. In the long interval of time which has passed, ample opportunity has been given to examine the allegations with more calmness than when they were just made.

May I venture to express a modest doubt whether the Sovereign was in reality such a cruel tyrant as he is painted, and whether the ministers were so malignantly deaf to the appeals of colonial consanguinity as readers of this day may be led, from the language used, to infer. The passage of a hundred years ought to inspire calmness in revising all judicial decisions in history. Let us, above all, be sure that we are right. May I be permitted to express an humble belief, that the grave errors of both sovereign, ministers and people, were not so much rooted in a spirit of willful and passionate tyranny, as of a supercilious indifference; the same errors I might add, which have marked the policy of that nation in later times down to a

comparatively recent date. A very little show of sympathy, a ready ear to listen to alleged grievances, perhaps graceful concessions made in season, a disposition to look at colonists rather as brethren than as servants to squeeze something out of; in short, fellowship and not haughtiness might have kept our affections as Englishmen perhaps down to this day. The true grievance was the treatment of the colonies as a burden instead of a blessing; an object out of which to get as much and to which to give as little as possible. Least of all was there any conception of cultivating common affections and a common interest.. The consequence of the mistake thus made was not only the gradual and steady alienation of the people, but to teach them habits of self-reliance. Then came at last the appeal to brute force—and all was over. Such seems to be the true cause of the breach, and not so much willful tyranny. And it appears in my opinion at least, quite as justifiable a cause for the separation, as any or all of the more vehement accusations so elaborately accumulated in the great Declaration of 1776.

Passing from this digression, let me resume the consideration of the effect of the adoption of the great seminal principle which I have already pointed out as the pillar of fire illuminating the whole of our later path as an independent people. That this light has been no mere flashy, flickering, or uncertain guide, but steadily directing us toward the attainments of new and great results, beneficial not more immediately to ourselves than incidentally to the progress of the other nations of the world, it will be the object of this address to explain.

Let us review the century. The motto shall be Excelsior.

And first of all appears as a powerful influence of the new doctrine of freedom, though indirectly applied, the coöperation, with us in the struggle of the Sovereign Louis the Sixteenth, and the sympathy of the people of France. This topic would of itself suffice for an address, but I have so much more to say relative to ourselves as a directing power, that I must content myself with simply recalling to your minds what France *was* in 1778, when governed by an absolute monarch coöperating with us in establishing our principle, but solely for the motive of depressing Great Britain, and what she *is* in this our centennial

year, an independent republic ; after long and severe tribulation, at last deliberately ranging herself as a disciple of our school, frankly recognizing the force of our sovereign law.

Our struggle for freedom had been some time over, when the arduous task of restoring order by the coöperation of the whole sense of the people in organizing an effective form of government, the first experiment of the kind in history, was crowned by the simultaneous selection by that people of a true hero who, having proved himself an eminent leader and trusty guide, through the perils of a seven years' conflict, was called to labor with even greater glory as a successful guide of liberty toward the arts of peace.

Looking from this point of time in the year 1798, when an original experiment, the latest and most deliberate ever attempted, was on the verge of trial, it now becomes my duty to pass in review the chief results which have been secured by it to the human race during the past century. Has it succeeded or has it failed? Above all, what has it done directly and indirectly in expanding the influence of its great doctrine of liberty, not merely at home, but over the wide surface of sea and land—nay, the great globe itself.

Washington was President, but he had not had time to collect together his cabinet and distribute his work when events occurred which demanded instant attention. Without waiting for the advent of Jefferson, whom he had chosen as his aid in the Department of Foreign Affairs, he drew with his own hand certain papers of instructions which he committed to the charge of Mr. Gouverneur Morris, then about to sail for Great Britain, with directions promptly to confer with the British Minister thereon. Mr. Morris went out and accordingly communicated at once with the Foreign Secretary, the Duke of Leeds. The object was to negotiate a treaty of commerce, a very necessary measure at the time, but which was soon put aside by another and much more embarrassing difficulty. It had been immediately reported to Mr. Morris that several persons claiming to be American citizens, when walking in the streets of London, suspecting no guile, had been, after the fashion of that day, pounced upon by a press gang and put on board of British

vessels to serve as seamen, whether they would or no. Here was the beginning of a question of personal freedom, started out of the earth at once which no American agent could venture to trifle with. Although without special instructions, Mr. Morris did not hesitate a moment to submit the grievance to the consideration of the Minister. That dignitary contented himself with an evasive answer, and the plea of the difficulty of distinguishing between citizens speaking the same language; and such became the standing pretext for the seizure of Americans for many years. The act itself, looked at in our present light, seems to have been brutal enough even when applied to subjects. How much more intolerable when invading the liberty of men having thrown off all allegiance to the crown. I doubt whether many of you will believe me when I tell you how many Americans underwent this kind of slavery. It appears from the official papers that in 1798, 651 persons were recorded as in this condition. Eight years later the return is increased to 2,273, and the year after it amounted to 4,229. The most flagrant act of all was the later seizure of several men on board of the Chesapeake, an American vessel of war, by a formal order of an Admiral of a British frigate on the coast. The ultimate consequence of the equivocating course of Great Britain was that this grievance proved the chief cause of the war of 1812.

If ever there was a question of liberty under the definition of 1776, it seems to have been this, and the successive Presidents who were in office during the period, though themselves natives and citizens of a region little liable to suffer from the apprehended evil, were not the less energetic and determined on that account in maintaining the right.

On the other hand, this case is not without its lesson of the danger of infatuation in politics when we find that the resentment for these attacks upon liberty burned with far the most qualified ardor in the region where the population most frequented the seas. The singular spectacle then presented itself of the perseverance of those eminent statesmen in upholding, even at the cost of war, the rights of that portion of their brethren farthest removed from their own homesteads which were

free from danger; while many inhabitants of the coast were absolutely exhausting all the vials of their wrath upon the same distinguished statesmen for laboring even at the cost of war to secure the safety on land and water, of persons actually their nearest neighbors and friends.

The result you all know, was the war, waged under the cry of "free trade and sailors rights." A severe trial, but abundantly rewarded, by the security gained for liberty. From the date of the peace with Great Britain down to the present hour no cause of complaint has occurred for the impressment of a single American citizen. No difficulty in distinguishing citizenship has been experienced even though little change has been made in the use of the language common to both nations. In short, no more men have been taken whether on land or on the ocean, by force, on any pretense whatever.

Singularly enough, however, fifty years later, a question of parallel import suddenly sprang up which for the moment threatened to present the same nations in a position precisely reversed. A naval commander of a United States war vessel assumed the right to board a British passenger steamer crossing the sea on her way home, and to seize and carry off two American citizens, just as British officers had done to us in former times. This proceeding was immediately resented, and the consequence was a new step in favor of liberty on the ocean, for the security of the civilized world. The great waters are now open to all nations, and the flag of any nation covers all who sail under it in times of peace, And Great Britain herself, too often in days long gone by, meriting the odious title of tyrant of the ocean, by assuming that principle in the instance spoken of, and likewise by resorting to other and better means than the horrors of the press gang, has not only raised the character of her own marine, but has pledged herself to follow in the very same path of humanity and civilization first marked out by our example.

Such is the first instance of the direct effect upon human liberty of the law proclaimed a hundred years ago. I proceed to consider the second:

In this year of our Lord 1876, on looking back upon the

early events of the century, it seems almost impossible to believe that human rights should have been then held in so much contempt on the high seas, and that by nations as despicable in character as weak in absolute force.

As early as the year 1785, two American vessels following their course peaceably over the ocean were boarded by ships fitted out by the Algerines, then occupying an independent position on the Mediterranean coast. The vessels were plundered and the crew, numbering twenty-one American freemen, taken to Algiers and sold for slaves.

Instead of protestation and remonstrance, and fitting out vessels of war to retort upon this insolent pirate, what did the government first do? What but to pray the assistance and intervention of such a feeble power as Sweden to help us out of our distress, and money was to be offered, not merely to ransom the slaves, but to bribe the barbarian not to do so any more. Of course, he went to work more vigorously than ever, and his demands became more imperious and exacting. The patience of the great Powers of Europe, whom he treated with little more deference, only furnished one more example of the case with which more audacity may for a time secure advantages which will never be gained by fair dealing and good will. To an American of to-day, it is inexpressibly mortifying to review the legislation of the country on this matter at that time. It appears that so early as the year 1791. President Washington, in the third year of his service, in his speech to Congress, first called the attention of that body to the subject. On the 15th day of December the Senate referred the matter to a committee, which in due course of time reported a resolution to this effect:

Resolved, That the Senate advise and consent that the President take such measures as he may think necessary for the redemption of the citizens of the United States now in captivity at Algiers, provided—(mind you)—provided the expense shall not exceed $40.000.

Congress did not think of looking at the Declaration of Independence, but they passed the resolution. And what was the natural consequence? The consular officer established by

the United States in Algiers on learning the result approved it, but added this significant sentence :

I take the liberty to observe that there is no doing any business of importance in this country without palming the ministry.

The logic of all this was, that the best way to keep our people free was to make it worth the while of this ministry to make them slaves.

The natural consequence was that the cost of these operations ultimately exceeded $1,000,000, and the example had set the kindred Barbary powers in an agony for a share of the plunder. In February, 1802, the gross amount of expenditure to pacify these pirates and man-stealers had risen to $2,500,000, a sum large enough, if properly expended on a naval force, to have cleared them out at a stroke.

No wonder, then, that President Jefferson should presently begin to recur to his draft of the Declaration of Independence. Though never very friendly to the navy, he saw that freedom was at stake, hence in his annual message of 1803 he suggested fitting out a small force for the Mediterranean, in order to restrain the Tripoline cruisers, and added that the uncertain tenure of peace with several other of the Barbary powers might eventually require even a re-enforcement.

So said Jefferson to Congress—but his words were not responded to with promptness, and the evil went on increasing. The insolence of all the petty Barbary States only fattened by what it fed on, until the freedom of American seamen in the Mediterranean was measured only by the sums that could be paid for their ransom. There is no more ignominious part of our history than this.

Driven at last to a conviction of the impolicy of such a course President Madison, having succeeded to the chair of state, on the 23d of February, sent a message to Congress recommending a declaration of war. The two Houses which had become likewise convinced that money voted to that end would go further for freedom than any bribes, now responded promptly to the call. A naval expedition was sent out, and on the 5th of December, nine months after his adoption of the new policy, the

President had a noble opportunity of reporting to the same bodies a triumphant justification of his measure. The gallant Decatur had established the law of freedom in this quarter forever.

Mr. Madison tells the story in these words :

I have the satisfaction to communicate to you the successful termination of the war. The squadron in advance on that service under Commodore Decatur lost not a moment after its arrival in the Mediterranean in seeking the naval force of the enemy then cruising in that sea, and succeeded in capturing two of his ships. The high character of the American commander was brilliantly sustained on the occasion, who brought his own ship into close action with that of his adversary. Having prepared the way by this demonstration of American skill and prowess, he hastened to the port of Algiers, where peace was promptly yielded to his victorious force. In the terms stipulated, the right and honor of the United States were particularly consulted by a perpetual relinquishment by the Dey of all pretence of tribute from them.

The Dey subsequently betrayed his inclination to break the treaty, and ventured to demand a renewal of the annual tribute which had been so weakly yielded ; but the hour had passed for listening to feeble counsels. The final answer was a declaration that the United States preferred war to tribute, and freedom to slavery. They therefore insisted upon the observation of the treaty, which abolished forever the right to tribute or to the enslaving of American citizens.

There never has been since a question about the navigation of the Mediterranean, free from all danger of the loss of personal freedom. It is due to the Government of Great Britain to add that, following up this example, Lord Exmouth with his fleet at last put a final stop to all further pretenses of these barbarians to annoy the navigation of that sea. France has since occupied the kingdom of Algiers, and the abolition of slavery there was one of its early decrees. Thus has happened the liberation of that superb region of the world, the nursery of more of its civilization than any other, from all further danger of relapsing into barbarism. And America may fairly claim the

credit of having initiated in modern times the law of personal freedom over the surface of that classical sea.

I have now done with the second example of the progress of the great principle enunciated in the celebrated scroll set forth a hundred years ago. America has contributed greatly to this result, but a moment was rapidly approaching when her agency was to be invoked in a region much nearer home. The younger generations now coming into life will doubtless be astonished to learn that not much more than a half a century ago there still survived a class of men harbored in the West Indies, successors of the bold buccaneers who, in the seventeenth century, became the terror to the navigation of those seas. They will wonder still more when I tell them that both ships and men were not only harbored in some ports of the United States, but were actually fitted out with a view to the plunder that might be levied upon the legitimate trade pursued by their own countrymen as well as people of all other nations, in and around the islands of the Caribbean Sea. That I am not exagerating in this statement, I shall show by merely reading to you a short extract from a report made by a committee of the House of Representatives of the United States in the year 1821:

"The extent," it says, "to which the system of plunder is carried in the West India seas and Gulf of Mexico is truly alarming, and calls imperiously for the prompt and efficient interposition of the General Government. Some fresh instance of the atrocity with which the pirates infesting these seas carry on their depredations, ACCOMPANIED, TOO, BY THE INDISCRIMINATE MASSACRE OF THE DEFENCELESS AND UNOFFENDING, is brought by almost every mail—so that the intercourse between the northern and southern sections of the Union is almost cut off."

My friends, this picture, painted from an official source, dates back little more than fifty years ago! Could we believe it as possible that liberty and life guaranteed by our solemn declaration of 1776 should have been found so insecure in our own immediate neighborhood, at a time, too, when we were boasting in thousands of orations, on this our anniversary, of the great progress we had made in securing both against violence? And the worst of it all was that some even of our own countrymen should

have been suspected of being privy to such raids. I shall touch this matter no further than to say that not long afterward adequate preparations were made to remove this pestilent annoyance, and to re-establish perfect freedom all over these waters. This work was so effectively performed in 1824, that from that time to this personal liberty has been as secure there as in any other best protected part of the globe.

Such is my third example of the practical advance of human freedom under the trumpet call made one hundred years ago.

I come now to a fourth and more stupendous measure following that call. The world-wide famous author of it had not been slow to grasp the conception that the abolition of all trade in slaves must absolutely follow as a corollary from his general principle. The strongest proof of it is found in the original draft of his paper, wherein he directly charged it as one of the greatest grievances inflicted upon liberty by the king, that he had countenanced the trade. The passage is one of the finest in the paper, and deserves to be repeated to-day. It is in these words:

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the person of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death on their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain the execrable commerce.

There is no passage so fine as this in the Declaration. Unfortunately it hit too hard on some interests close at home which proved strong enough to have it dropped from the final draft. But though lost there, its essence almost coeval with the first publication of Granville Sharp in England on the same subject, undoubtedly pervaded the agitation which never ceased in either country until legislation secured a final triumph. The labors of Sharp and Wilberforce, of Clarkson and Buxton, and their companions, have placed them upon an eminence of honor throughout the world.

But their struggle which began in 1787, was not terminated for a period of twenty years. On the other hand, it appears in the statute book in 1794, that it was enacted by the Congress of the United States: "That no vessel shall be fitted for the purpose of carrying on any traffic in slaves to any foreign country, or for procuring from any foreign country the inhabitants thereof to be disposed of as slaves." This act was followed in due course by others, which, harmonizing with the action of foreign nations, is believed to have put an effective and permanent stop to one of the vilest abominations, as conducted on the ocean, that was ever tolerated in the records of time.

But all this laborious effort had been directed only against the cruelties practiced in the transportation of negro slaves over the seas. It did not touch the question of his existing condition or of his right to be free.

This brings me to the fifth and greatest of all fruits of the charter of Independence, the proclamation of liberty to the captive through a great part of the globe.

The seed that had been sown broadcast over the world fell much as described in the Scripture, some of it sprouting too early, as in France, and yielding none but bitter fruit, but more, after living in the ground many years, producing results most propitious to the advancement of mankind. It would be tedious for me to go into details describing the progress of a movement that has changed the face of civilization. The principle enunciated in our precious scroll has done its work in Great Britain and in France, and most of all in the immense expanse of the territories of the Autocrat of all the Russias, who of his own mere motion proclaimed that noble decree which liberated from serfdom at one stroke twenty-three millions of the human race. This noble act will remain forever one of the grandest steps toward the elevation of mankind ever taken by the will of a sovereign of any race in any age.

But though freely conceding the spontaneous volition of the Czar in this instance, I do not hesitate to affirm that but for the subtle essence infused into the political conscience of the age by the great Declaration of 1776, he would never have been

inspired with the lofty magnanimity essential to the completion of so great a work.

I come next and last to the remembrance of the fearful conflict for the complete establishment of the grand principle to which we had pledged ourselves at the very outset of our national career, and out of which we have, by the blessing of the Almighty, come safe and sound. The history is so fresh in our minds that there is no need of recalling its details, neither would I do so if there were, on a day like this consecrated wholly to the harmony of the nation. Never was the first aspect of any contention surrounded by darker clouds; yet viewing as we must its actual issue, at no time has there ever been more reason to rejoice in the present and look forward with confidence to a still more brilliant future. Now that the agony is over, who is there that will not admit that he is not relieved by the removal of the ponderous burden which weighed down our spirits in earlier days? The great law proclaimed at the beginning has been at last fully carried out. No more apologies for inconsistency to caviling and evil-minded objectors. No more unwelcome comparisons with the superior liberality of absolute monarchs in distant regions of the earth. Thank God, now there is not a man who treads the soil of this broad land, void of offense, who in the eye of the law does not stand on the same level with every other man. If the memorable words of Thomas Jefferson, that true Apostle of Liberty, had done only this it would alone serve to carry him aloft, high up among the benefactors of mankind. Not America alone, but Europe and Asia, and above all Africa, nay the great globe itself, move in an orbit never so resplendent as on this very day.

Let me then sum up in brief the results arrived at by the enunciation of the great law of liberty in 1776 :

1. It opened the way to the present condition of France.

2. It brought about perfect security for liberty on the broad and narrow seas.

3. It set the example of abolishing the slave trade, which in its turn, prompted the abolition of slavery itself by Great Britain, France, Russia, and last of all, by our own country too.

Standing now on this vantage ground, gained from the severe struggle of the past, the inquiry naturally presents itself, What have we left for us to do? To which I will frankly answer much. It is no part of my disposition, even on the brightest of our festival days, to deal in indiscriminate laudation, or even to cast a flimsy veil over the less favorable aspects of our national position. I will not deny that many of the events that have happened since our escape from the last great peril, indicate more forcibly than I care to admit, some decline from that high standard of moral and political purity for which we have ever before been distinguished. The adoration of Mammon, described by the poet as the

> "least erected spirit that fell
> From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
> Were always downward bent."

has done something to impair the glory earned by all our preceding sacrifices. For myself, while sincerely mourning the mere possibility of stain touching our garments, I feel not the less certainty that the heart of the people remains as pure as ever.

One of the strongest muniments to save us from all harm it gives me pride to remind you of, especially on this day—I mean the memory of the example of Washington.

Whatever misfortunes may betide us, of one thing we may be sure that the study of that model by the rising youth of our land can never fail to create a sanative force potent enough to counteract every poisonous element in the political atmosphere.

Permit me for a few moments to dwell upon this topic, for I regard it as closely intertwined with much of the success we have hitherto enjoyed as an independent people. Far be it for me to raise a visionary idol. I have lived too long to trust in mere panegyric. Fulsome eulogy of any man raises with me only a smile. Indiscriminate laudation is equivalent to falsehood. Washington, as I understand him was gifted with nothing ordinarily defined as genius, and he had not had great advantages of education. His intellectual powers were clear, but not much above the average men of his time. What knowledge he possessed had been gained from association with

others in his long career, rather than by study. As an actor he scarcely distinguished himself by more than one brilliant stroke; as a writer, the greater part of his correspondence discloses nothing more than average natural good sense; on the field of battle his powers pale before the splendid strategy of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Yet, notwithstanding all these deductions, the thread of his life from youth to age displays a maturity of judgment, a consistency of principle, a firmness of purpose, a steadiness of action, a discriminating wisdom and a purity of intention hardly found united to the same extent in any other instance I can recall in history. Of his entire disinterestedness in all his pecuniary relations with the public it is needless for me to speak. Who ever suspected him of a stain? More than all and above all, he was throughout master of himself. If there be one quality more than another in his character which may exercise a useful control over the men of the present hour, it is the total disregard of self, when in the most exalted positions for influence and example.

In order to more fully illustrate my position, let me for one moment contrast his course with that of the great military chief I have already named. The star of Napoleon was just rising to its zenith as that of Washington passed away. In point of military genius Napoleon probably equalled if he did not exceed any person known in history. In regard to the direction of the interests of a nation he may be admitted to have held a very high place. He inspired an energy and a vigor in the veins of the French people which they sadly needed after the demoralizing sway of generations of Bourbon kings. With even a small modicum of the wisdom so prominent in Washington, he too might have left a people to honor his memory down to the latest times. But it was not to be. Do you ask the reason? It is this. His motives of action always centered in self. His example gives a warning but not a guide. For when selfishness animates a ruler there is no cause of wonder if he sacrifice, without scruple, an entire generation of men as a holocaust to the great principle of evil, merely to maintain or extend his sway. Had Napoleon copied the exam-

ple of Washington he might have been justly the idol of all later generations in France. For Washington to have copied the example of Napoleon would have been simply impossible.

Let us then, discarding all inferior strife, hold up to our children the example of Washington as the symbol not merely of wisdom, but of purity and truth.

Let us labor continually to keep the advance in civilization as it becomes us to do after the struggles of the past, so that the rights to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which we have honorably secured, may be firmly entailed upon the ever enlarging generations of mankind.

And what is it, I pray you tell me, that has brought us to the celebration of this most memorable day? Is it not the steady cry of Excelsior up to the most elevated regions of political purity, secured to us by the memory of those who have passed before us and consecrated the very ground occupied by their ashes? Glorious indeed may it be said of it in the words of the poet:

> What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth
> To sacred thoughts in souls of worth—
> Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
> Earth's compass round,
> And your high priesthood shall make earth
> All Hallowed Ground.

THE NEW CENTURY.

AN ABSTRACT FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN THOMAS' ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, MECHANICS HALL, WORCESTER, MASS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

With what emotions, with what convictions, did we hail the dawning light of the new century! Were the wings of the morning those of the angel of death or of life, of despair or of hope? I answer for myself, of life and of hope; nay, more, of faith and of trust. We have causes for anxiety and watchfulness, none for despair. The evils of the times are not incurable, and the remedies, simple and efficient are in our hands.

Is there not, I am asked, wide-spread and growing corruption in the public service of States and nation? There is corruption, but not, I think, increasing—indeed we have reason to hope it is already checked in its progress; nor are the causes of the evil permanent in their nature, save that we always hold our "treasures in earthen vessels."

We have passed through a period of expenditure almost without limit, and, therefore, of infinite temptations. Wars, it would seem, especially civil wars, loosen the moral ties of society. "The state of man suffers, then, the nature of an insurrection." Civil convulsions always brings more or less bad men to the surface, and some are still afloat—men whose patriotism, not exhausted in contracts for effete muskets, spavined horses and rotten ships, are ready and waiting for like service. In the feverish delirious haste to get rich which a currency of indefinit expansion always excites, we find another cause; though this has disastrous results, more direct and palpable, in unsettling values and the foundations of public and private faith, trust and confidence.

The evils are curable, but not by noise of words, not by sonorous resolutions without meaning, or only the meaning the simple reader injects into them.

We may put an end to corruption by leading ourselves honest lives, by refusing to put any man into a public trust, no matter what his qualifications or past services, who is corrupt, or suffers himself to walk on the brink, or winks at those who are wading in; by using the old-fashioned prescriptions for rulers: "Men of truth, hating covetousness." "Thou shalt take no gift." "Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man."

The evils of a vile currency can be remedied only by return to the path of the Constitution and of commercial integrity. The principles are simple and elementary. The "lawful money" of the United States is the coin of the United States, or foreign coin whose value has been regulated by Congress: that is the constitutional doctrine. Money is a thing of intrinsic value, and the standard and measure of value; that is the economical doctrine.

A promise to pay a dollar is not a dollar: that is the doctrine of morality and common sense. The difficulty with the legal tender law was and is that it sought to vitalize a falsehood, to make the shadow the substance, to sign the thing signified, the promise to pay, itself payment. Great as is the power of Congress, it cannot change the nature of things.

So long as the power is left, or assumed to be left, to make a promise to pay payment, there will be no permanent security.

One other cure of corruption is open to us,—the stamping out of the doctrine that public trusts are the spoils of partisan victory. The higher councils may perhaps be changed. An administration cannot be well conducted with a cabinet, or other officers in confidential relations, opposed to its policy; but no such reason for change applies to ninety-nine hundredths of the offices now exposed in the market as rewards for partisan service. Other than in these evils I fail to see proofs of the degeneracy of the times.

Whether the men and women of this generation had fallen from the standard of their fathers and mothers, we had satisfactory evidence in the late war, I care not to dwell upon its origin or to revive its memories. The seceding States reaped as they had sown; having sown to the wind, they reaped the whirlwind. Against what was to them the most beneficient of

governments, known and felt only in its blessings, they waged, it seemed to us, causeless war, for their claim to extend slavery into the new States and Territories never had solid ground of law or policy or humanity to rest upon ; they struck at the flag in which were enfolded our most precious hopes for ourselves and for mankind. They could not expect a great nation to be so false to duty as not to defend, at every cost, its integrity and life.

But while, as matter of good sense and logic, the question seemed to us so plain a one, that the Union meant nothing if a State might at its election withdraw from it ; that under the Articles of Confederation the Union had been made perpetual ; that the Constitution was adapted to form a more "perfect union than that of the Confederation, more comprehensive, direct, and efficient in power, and not less durable in time ; that there was no word in it looking to separation ; that it had careful provisions for its amendment, none for its abrogation ; capacity for expansion, none for contraction ; a door for new States to come in, none for old or new to go out ; we should find that, after all, upon the question of legal construction, learned and philosophical statesmen had reached a different conclusion ; we should find, also, what as students of human nature we should be surprised not to find, that the opinions of men on this question had, at different times and in different sections of the country, been more or less moulded, biased and warped by the effects, or supposed effects, which the policy of the central power had on the material interests and institutions of the States. Each examination, not impairing the strength of our convictions, might chasten our pride.

But aside from the logic, men must be assumed to be honest, however misguided, who are ready to die for the faith that is in them.

But not dwelling upon causes, but comparing the conduct of the war with that of the Revolution, I do not hesitate to say that in the loyalty and devotion of the people to country ; in the readiness to sacrifice property, health and life for her safety ; in the temper and spirit in which the war was carried on ; in the supply of resources to the army, men as well as money ; in the

blessed ministrations of women to the sick, wounded or dying soldier; in the courage and pluck evinced on both sides; in the magnanimity and forbearance of the victors, the history of the late war shows no touch of degeneracy, shows, indeed, a century of progress.

If its peculations and corruptions were more conspicuous, it was because of the vaster amounts expended, and the vastly greater opportunities and temptations to avarice and fraud. The recently published letters of Col. Pickering furnish additional evidence of the frauds and peculations in the supplies to the armies of the Revolution, and of the neglect of the states to provide food and clothing for the soldiers, when many of the people, for whose liberties they were struggling, were living in comparative ease and luxuary. The world moves.

There is one criterion of which I cannot forbear to speak, the conduct of the soldiers of the late war upon the return of peace. How quietly and contentedly they came back from the excitements of the battle-field and camp to the quiet of home life, and to all the duties of citizenship; with a coat, perhaps, where one sleeve was useless, with a leg that had a crutch for a comrade, but with the heart always in the right place!

The burdens of the war are yet with us; the vast debt created these heavy taxes, consuming the very seed of future harvests; the vacant seats at the fireside. Fifteen years and half a generation of men have passed away since the conflict of opinion ripened into the conflict of arms. They have been years of terrible anxiety and of the sickness of hope deferred; yet if their record could be blotted from the book of life, if the grave could give up its noble dead, and all the waste spots, moral and material, resume the verdure of the spring-time, no one of us would return to the state of things in 1860, with the curse of slavery hanging over us and the fires of discord smouldering beneath us. The root of alienation, bitterness, and hate has been wrenched out, and henceforth union and peace are at least possible.

But there is left to us a great and solemn trust,—four millions of people, whose civil status has been fixed by the organic law, but whose education and training for the duties of citi-

zenship and all the higher duties of life, at whatever cost, is demanded alike by humanity, our sense of justice, and our sense of safety.

We have no right, and no cause, to despair of the republic.

The elements of material prosperity are all with us; this magnificent country, resonant with the murmurs of two oceans, with every variety of soil climate, and production to satisfy the the tastes or wants of man; with its millions of acres of new lands beckoning for the plough and spade; with its mountains of coal and iron and copper, and its veins of silver and gold waiting like Encaladus to be delivered; its lakes, inland seas, its rivers the highways of nations. We have bound its most distant parts together with bands of iron and steel; we send the lightnings over it "that they may go, and say unto us, Here we are."

We have all the tools of the industries, and arts which the cunning brain of man has invented and his supple fingers learned to use, and abundant capital, the reserved fruits of labor, seeking a chance for planting and increase.

The means of intellectual growth are with us. We have in most of the States systems of education opening to every child the paths to knowledge and to goodness; destined, we hope, to be universal. He who in our day has learned to read in his mother-tongue may be said to have all knowledge for his empire.

And our laws, though by no means perfect, were never so wise, equal, and just as now, never so infused with the principles of natural justice and equity, nor their administration more intelligent, upright, less a respector of persons, than to-day. Indeed, in no department of human thought and activity has there been in the last century more intelligent progress than in our jurisprudence.

Whatever may be said of creeds and formulas of faith, there never was so much practical Christianity as now; as to wealth, so large a sense of stewardship; as to labor, so high a recognition of its rights and dignity; into the wounds of suffering humanity never the pouring of so much oil and wine; never was man as man, or woman as woman, of such worth as to-day.

In spite of criticism we have yet the example and inspiration of that life in which the human and the divine were blended into one.

In spite of philosophy, God yet sits serenely on his throne, His watchful providence over us, His almighty arm beneath us and upholding us.

For an hundred years this nation, having in trust the largest hopes of freedom and humanity, has endured. There have been whirlwind and tempest, it has ridden through them, bending only, as Landor says, the oak bends before the passing wind, to rise again in its majesty and in its strength. It has come out of the fiery furnace of civil war, its seemingly mortal plague-spot cauterized and burnt out, leaving for us to-day a Republic capable of almost infinite expansion, in which central power may be reconciled with local independence, and the largest liberty with the firmest order.

Staunch, with every sail set, her flag with no star erased, this goodly Ship of State floats on the bosom of the new century.

In her we "have garnered up our hearts where we must either live or bear no life."

And now, God of our fathers, what wait we for but thy blessing? Let thy breath fill her sails, thy presence be her sunshine. If darkness and the tempest come, give her, as of old, pilots that can weather the storm.

THE COST OF POPULAR LIBERTY.

AN ORATION BY BROOKS ADAMS, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BINGHAM, MASS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Fellow-citizens : On this solemn anniversary we do not come together—if I understand our feelings rightly—to indulge in vainglorious self-praise of our fathers or ourselves. Nor do we come here to lash ourselves once more into anger over the well-known story of the wrongs our fathers suffered at the hands of the English people. We come here neither in pride nor bitterness. We bear malice towards none. We are at peace with all the world. What we do come for is to celebrate what we believe to have been a great era in the world's history, to call to mind the principles which were declared one hundred years ago to-day, to rejoice over the blessings which this people have inherited through the patriotism and the wisdom of our forefathers, and above all to ask ourselves on this Centennial day whether we have been acting up to the standard they laid down for us, and whether we are doing our duty by our country and our age. That three millions of people should have been able to contend with the whole power of Great Britain, and to wring from her an acknowledgment of their independence, is indeed surprising, but that alone would throw but a comparatively feeble light upon the early patriots. Other colonies have also gained their independence, whose people have little reason to celebrate their nation's birthday. What makes this day remarkable is not so much that on it our independence was declared as that on its birth was given to popular government, and the glory of our ancestors lies not so much in having waged a successful war as in having been the first to teach the lesson to mankind that institutions resting safely on the popular will can endure. Yet the men of that day were neither dreamers nor enthusiasts. They did not want independence for its

own sake. They would have been perfectly content to have remained English subjects had they been allowed to manage their little governments as they had been accustomed, and to enjoy the rights they had always enjoyed. But they were not a race of men to endure oppression patiently. They loved liberty as they understood it, and as we understand it, more than anything on earth, and to preserve it they were willing to brave the greatest power of the world.

II.

The Beginning of Government.

We all know the history of the war, how it begun at Lexington and Concord and dragged through seven bloody, weary years, and until it closed on the day when Gen. Lincoln, of Hingham, received the sword of Lord Cornwallis on the surrender of Yorktown. During those years this State and this town did their part, as they have always done in the time of trial, and as they probably always will do so long as the old Puritan stock remains. Meanwhile the colonies, having thrown off their old Government, went on to organize a new one. Peace found the country ravaged, war-worn, ruined, and under Confederation. The Declaration of Independence had boldly declared not only the right but the capacity of the people for self-government. The task yet remained before them of reconstructing their Government and thus redeeming the boast that had been made. For the first time in the world's history popular institutions were really upon trial, and it seemed as though they were doomed to meet with disastrous failure. How can I describe that wretched interval, the gloomiest years in American history. The confederation hardly deserved the name of Government. There were enemies abroad, there was dissension at home. Congress had no power to levy taxes, so that not only the interest on the public debt, but the most ordinary expenses remained unpaid. There was a debased currency, there were endless jealousies between the States, there was mutiny in the army, imbecility in Congress—the people were poor and discontented, and at length a rebellion broke at her in Massachusetts which threatened to overthrow the foundation of society. The greatest and best of men—Washington, himself, was in de-

spair. It was then that the intelligence and power of the American people showed itself, it was then that they justified the boast of the Declaration of Independence, it was then that they established Government.

No achievement of any people is more wonderful than this. Without force or bloodshed, but by means of fair agreement alone difficulties were solved which had seemed to admit of no solution. At this distance of time we can look back calmly, and we can appreciate the wisdom and self-control of men who could endure such trials and pass through action without an appeal to arms. And they had their awards. Nothing has ever equaled the splendor of their success. From the year 1789 to the year 1860, no nation has ever known a more unbounded prosperity, a fuller space of happiness. In the short space of 70 years, within the turn of a single life, the nation, poor, weak and dispised, raised itself to the pinnacle of power and of glory.

At the outbreak of the Revolution 3,000,000 of people, a far smaller number than the population of New York now, were scattered along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Georgia. There were no interior settlements. Where the great cities of Buffalo and Rochester now are there were then only Indians and deer. Boston had but 14,000 inhabitants, there were no manufactures, everything was imported from abroad. Within those 70 or 80 years all changed as if by magic. Population increased ten-fold, cities sprang up in the wilderness, manufactories were established, wealth grew beyond all computation. And better than mere material prosperity, our history was stainad by no violence. We had no State executions, no reigning terror, no guillotine, no massacre. We tolerated all religious beliefs. There was perfect liberty and security for all men. Nor is this the highest praise to which our people are justly due. No purer men or greater statesmen ever lived than those whose lives adorn the early history of the Republic. Men who had never seen a great city, men whose hole experience had not extended further than the local assembly of their colony or the provincial corn-fields, wrote the Declaration of Independence, and framed the Constitution of our States. We read their writings now, we wonder at them, but we do not dream equaling them our-

selves. There seemed no end to them. Orators, statesmen, judges, Washington and Jefferson, Franklin and Marshall, men who will be remembered and honored so long as our language shall endure.

III.

Slavery. But with all the blessings we inherited from our ancestors we inherited a curse also—the curse of negro slavery. It is easy now to see how the bitterness of the South as we should wish to be received were we Southerners. Let us rather remember that they fought by our fathers' side through seven long years in the war of the Revolution, and that a year ago Southern soldiers marched through the streets of Boston under the old flag to celebrate with us the victory of Bunker Hill. And now on this our nation's birthday, in the midst of peace, with our country more wealthy and more populous than ever before, are we content? Can we look over the United States and honestly tell ourselves that all things are well within us? We cannot conceal from ourselves that all things are not well. For the last ten years a shameless corruption has gone on about us. We see it on every side. We read of it daily in the newspapers until we sicken with disgust. It has not been confined to any section or state, or city, to either political party, or to any department of Government. It has been all-pervading.

IV.

Political Party. One hundred years ago to-day birth was given to this nation in its struggle for the rights of men. On this day if on no other we can rise above our party ties, we can feel that we are all citizens of a common country striving for a common cause, members of a common party, all Republicans, all Democrats. We may differ as to the means but we agree upon the end. We all long for a great and respected country, for a happy and united people between the North and South slowly grew until it burst into civil war. And truly that war did continue until every drop of blood drawn by the last had been repaid by another drawn by the sword. Though years have passed by, which of us does not remember the awful agony

of that struggle, the joy at the news of victory, the gloom after defeat. Even now when we recall those days we feel the old rage arise within us, the old bitterness return. Not far from these doors stands the statue of Massachusetts' greatest Governor—Mr. Andrews. Truly his life should teach us that as men are good and brave, so are they kind and forgiving. Surely he would not have cherished resentment toward a conquered foe. Surely he would have been the last to preach the doctrine of internal hate. Surely Mr. Lincoln was full of kindness toward the South. If ever we are again to have a united people, we must learn to feel as he felt. We must remember men will never be good citizens who are treated with suspicion and distrust. We must, above all things, teach ourselves to be just. We must remember that the foundation of this government is equal laws for all, and that there cannot be one law for Massachusetts and another for Virginia.

The issues of the war are dead; Slavery is abolished, never to be revived; it is forbidden by the Constitution, and we have the means to enforce obedience should any disobey. No State will ever again support the cause which has been trampeled in the dust by national armies. Let us then remember this Centennial year by forgetting sectional differences. Let us receive them as brothers. There are certain duties which the citizen owes this country that cannot be thrown aside, and the first of these duties is to see that the Government is pure. The struggles of the Democrats and Federalists of three-quarters of a century ago no longer excites us. Yet we see two parties, each believing in themselves in the right, and each fighting fiercely for what they believe. We know what the Democrats were. We know that under their will the country was prosperous and happy, and we are justified in believing that had victory been reversed, the country would have prospered still. What matters it to us to which political party Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or Jay belonged? We know that they were great and wise, and we honor them and love them as American citizens. What does it matter to us if the people and the men they chose to govern them were intelligent and honest, and made the American name feared and respected throughout the world.

There may not be among us men equal to the early patriots, men whose names will still be remembered when this nation has passed away, but we have men whose honor is as stainless, whose lives are as pure, and who, if they cannot bring genius, can at least bring integrity and devotion to the public service. We have no standing army, no aristocracy. The whole future of our society rests on the respect the people feel for law. Laws can only be respected when the laws themselves, the men who make them, and the men who administer them command our respect. If the time shall ever come when American judges shall habitually sell justice, when American legislators shall sell their votes, and the public servants the nation's honor, all respect for our institutions will die in the minds of our people, and the Government born one hundred years ago to-day will be about to pass away.

V.

Official Corruption.

The question even now forces itself upon us, what do the things that are about us portend? Is all that we have seen and heard only the sign of a passing evil, which we may hope to cure, or does it show that we are already the victims of that terrible disease which has so often been the ruin of republics? Is the very glory and splendor of the nation to prevent its ruin, and do its wealth and prosperity bear out, then, the seeds of decay? Our fathers were small and scattered people—sober, frugal and industrious. There was no great wealth, nor was their extreme poverty. Most men were farmers, and had that best and most practical of all education—the management of their own property, the process of government comparatively simple, and the temptations comparatively small. In a century all this has changed; we are forty millions of people instead of three millions; we are crowded together in great cities; we have railways and manufactures; we have huge aspirations, vast wealth. But side by side with our beautiful churches and rich colleges there exists, where the population is dense, much poverty and ignorance. On the other hand, men are assailed by all the temptations of a rich and complex society. In the history of the past few years that

evil has slowly gained strength ; a class of men are beginning to hold office, with the approbation of the people, whose object is plunder ; a class who look upon the public revenues as a fund from which to steal—nay, more, who seek public offices for motives of private gain by using their influence to make money for themselves.

VI.

Necessity of a Change.

There we already see the beginning of the end. No popular government can endure which does not do justice, much less one which is systematically perverted. No government can endure which allows the property of its citizens to be taken from them under the guise of taxes, not for profitable purposes, but to satisfy private greed. These abuses came with ring rule, and there is hardly a rich city or a great State in the Union which does not know the meaning of government by rings. Corrupt courts, enormous taxes, ruinous debts, impure politics, are the consequences, and the consequences we have seen. If we have now arrived at the point where we feel ring government gradually closing in upon us ; if the majority of the people has not the power or the intelligence, or the will, not only to protect themselves against fresh assaults, but to purify society from taint, this is for us indeed a gloomy anniversary, and our hope can be but small. In such a struggle to stand still is to be conquered. Nothing in the world is stationary, and if government does not diminish it will assuredly increase.

I do not believe there is excuse for gloom. We know the people with whom we have always lived, and we know that they are neither dishonest nor ignorant, and I do not believe that the people of the other States in the Union are behind the people of Massachusetts. But there are also other better reasons for confidence. This the generation which carried through the war ; no sterner test could be applied to any people. There was no constraint upon them ; peace was always within their reach ; it could have been attained at any time had the majority desired it.

After brief allusions to the prominent causes for hope, the speaker concluded as follows :

Fellow-citizens, believing as I do that our institutions are wise and good, believing as I do that, properly administered, they yield to us the fullest measure of happiness, believing that our people are essentially the same as the people of one hundred years ago—equally honest, equally intelligent, equally self-sacrificing—I see no cause for despondency in the future, I see reason for brightest hope. Provided we remember that our responsibilities are as great now as they ever have been during our history—provided we keep in mind the warning of Washington, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance—provided we are awake to the knowledge that abuses which are tolerated may in time overpower us—there lies before this Republic the happiest future which any nation has ever been permitted to enjoy; a future as happy and as glorious as its past. Let us then, in this centennial year, putting aside all personal ambition and all selfish aims, firmly resolve that we will strive honestly, patiently, humbly, in the position in which God has placed us, to regain that noble purity in which our nation was born, pre-eminent to the end that our children, at another centennial, may say of us that they too had their ink well in the world's history, and through them this Government of the people for the people by the people still endureth.

AMERICAN FREE INSTITUTIONS; THE JOY AND GLORY OF MANKIND.

AN ADDRESS BY DR. J. J. M. SELLMAN,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, BALTIMORE, MD., JULY 4TH, 1876

My fellow citizens, could there be anything more expressive and so eminently fitting than to see the people gathering together in their respective neighborhoods at the early dawn of the Centennial anniversary of our national independence? Does it not evince a profound reverence and love for the great fundamental principles that underlie the foundation of this free republic? Esteeming our inheritance as the richest that was ever bequeathed to mankind, we cannot but most tenderly and lovingly remember what heroism and extreme suffering those noble men and women of the revolutionary period were required to have and endure in nurturing that spirit of independence for which we as a nation are so characteristic and pre-eminently distinguished.

We might recall names, depict in stirring words the patriotic deeds, and portray in glowing pictures the spirit that animated them in making such a sacrifice upon their part, in behalf of that freedom, that was the precursor of such transcendant glory and renown to the remotest generations. But my friends, I am prescribed by the want of time from pursuing this most interesting course under present circumstances. Fully appreciating the noble work and unparelleled sacrifices of our illustrious sires of revolutionary fame, it will be no disparagement to say that others in later generations have also helped to mould our institutions and shape the policy of the government, and that we too have our part in this beneficient work commenced by the noble men of 1776.

It is well, my friends, to continue our accustomed Fourth of

July celebration, and endeavor to increase, if possible, the public interest in that most sacred day. To feel otherwise than joyous upon such an occasion would not be in consonance with the inherent sentiment of the genius of the American people, who are so well-grounded and settled in the faith and spirit so eloquently set forth in the incomparable declaration of principles enunciated and proclaimed a century ago. The spirit of our devotion to the sacred principles of Constitutional Free Government does not grow cold and indifferent or less vivacious by the lapse of time, though it be a century, but is ever increasing by the development of the transcendant beauty, beneficient designs of the patriotic architects of our great inheritance.

We all know how our hearts glow with patriotic ardor at the bare mention of the day which marks our Nation's birth—fathers and mothers teach their little ones to lisp and revere the day sacred to the American Independence, and the palid cheek of age flushes with enthusiasm, and the dim eye kindles with patriotic fire, when memory brings the scenes of other days around them, and pass in review the hallowed names of our illustrious sires, who dedicated their lives and fortunes to secure, preserve and maintain the immortal principles of representative self-government, which had been enunciated by the protest of a gallant people determined to be free. My friends, the fourth day of July is and should always be a festal day which we as a nation might joyfully commemorate.

The custom of reading the Declaration of Independence ought to have real practical value, but it has become somewhat common-placed, and is regarded only as a primary lesson of constitutional government, having grown from infancy to maturity, does not lessen the value of keeping those essential principles ever fresh in our hearts and memories. I do not, however, propose to read that sound and practical lesson before breakfast, my friends, but there are times when it might be read with great profit.

A recurrence to first principles sometimes is most important, and cannot it be said with emphasis that of late years both government and people have drifted far away from the essential

rudiments of republican education, and that a return to those elementary principles of constitutional government would have a very salutary effect upon the political tone of the republic. Political safety and happiness, my friends, depends largely upon a strict adhesion to the immortal principles of a free and independent government.

So resplendant and promising are our possessions and prospects, we must not permit human ambition and treacherous baseness to despoil our precious and dear-bought inheritance.

I am confident it is in keeping with this sound sentiment that we come here to welcome in this Centennial birthday of our nation, and to give some public expression to the ardor of our hearts and minds in relation to this interesting epoch in our national history.

It was this holy sentiment that developed into action the mighty energies of the men who secured the liberties we now so richly enjoy, and from which, by wise and ardent devotion, the glorious edifice upon which rest the pillars of the rights of self-government and the inestimable prerogative of freedom of conscience. Those noble men who came out of the Revolutionary struggle for Independence, with a holy love for freedom erected and dedicated this beautiful temple to liberty and free conscience, whose foundation is a mighty continent, the boundaries of which shall reach and extend from ocean to ocean.

American free institutions is this beautiful temple, and stands this day in all its majestic beauty, the pride of history, the joy and glory of mankind ; tenderer and more devoted, higher and holier than aught on earth save a mother's love, is the almost divine sentiment which makes us love and cherish the land of our birth. And now at this auspicious time, at the very beginning of this, the second century of our political experience, let us, if we would have the same patriotic and fraternal feeling that distinguished the period of the event which we this day commemorate, draw nearer and nearer to a higher appreciation of the true principles of constitutional government. If the spirit of the nation be entirely directed towards wise ends and purposes, what an endless source of happiness would be felt throughout the wide extent of this great republic. The noble superstruction

erected by the agonizing struggles of the Revolutionary sires, and baptised with their patriotic blood, can only be preserved and kept secure by pristine authority and respect for those immortal principles whereby every human being in the land, of every race and condition, may enjoy equal protection and privilege. In lieu of discord and distrust, we should have more fraternal feeling between all sections of the country, every element of disturbance should be removed, that all may share in an undimmed glory of American institutions. Ours should be a government that all can love and rever, from the pure motive of reverence and love.

We want a patriotism, my friends, that will knit together all the people in one loving brotherhood, that shall have no limit other than the wide domain over which the nation's flag so proudly floats. It is the sentiment thus acting upon free institutions, and again re-acting through them upon the people that constitute their public spirit and political genius. My fellow-citizens, are we not confronted at this very moment with a crisis freighted with great responsibility, and what shall be the result, if we fail to improve the opportunity and rise to the full measure of these responsibilities? The public mind and morals of the nation has become sordid and reckless, the innocent and confiding people, nauseated and disgusted, until at last the moral goodness of the masses have become alarmed in the interest of republican institutions and of a pure government.

This land of religious, civil and political freedom can only be preserved by a strict adherance to the sacred principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. To me the most hopeful sign of the times is the evident desire in the public mind to purify the political atmosphere, and to eradicate all taint of corruption that now pervades it, and get back to the better principles of the early days of the Republic. Corruption has grown stronger and stronger, until it has permeated every avenue of public and private life, resulting chiefly from the apathy and indifference of the people in choosing their representative men.

If we would have a pure National, State or Municipal government, we must insist upon putting into places of honor and responsibility, none other than men of recognized probity and in-

tegrity. In no other way may you expect to see disseminated throughout the land those broad, deep, and lofty sentiments, whereby the moral sense of the Republic may be restored. We must ignore to a great extent this party fealty, that is the barrier to a full and faithful expression of the better judgment. If we would strictly adhere to the inflexible rule laid down by the early Fathers, in the choosing of our public servants, we should soon realize a change for the better. Is he honest? is he competent? was their test.

All the vague and unmeaning promises and political platforms avail nothing for good, but only serve the purposes for which they are intended—namely, to mystify and delude the honest public sentiment. It is in the strength and moral goodness of the people that we can look with confidence for the regenerating and revivifying power whereby the national Constitution may be restored to pristine soundness. My hope for the prosperity and perpetuity of this nation is anchored upon this strong tower of strength. The platform of an intelligent mind, and an honest heart that can rise above all political chicanery, is of infinite more value than aught else beside.

I speak plainly, my friends, because of the magnitude of our responsibilities. Each generation has its part to perform in the extension and promotion of the free institutions of this great republic. It is true the foundation laid by the skillful hands of the early Fathers is broad, deep and strong, and cemented with patriotic blood. But it is for each generation in its turn to contribute its best material, that they may add beauty to beauty and strength to strength, until its magnetic proportions and resplendant glory shall reach out and over all the countless ages to come.

With all the grevious mistakes of the past century (and there have been many), it is a source of pride and satisfaction to every lover of his country to witness the unparalleled progress made in science, literature and mechanic arts; and when coupled with the wonderful agricultural and mining products of the republic, we can have some faint idea and appreciate the immeasurable stores of wealth that is yet to flow into our already well filled cup. O, my friends, America's free institutions and

her rich agricultural soil and mineral wealth is without a counterpart. It is only in yonder Exposition building where the products of the soil and the skillful industry of all nations are brought into comparison, that any delicate idea can be found of the mighty power that is felt, and what a transcendant hale of glory encircles the very name of American institutions. The effulgent rays of freedom's light are penetrating far and wide into the heretofore dark and misty minds of other nations, yet unblessed with free institutions and political privileges as we are. I pray we may now, at the beginning of this the second century, take a long step forward in the true path of progress, which must necessarily connect us with all advanced ideas that tend to the further developement of knowledge, that leads to the discovery of all truth.

I extend my hearty centennial congratulations, and invite you to join me in one more thought that is suggestive of my own feelings upon this interesting occasion which I have embodied in the following words:

Unfold the nation's flag, fling its folds to the breeze,
Let it float o'er these hills, as well as the seas;
Let the old and the young unitedly stand
To defend and protect the flag of the land.

Lift it up, wave it high, 'tis as bright as of old,
Not a stain on its purity, not a blot on its fold;
Lift it up, 'tis the old banner of red, white and blue,
'Tis the sunburst resplendent, far flashing its hue.

Look aloft, look aloft, lo! the sunbeams coming down
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown,
Through triumph and victory for one hundred long years;
Beautiful banner, baptised with blood and with tears.

Behold, behold, the clouds passing by,
Are we not reminded how time has to die;
Let we then, while we can, render homage and love
To the flag of the nation and the God that's above.

OUR FLAG—THE PROUD EMBLEM OF THE REPUBLIC.

AN ADDRESS BY GEN. FERDINAND C. LATROBE, MAYOR OF BALTIMORE.

DELIVERED AT BALTIMORE, MD., JULY 4TH, 1876.

GENTLEMEN :—On behalf of the Commissioners of Harlem Park, I accept the beautiful flag which you have this day presented. Our country's flag, the most fitting gift to be made on her one hundreth birthday. What recollections crowd upon us on this Fourth of July, 1876 ! One hundred years ago on this most blessed day, there assembled in Independence Hall, in the City of Philadelphia, a band of patriots, who bravely, fearlessly proclaimed to the world that immortal declaration, written by Jefferson, which created a new nation among the powers of the earth. A century has elapsed, and from those original thirteen States has grown this mighty confederation known as the United States of America. The flag thrown to the breeze in 1776 has withstood the battle and the storm ; and now triumphantly waves over thirty-eight great States, and fifty millions of free and independent citizens. Based upon free institutions, free speech, free thought, and free schools, our Union rests upon an imperishable rock foundation, that only hardens with the test of a century. What a triumph for Republican institutions.

The birth of our country was not peaceful. One could suppose on reading the words of the declaration that the expression of such sentiments, such "self-evident truths," would have brought forth shouts of gladness and congratulations from the enlightened nations of the world ; but the greeting received was from mouths of shotted cannon, the rattling of steel ramrods, the sharpening of swords, and the whitening of the ocean with the sails of transports, bearing armed men across the sea to stamp out the bursting bud of liberty before it should bloom into the flower of eternal life.

During seven long years of trial and suffering the American patriots under the leadership of the immortal Washington, struggled for a free existence. At times the fortunes of the colonies were at so low an ebb, that the great leader himself almost despaired of final triumph, and contemplating a possibility of failure had determined to rally around him those who preferred death to submission, retreat to the fastnesses of the mountains in the interior, and there maintain a desperate struggle for liberty until the end. But the God of battles had willed it otherwise, the darkness of the storm was followed by the bursting light of the day of freedom, and the nation nursed in a cradle of blood and war for seven years after its birth, sprung into manhood in the triumph of victory in 1773.

And now one hundred years have passed. We had our trials and troubles, wars, foreign and domestic, but the Providence that so tenderly watched over us in our infancy has not neglected us in our prime. To-day the Republic is at peace with all the world, our flag respected at home and abroad, our people prosperous and happy, and our example already liberalizing those very governments which looked with horror and dread at the growth of free institutions. And when another century rolls around, may future generations be as devoted to these great principles of freedom, and as determined to maintain them as the generations that have passed. And in 1976, as now, may the star spangled banner in triumph still wave, "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

I accept in the name of the Commissioners of Harlem Park this beautiful flag, and assure you upon their part that it shall be cherished as it deserves. And when hereafter it floats from your tall staff, may the mothers of Baltimore, pointing their children to its gorgeous folds, teach them to love, honor and revere that starry banner, as the proud emblem of this great Republic!

A CENTENNIAL RETROSPECT.

A POEM BY DR. FRED. A. PALMER, OF MONTMORENCI, S. C.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AIKEN, S. C., JULY 4TH, 1876.

A noble band of patriots with faces all aglow
Stood in the Halls of Congress one hundred years ago ;
Stood side by side, as they had stood upon the battle-field,
When they compelled the troops of England's King to yield.

The enemies of Liberty sat silent, pale and still
While these brave men prayed God to know and do his will ;
It was an hour when Justice was trembling in the scales,
When God from man the future in tender mercy veils.

These brave men knew that they must act for children yet unborn,
They sealed the Nation's destiny upon that glorious morn,
When each man pledged his all for Right, for Liberty and Peace,
Forever sacred to our hearts shall be such men as these.

'Tis true they left a stain upon our banner fold,
But we have wiped it out with blood and paid for it in gold ;
These patriots fought for Liberty, and pledged themselves to stand
For Freedom, Right, and Justice, a firm unbroken band.

But while they threw their own chains off, they bound in bonds more strong
The bands that held the colored man in misery and wrong ;
But soon or late all wrong comes right, for such is God's decree,
And in His own good time He set the black man free.

It was not some one favored State, North, South, East or West,

That gave the true brave signers of that Declaration blest :
No ; each State gave her patriots who bore their noble share,
And when the Nation's work was done, each State had proud
names there.

Let us clasp hands, to work as one, for all the Nation's good
And stand together as one man, as once our fathers stood ;
Behold, how short the time has been, but one brief hundred
years,
To plant the tree of Liberty and water it with tears.

Brave men have fallen on the field, to guard that sacred tree,
To save it from all vandal hands our aim shall ever be ;
Altho' we still have many faults, our Nation yet is young ;
And we will carry out the work which these brave men begun.

We live in freedom ; let us clasp each other by the hand ;
In love and unity abide, a firm, unbroken band ;
We cannot live divided ; the Union is secure ;
God grant that while men live and love this Nation may
endure.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. P. C. CHENEY, GOV. OF N. H., AND PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT MANCHESTER N. H., JULY 4, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We meet here to-day to recall the memories of the past, to hallow the acts and deeds of our fathers, to pay our tribute of love and grateful remembrance to the heroic dead, who, one hundred years ago, bravely met the duties of the hour and in convention declared that these united colonies are, and of right, ought to be free and independent States, and in support of which solemnly pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. We meet here too to note the rapid progress in art and science, the triumphant and onward march of civil and religious liberty: but what is most important of all, my fellow-citizens, we are here to consider how great is the responsibility which rests upon us, the children of this blessed inheritence, to which has been committed the truths that were purchased and paid for in the sacrifice of lives and fortunes of men whose inspirations were from on high and whose actions were crowned with more than human success. The experience of this generation has led us of the people to comprehend how great and how serious is the charge with which we are entrusted. Yes; bitter experience has taught us if we would preserve these blessings unimpaired, we must keep our hearts filled with love towards one another, and we can move forward with malice towards none and charity for all. But I don't propose to occupy your time; I take pleasure in introducing to you a man whose name is a guarantee that it will be a pleasure to listen to.

Mr. B. F. Dame will now read the Declaration of Independence.

THE DESTINY OF THE REPUBLIC.

AN ORATION BY HON. LEWIS W. CLARK.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, MANCHESTER, N. H., JULY 4TH, 1876.

An inspired writer hath said, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." It is well to remember, as the years wear away, the anniversary of one's birth to union, as that advancing age is bringing us nearer to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." It is well to keep in memory the valor, the sacrifices and the patriotism of those who fought and fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill in the great struggle for liberty, by a proper observance of the annual return of the 19th of April and the 17th of June. If it is well to observe the anniversary of these events, how much more appropriate to observe this day—the birth-day of a nation—and that nation ours; the anniversary of the birth of that government which not only declares that all are born free and equal, but affords to all equal rights, and affords to all equal protection in the enjoyment of those rights, without regard to age, sex, color or condition in life.

We are assembled here to celebrate by appropriate exercises the one hundredth anniversary of American independence, and it is good that we should be here. Auspicious day! ever memorable in the history of the world and in the annals of civilization. We have no need to build tabernacles to commemorate this event. They are already built,—founded by the patriotism of our fathers,—erected on soil drenched with the blood which has made every battle field of the revolution from Lexington to Yorktown memorable, and sustained by that unfaltering faith in free institutions, and that love of civil and religious liberty that inspired our forefathers at Delft Haven, starting on their perilous voyage on the Mayflower; at Plymouth Rock; amid the

snow of mid winter at Valley Forge, when, with frozen feet, starving stomachs, and scantily clad bodies, under the leadership of Washington and his noble compeers, all sufferings were endured, obstacles overcome, and finally, at the cost of blood, privation and life, the right for us to assemble here to-day in peace was secured. Blessed be the memory of those who, at so great a sacrifice, purchased these blessings for us! Fortunate will it be for our children's children if we have the virtue and wisdom to transmit to them unimpaired the glorious heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers.

A century! It extends beyond the period of the life of man, and yet it comprises but the infancy of a nation. What changes have been wrought, and what a multitude of marvellous events have been crowded into that period of time! Not one of all this vast assemblage saw the sunlight of heaven on the 4th of July, 1776; and not one of us here to-day will participate in the exercises of the next centennial.

One hundred years ago to-day at Philadelphia, in Independence Hall, or rather on the steps of the Hall, at two o'clock in the afternoon was published to the world the Declaration of our national Independence, framed by Thomas Jefferson. And when, after the terrible struggle of the Revolution had secured the acknowledgment of that independence among the nations of the earth, a constitution was framed and submitted to the people of all the States for adoption, it was the vote of New Hampshire, given in convention, June 21, 1788, which secured the requisite number of States (a two-thirds) as required by the Constitution, and it became the Constitution of the United States of America which formed the Union of the States which exists to-day, and which we trust will continue to exist through all the ages to come.

In the contest for freedom New Hampshire was among the foremost, and we may well to-day have a just pride in the names of Stark, Poor, Goffe, and Sullivan, and all those who stood shoulder to shoulder during those trying years of the infant republic. We revere their memories. The hero of Bennington sleeps on the banks of our beautiful river. His body may turn to dust again, "old time with his chisel small" may consume the

unassuming granit shaft that marks his last resting place, but the name of Stark will be remembered as long as the waters of the Merrimack flow by his grave to the sea.

It is proper, after the lapse of a century, upon looking over the events of the past, to inquire what progress has been made. As a nation we have, from a comparatively small population, increased to forty-four millions of people; schools and churches all over the land; a great advancement has been made in art and in science; we have the telegraph, the railroad, the steamboat, vast improvement in machinery of all kinds, wonderful inventions for the saving of human labor which were unknown one hundred years ago. Then, where our city now stands, was but a sparce population—a few scattered farm-houses, and the vast waterpower of the Merrimack was undeveloped; to-day we have a beautiful city, with a population of thirty thousand people, with superior educational and religious advantages, and the hum of machinery and the sound of busy labor are continually to be heard.

But after all these seeming evidences of prosperity and improvement, has there been any real advancement in our civilization of a higher type? Are the people more intelligent and virtuous? Is there more honesty in public men, in the administration of the various departments of the government, and public justice in the execution of the laws? And are the people more obedient to them than they were one hundred years ago? If not, where is the progress and improvement?

But yet, let us hope that we have made some advance; and that the world is better for the existance of the American nation during the century just closed.

And now, as we look forward to the future, and enter upon another century of our national existence, let us profit by the experience of the past, that we may avoid a recurrence of the difficulties and conflicts through which we have passed.

In a faithful obedience to the requirements of the constitution lies our only hope of safety for the perpetuity of our institution.

Equal rights to all, means equal rights to each State, to each community, and to each citizen; and no State, com-

munity or individual has a right, under the constitution, to trespass upon or abridge the rights of any other. Can this Union long exist when the people of one State shall attempt to interfere with and control the people of another State, in violation of the constitution? Can it long exist when the majority shall attempt to disregard entirely all the rights of the minority? Does it tend to the maintenance of the constitution and the preservation of the Union, that honest and capable public officers shall be set aside for a conscientious discharge of a public duty, to give place to others who will, perhaps, be the pliant tools of a particular faction or a particular party? or that one man shall be allowed to control the right of suffrage of another? or that the right of suffrage shall be sold like merchandise in the market? These evils if they exist, are contrary to the institutions founded by the fathers, and let every citizen in the State and nation aim to secure the purity of the ballot, and a faithful and impartial administration of the government, the constitution and the laws. Then the stars shall not fade from our glorious flag as the words of the declaration of independence have faded upon the parchment, nor shall its folds trail in the dust, but it shall continue to float as the emblem of our national sovereignty, protecting every American citizen over whom it floats, in every land, and on every sea.

Let us hope and believe that this shall be the destiny of the Republic, and with nobler aims and a more exalted patriotism, endeavor to discharge our duties as citizens, then we can say in the beautiful words of Longfellow—

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State.
Sail on, O Union, strong and great.
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of a sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore—
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears—
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears—
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

AN ADDRESS BY JUDGE ISAAC W. SMITH.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT MANCHESTER, N. H., JULY 4TH, 1876.

My Fellow Countrymen : Our republic has reached a halting place in the grand march of nations, where the wheels of time seem for a moment to stop ere they commence again to turn in the perpetual circuit of the centuries. We pause this day in our journey as a nation to look back upon the past and gird ourselves anew for still further upward progress.

Shall we glance at the heroic age of New England, the eventful story of the Puritans? They were indeed burning and shining lights amid persecution, sealing with their lives their faith in an over-ruling God. At Delfthaven they knelt on the seashore, commending themselves with fervent prayer to the protection of heaven : friends, home, native land, they left behind them forever, and encountered the dangers of unknown seas in search of a place where they might worship the living God according to the dictates of conscience.

We admire the firm faith in which they met the horrors of Indian warfare, the privations of cold, disease and death, "lamenting that they did not live to see the glories of the faithful." The story of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, of heros more noble than Greek or Roman, of conflicts more sublime and victories more important than any recorded in history —is it not written in our hearts? And do we not contemplate this day with affectionate remembrance the debt of gratitude we owe to the men and women who laid so broad and deep the foundations of civic and religious liberty?

This day, the joyful shout "America is free!" spreads from state to state, from city to city, from house to house, till the whole land rings with the glad voice, and echo upon echo comes back from every mountain and hill-side, "America is free!" On

our mountains and on the great plains of the West, forty millions of voices unite in sending from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific the songs of freedom. Shady groves resound with the merry voices of innocent children. Busy streets are filled with throngs of freemen. Eloquence portrays with glowing tongue and burning lips those struggles and triumphs in which the nation was born, and to-day stands forth a mighty one in the great family of governments. The early dawn was ushered in with ringing of bells and every demonstration of joy. It is celebrated by every class, society and organization, by civic processions, floral gatherings, orations, military reviews, each and all with the joy and enthusiasm which Americans only can feel. The going down of the sun will be the signal for the gathering of thousands upon thousands to close the festivities of the day amid the blazing of rockets and the glittering of fireworks, rivaling the stars in splendor and beauty.

We to-day look back through a period of one hundred years upon the men in congress assembled who proclaimed thirteen infant colonies a free and independent nation. Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill had demonstrated that men could fight, and men could die in defence of liberty. The illustrious men who composed that memorable congress, in support of the Declaration of Independence ; "pledged their lives, their fortunes, their sacred honors"—*their all.* Lives and fortunes were sacrificed in its defence but not honor.

Scarcely three millions of people were scattered along the Atlantic coast from New Hampshire to Georgia—a narrow fringe of settlements hardly extending beyond the Alleghanies ; while beyond the vast expanse of this mighty continent was an unknown wilderness—the abode of savages ready to press down upon the unguarded settlements with the arrow and tomahawk. Through seven long years war raged throughout the land. Men of the same blood and language faced each other in hostile array.

But darkness and doubts at length passed away, and day dawned upon the long night of the revolution. The roll of musketry and the clash of arms were hushed. To-day we have

become a nation of forty-four millions. Westward the star of empire has taken its way, till cities mighty and influential have risen, flourishing on either seaboard and on the vast plains through which the "Fathers of Waters" cuts his way from the Great Lakes of the North to the Gulf that washes our Southern borders. "The busy town, the rural cottage, the lowing herd, the cheerful hearth, the village school, the rising spire, the solemn bell, the voice of prayer, and the hymn of praise, brighten and adorn American life and privileges."

What mighty changes have these one hundred years witnessed! The seed of liberty sown by our fathers has germinated and flourished even in the monarchies of Europe. Napoleon made all tremble with his hostile legions. Forty centuries looked down on his conquering armies from the pyramids of Egypt. France, the scene of so many revolutions, has become enrolled in the list of republics. Other nations, catching the shouts of freemen, have compelled the loosening of the reins of power. Thrones that have stood firmly for ages have been made to tremble upon their foundations. Austria, the land of tyranny and oppression, has compelled her emperor to abdicate. The Pope, whose election was hailed by the whole civilized world as the harbinger of a better administration, was hardly seated upon his throne before he fled in disguise from his pontifical halls, and St. Peter's and the Vatican resounded with the triumphal shouts of an awakened nation. Hungary struggled for independence as a nation, and practically achieved it, so that to-day it lives under laws enacted by its own parliament, and accepts the emperor of Austria as king. Russia has emancipated her serfs and taken vast strides in her progress as a nation. China is no longer a walled nation, shut up from the rest of the world. With Japan she has opened her gates to the commerce of the world, and civilization has began to loosen the scales from the eyes of hundreds of millions of people in these two nations, whose origin as well as their knowledge is the arts and sciences, is lost in the dim ages of antiquity.

On the Western Continent we have in the war of 1812–15 asserted our right against England to travel the highways of the

seas unmolested. The Saxons have conquered and dismembered Mexico. The most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw has been suppressed, and with it fell the institution of slavery. That foul blot upon the otherwise fair face of our constitution, less than a score of years ago seemed firmly and irreversibly fastened upon the body politic. So steadily was it entrenched behind constitutional guaranties that there seemed no way by which it could be cured; and hence it was endured. But God in his mysterious providence permitted those whose rights were thus protected by constitutional guaranties, to make war upon the government which protected them, and in the fratricidal struggle the shackles fell from the limbs of every slave. To-day the sun does not shine in all this mighty republic upon a single bondman. The same constitution and the same laws alike declare the equality of all men before the law without reference to previous condition of servitude, race or color.

In the physical world, the progress in the arts and sciences has surpassed any conception which we were able to form. California outshines the wealth of India. We traverse the ocean in ships propelled by steam. The vast expanse of our land is covered by a network of iron rails reaching out in every direction. The hourly rate of speed has increased from five miles to thirty, and even to sixty. The world has been girdled with the electric wire. It reposes in safety on the bed of the great deep. On the wings of the lightning it conveys from land to land and shore to shore every moment the intelligence of man's thoughts and man's actions. Each new year has opened up some new improvement or discovery in the world of inventions, which time fails me even to enumerate. And who shall say that a century hence the historian of that day will not be called upon to record the further discovery of wonders far surpassing any conception which we are able to form?

I should hardly be excused if I failed to mention our advance as a nation in the cause of education, but a glance only must suffice.

The men who settled New England had been schooled in adversity. They had a true estimate of human greatness and human power. They knew that knowledge is power. As fast

as the forest was cleared the school was established. With the establishment of the common school system have come self reliance, intelligence, enterprise, till our sails whiten every sea, our commerce extends to the most distant ports, our fabrics complete successful with those of more favored lands; our glorious Union itself has withstood the assaults of foes without, and traitors within, and stands immovably founded upon the intelligence and wisdom of the people. Cæsar was the hero of three hundred battles, the conqueror of three millions of people, one million of whom he slew in battle. But long after the influence of his deeds shall have ceased to be felt, will the wisdom of our fathers, through the schools and colleges of our land, move the unnumbered masses that shall come after us.

The foundation of prosperity is in an enlightened community. An ignorant people, though inheriting the most favored land on earth, soon sinks into insignificence. Our extended seacoast invites commerce with every clime. Our fertile valleys and praries bring forth the fruits of the earth in rich abundance. Her numerous waterfalls and rivers have been harnessed to wheels that turn thousands and tens of thousands of spindles. Cities have sprung up like exhalations under the magic touch of the magician's wand, and the hum of machinery rises out of the midst of a thrifty, industrious and happy people. The majestic plains and rivers of the West have collected adventurers from every part of the world. The country to-day exhibits to other nations the unexampled rise and prosperity of a free, self-governed and educated people. To the wisdom of our fathers we are indebted for this rich legacy. With what care should we cherish our institutions of learning, that those who come after us may have reason to bless their fathers as we bless ours.

Happily our fathers did not attempt the union of the church and state. It was no mercenary motive that led them to leave old England's shores. Theirs was a strong and enduring love of God, a perfect faith in his promises; accordingly they hesitated not to sever the ties of kindred and nation, to find in the unbroken wilderness of New England a place to worship God "according to the dictates of their own consciences." It does not excite our wonder, but our admiration—that every infant

settlement had its sanctuary—the ten thousand church spires reaching upward toward heaven point with unerring accuracy to the source of our prosperity as a nation. Centuries to come will approve and applaud our fathers who worshipped in square pews, and the ministers who preached with subduing power from high pulpits.

Such was the first century of the Republic. It has been one of struggle, but one of prosperity. Upon us and our children devolves the privilege and duty of carrying the nation forward to still greater prosperity. Shall we be behind our fathers in declaring for intelligence as against ignorance; for honesty and ability in our rulers; and for religion against irreligion? Our backward look should be but an inspiration to future progress. As we stand to-day, in the presence of the fathers of the republic, may we receive, as men receive life from God, the inspiration which animated them to do and to die.

"Thanks be to God alone
That our whole land is one.
As at her birth!
Echo the grand refrain,
From rocky peak to main,
That rent is every chain,
From south to north."

THE PERPETUITY OF THE REPUBLIC.

AN ADDRESS BY JOSEPH KIDDER, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT MANCHESTER, N. H., JULY 4TH, 1876.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I will say to you that I shall keep you but a very brief space of time. It is natural for any people, on so great a day as the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the nation's existence, to dwell largely upon reminiscences of the past, and glorify those whose fortune it was to shape the government that came into being through their agency. Especially is this true where national existence has proved to be in a particular sense a national blessing. Under such circumstances it would not be wise to check the outburst of patriotic hearts, or restrain in narrow compass the national joy that finds expression in any national form of jubilation. Hence this day, which rounds the full period of one hundred years in the history of the Republic, millions of happy people celebrate the deeds of honored fathers, and enjoy the blessings of a government to which history furnishes the world no parallel. Truly it is a day of which we may well be proud, and poets and orators may exhaust the English language in speaking words of praise on this memorable event. But while we rejoice that the events of the century have culminated in this grand work of human progress and freedom; and while we congratulate ourselves on our escape from the numerous perils along the pathway of the Republic, we are admonished that the past alone is no guarantee for the future. True it is that history cannot be recalled. It stands immutable as the rocks of the granite State. No fiat of power, no scheme of human ingenuity, can recall it. Call as we will, or lament as we may, there it is, written or unwritten, and it helps to contribute to the record of generations passed forever from the face of the earth. It is for us who live to treasure in our hearts

the letters written for our instruction, and press forward to the future with earnest endeavors to increase the sum of human happiness in every proper way. In view of these sentiments we might well ask if we are assured that it is a fact that coming years will find the people of America still in possession of the enlightened government and the social and moral comforts that are now the glory of her people.

Do our hearts all exult in firm faith that the ship of state shall sail on over the unseen sea that heaves with calm and steady flow, or do they deem the shadows that here and there obscure the horizon proclaim that rocks and whirlpools and storms may sooner or later send her down to untold depths with all the precious freight of human souls on board?

On such a day as this I would not check the festivities of the hour, or cause a shadow to rest like a pall upon a single heart, but wisdom admonishes us that those only are wise who discern the evil in the distance and adopt measures to resist her fatal advances. Our Government was founded in patriotism and in a spirit of religious trust. It was not a venture depending upon chance for success or failure, but on the deep and earnest conviction of men.

With firm reliance upon a divine providence for successful preservation in the hazardous enterprise in which they were about to engage, no step did they take or measure did they inaugurate without assuring themselves that the God of political freedom would crown their efforts with the divine approbation. And in this connection it might be proper to say that notwithstanding the perils of the past, there are some things upon which the continued peace and prosperity of our government must depend. Many of these I would discuss if I had time. I might speak of the school system of our country and the advantages which education would bring to us; also of patriotism, without which no people shall ever hold existence for any period of time. I might also allude to the purity of the ballot as absolutely essential to free and successful reform. I might also allude to that Christian integrity without which all onward progress is impossible. But these things I pass. I congratulate the multitude here assembled to-day on the future prospect of

our country. The skies are bright; prosperity is cheering; and I believe that, while occasionally we have doubt and fear, occasionally look upon the dark side of life; yet I firmly believe that the perpetuity of this government is fixed and established so that it cannot be overturned, and so that, if we are true to the application of the principles on which our fathers founded these United States, we shall continue to be the bulwark of freedom.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

A POEM, BY CLARA B. HEATH.

READ BY JOSEPH KIDDER, ESQ., AT MANCHESTER N. H., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Let us turn o'er this golden day,
When even sober fancies play,
And weary hearts forget what grieves.
Our Country's book—its hundred leaves.
A hundred leaves! a hundred years!
How strange the opening page appears!
A mighty nation then had birth,
Whose name was heard in all the earth,
Pre-eminent among the free,
The sacred home of Liberty.
God's blessing brought her wealth and fame,
While honors clustered round her name.

To-day that nation greeting sends,
To all who are the nation's friends;—
Triumphant song her bosom stirs,
Glad tidings of great joy are hers;
A queen she sits in glory dressed,—
Rejoice with her, for she is blest.
Her grateful children far and near,
Will hold this day in memory dear;
While thousands more her colors wear,
And thank her for her fostering care.
Let banners wave, and bells be rung,
And many a sweet "Te Deum" sung.

This is her year of Jubilee,
Which millions thrill with joy to see;
Attained through years of war and woe,

By many a hard and timely blow;
But after wounds came healing balm,
And after winds and waves a calm.
The record of some noble deed.
Illumines every page we read.
Sometimes we start in glad surprise,
Sometimes are mute with wondering eyes;
How manifold her blessings grown!
No other land is like our own.

Turn quick the pages darkly red
With brother's blood, so madly shed;
To-day we pass them softly by,
Without a tear; without a sigh;
Not all in vain the lesson sent,
And blood and treasure freely spent,—
The foulest stain our banner bore,
Thank God, will never shame us more,
While North and South more wise appear,
For these few leaves which cost so dear:
We put them by like troubled dreams,—
The present page with glory beams.

We hear the wide Atlantic's roar,
Or walk the far Pacific shore,
Stand awed amid the northern snows,
Or languid where the orange blows,
Alaska's icy valley's thread,
The arid plains of Utah tread,
Or seek the western wilds so still,
And drink of nature's cup our fill;
Kind, friendly hands our own will grasp,
Our country holds us in her clasp,
Extending far, from zone to zone,
From sea to sea is all our own.

Here, mid our grand New England hills;
Where beauty like the dew distills,
From every cloud that floats between

Her mountain tops, from every green
Encircled lake, whose smiling face
Wears year by year an added grace ;
Where every stream is clear and bright,
And wood and wave both charm the sight ;
Our country's record grows more dear,
With every swift, succeeding year.
Her welfare nearer to the heart,
Her honor of our life a part.

How cool the Merrimack flows on!
It seems to take a softened tone
Beside the green and honored grave
Of Stark, the patriot, true and brave.
His fame is ours—his deeds shall tell
How long our heroes fought, how well
New Hampshire's sons, with noble grace,
In history hold an honored place.
Her soldiers were a faithful band,
Her statesmen with the foremost stand ;
And are at least, had fame world-wide—
We point to Websters ; name with pride.

Our future who but God can know,
Yet all our skies with promise glow.
" Our bulwarks are the hearts of men,"
And strong and true they beat as when,
A hundred years ago, their sires
Built up ths sacred altar fires.
May wisdom be their future guide,
With truth and love on either side,—
With them what glorious things are wrought :
Without them labor brings us nought.
May God uphold with mighty hand,
And bless indeed this happy land.

THE NATIONAL UTTERANCES AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR FIRST CENTURY.

AN ORATION BY PROF. JOHN MERCER LANGSTON, L.L.D.

DELIVERED AT PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA, JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President of the Banneker Lyceum and Fellow-Citizens: I congratulate you upon the name which your association bears. In giving title to your association you honor one who largely unaided, by his own efforts distinguished himself as a scholar, while he made himself in no insignificant sense conspicuous as a philanthropist; certainly so far as a free and bold advocacy of freedom for his own race discovered his love for mankind.

Benjamin Banneker cultivated in his studies those matters of science which pertain to astronomical calculations; and so thorough and exact were his calculations, as they respected the different aspects of the planets, the motions of the sun and moon, their risings and settings, and the courses of the bodies of planetary systems, as to excite and command the commendation of Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men of his time.

In 1791 Banneker sent to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, a manuscript copy of his first almanac, enclosing it in a letter, in the closing portions of which he uses the following words: "Suffer me to recall to your mind that time, in which the arms of the British crown were exerted, with every powerful effort, in order to reduce you to a state of servitude; look back, I entreat you, on the variety of dangers to which you were exposed; reflect on that period in which every human aid appeared unavailable, and in which even hope and fortitude wore the aspect of inability to the conflict, and you cannot but be led to a serious and grateful sense of your miraculous and providential preservation; you cannot but acknowledge that the present freedom and tranquillity which you enjoy

you have mercifully received, and that it is the peculiar blessing of heaven. This, sir, was a time when you clearly saw into the injustice of a state of slavery, and in which you had just apprehensions of the horrors of its condition. It was then that your abhorrence thereof was so excited, that you publicly help forth this true and invaluable doctrine, which is worthy to be recorded and remembered in all succeeding ages: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

"Here was a time in which your tender feelings for yourselves had engaged you thus to declare; you were then impressed with proper ideas of the great violation of liberty, and the free possession of those blessings, to which you were entitled by nature; but, sir, how pitiable is it to reflect, that although you were so fully convinced of the benevolence of the Father of mankind, and of His equal and impartial distribution of these rights and privileges which He hath conferred upon them, that you should at the same time counteract His mercies, in detaining by fraud and violence, so numerous a party of my brethren under groaning captivity and cruel oppression, that you should at the same time be found guilty of that most criminal act, which you professedly detested in others, with respect to yourselves."

In a very few days after receiving this letter the President made the following reply: "Sir, I thank you sincerely for your letter, and the almanac it contained. Nobody wishes more than I do, to see such proofs as you exhibit, that nature has given to our black brethren talents equal to those of the other colors of men; and that the appearance of a want of them, is owing merely to the degraded condition of their existence, both in Africa and America. I can add with truth, that nobody wishes more ardently to see a good system commenced for raising their condition, both of their body and mind, to what it ought to be, as far as the imbecility of their present existence, and other circumstances which cannot be neglected we'll admit. I have taken the liberty of sending your almanac to Monsieur de Condozett, Sec-

retary of the Acrdemy of Science at Paris, and member of the Philanthropic Society, because I considered it as a document to which your whole color had a right for their justification, against the doubts which have been entertained of them."

I make no apology for making this allusion, in this connection, to the man whose memory you honor in the phraseology "Banneker Lyceum;" nor for referring to his eminence as a scholar, and his bold advocacy in addressing even the author of the Declaration of American Independence, then President of the United States, in such words as to provoke the earnest and manly reply just presented. Let the colored American contemplate with pride this brief but interesting chapter which brings the name of the scholarly negro Banneker, in such juxtaposition to that of the eminent American statesman, Thomas Jefferson.

I also congratulate you upon this vast assembly, brought together under those instincts and promptings of patriotism, admiration and gratitude, with which from one end to the other of our country, from sea to sea, our fellow-countrymen meet this day, in hall, in church, like ourselves beneath the green foliage of God's own temple, to call to mind and note the magnificent utterances, the splendid achievements and marvelous progress of our nation made within the first hundred years of its existence.

On this occasion, I may not tarry to dwell upon the utterances of individuals, however eminent and distinguished. It is only of those great national utterances, those judgments of the nation itself, so expressed in that majestic and thrilling voice of a great people, that its echoes never die, that I may speak on this interesting and memorable day; and of these in the briefest manner.

On the 4th day of July 1776, one hundred years ago, thirteen colonies with an insignificant population boldly made declaration of their independence of the British crown and their sovereignty as a free and independent nation, and to the maintenance of this declaration and their independence, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, mutually pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. The annals of one hun-

dred years radiant with proofs of the sincerity of this pledge of our Fathers, attest how well, how manfully, how successfully, and triumphantly, our country has maintained herself among the great nations of the earth.

Perhaps the history of the world furnishes no document in which individual equality, the first powers of government; the conditions upon which a people may alter or abolish one government and institute another, laying its foundations and organizing its powers in such form and upon such principles as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness, with such clearness and force, as our own declaration, the masterpiece of American State papers. Upon its very words, could we seperate them from the sentiments and doctrines which they embody we would dwell with a sort of superstitious pride and pleasure. But upon the doctrines, the principles, the sentiments they contain, we dwell justly with veneration and grateful approval. How the school boy, the clergyman, the statesman, all classes with equal pride and emotion repeat the words "when in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the seperate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the seperation.

We hold these truths self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institue a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

How often these words have been quoted on occasions like this, how thoroughly they have become a part of every Ameri-

can's very being, inhaled with the moral atmosphere of every house, no one of us can tell. Nor is it material. It is enough for us to know that as they shape in their influence every act of our nation so they influence and determine largely the conscientious conviction and judgment of every elector of our country through whose vote our institutions are supported and maintained.

On the 10th day of June, 1776, Congress appointed a committee to prepare a declaration, that these colonies are of right and ought to be, free and independent states."

This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. As the declaration was presented by this committee in its original form, it contained among other charges against the King of Great Britain the following—"He has waged war against nations itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain, determined to keep open a market, where men should be bought and sold. He has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce, and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them : thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

This clause, formidable indeed in the charge presented, but far-reaching and significant in favor of the abolition of slavery was stricken from the declaration, on the suggestion of the state of Georgia. The declaration, however, as a whole is none the less emphatic in favor of the inalienability of man's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and Garrison, Phillips, Smith, Sumner, and their associates, the great apostles of the

American abolition movement did well to plead the cause of the slave, and to claim the equality of the rights of the negro before American law in the name of its principles and teachings.

With regard to the courage and heroism, which distinguished the American soldier of our revolutionary period, and the triumphs which attended our armies, I need not speak, all are acquainted with these and to-day as we go back in memory to our struggle at Lexington, at Bunker Hill, and to the surrender of Burgoyne, our souls are filled with gratitude that the God of battles brought victory to those arms wielded in a struggle for freedom, independence and free institutions.

Eight years of conflict, brought us a victory which settled forever our independence and sovereignty, no longer a dream, but a solemn, abiding reality.

I wish to bring to your attention and emphasize two things with regard to the articles of confederation, approved the 9th day of July, 1778, in the 3d year of the Independence of America. 1st. These articles are entitled articles of confederation and *perpetual union* between the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, &c., and in the concluding article thereof, the 2d clause contains these words, "and whereas it has pleased the great Governor of the world to incline the hearts of the Legislatures, we respectively represent in Congress, to approve of, and to authorize us to ratify the said articles of confederation and perpetual union: *know ye*, that we the undersigned delegates, by virtue of the power and authority to use given for that purpose, do, by these presents, in the name and in behalf of our respective constituents, fully and entirely ratify and confirm each and every of the said articles of confederation and perpetual union, and all and singular the matters and things therein contained; and we do further solemnly plight and engage the faith of our respective constituents, that they shall abide by the determinations of the United States, in Congress assembled, on all questions which, by the said confederation, are submitted to them; and that the articles thereof shall be inviolably observed by the States we respectively represent; and, *that the union be perpetual.*

Although each State under these Articles retained its sover-

eignty, freedom and independence, and every power, jurisdiction and right not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled thus forming as the articles of confederation import, simply a confederacy under the style of the "United States of America,' the union, formed thus was to be *perpetual, lasting forever*, as is abundantly shown from the words of this document already quoted.

The union of these articles, a compact of sovereign States, was to be *perpetual*. It was not long, however, before the sovereignty of the States was merged, under the Constitution of the United States, in the higher and grander sovereignty of the nation. And thus our Union was made more perfect and perpetual. Let it stand forever!

Concerning the 4th Article of these Articles there is a matter of history which must prove especially interesting to all of us, when, now, our constitutional law has been so amended as to tolerate no discrimination with regard to citizenship predicated upon complexion.

When this Article was under consideration a proposition was made to qualify the phrase "free inhabitants," occurring therein, by the insertion of the word "white," so as to make it read "free *white* inhabitants," etc. Upon due consideration, eleven States voting upon the proposition, it was lost—eight States voting against it, two States in favor of it, while the vote of one State was divided. Early thus in the history of our nation the fathers decided to allow no discrimination among our countrymen as to citizenship based upon complexional differences, and nowhere either in the Declaration of Independence, or in the Articles of Confederation is the word *white* used except in the latter, it is found in the following connection, in Article 9th, "The United States in Congress assembled shall have authority among other things, to agree upon the number of land forces, and to make requisitions from each State for its quota, in proportion to the number of *white* inhabitants in such State."

Why the word *white* is used in this connection, I am at a loss to know. It was not certainly because of the *color* of citizens of African descent. It was certainly not because they were not patriotic, brave, and enduring soldiers. In the revolutionary

struggles they early demonstrated their fidelity and courage. One of the four first Americans falling, in the Boston massacre of 1770, being a mulatto, Crispus Attucks, whose name is one famous in the annals of that struggle. This word *white* was certainly not used to discriminate against citizens of African descent prejudicially as to the matter of citizenship. For generally at this time, when emancipated, they became citizens and voters without qualification or condition in the States where they resided. The distinction made here then must have been in the interest of slavery, an institution which from the very first proved itself utterly at war with every interest of the people.

Occupying, as we do this day, a high moral plain from which we may retrospect our past, we can appreciate the ordinance of 1787, which, establishing a form of government for our Western territories, concludes with six Articles of compact between the original States and the people of the territories, the same to be unalterable, except by common consent.

The first secures entire religious freedom, the second, trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, together with other fundamental rights usually inserted in Bills of Rights; the third provides for the encouragement and support of schools, and enjoins good faith towards the Indians; the fourth places the new States to be formed out of the territory upon an equal footing with the old ones; the fifth authorizes the future division of the territory into not less than three nor more than five States, each to be admitted into the Union when it should contain 60,000 free inhabitants; and the sixth contains the celebrated anti-slavery proviso introduced by Jefferson, "That there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States, other than in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Thousands of noble sons, inhabitants of the States formed of such territory, rejoice this day that no curse of slavery has blighted their toil—that no footsteps of the bondman ever pressed the pathway of their industry. The shouts of other millions, former slaves, uniting with those once their owners and masters, send back the echo of such rejoicing this day in a

glad refrain of thanksgiving and joy, that no slave now breathes the air of our country.

Chief among the moral triumphs of our age and country stands that act of our nation which emancipates four million of bondsmen ; and inducting them into the body-politic, throws over them the investiture of an equal and impartial citizenship.

All honor is due him whose name is written first among the company of noble men, the chief work of whom, the glory of their endeavors, culminates in the emancipation of the American slave. All honor is due the great captain of our forces, who established through the sword, as the fixed law of our nation, the emancipation proclamation of the first day of January, 1863. Henceforth the names of Lincoln and Grant, are justly emblazoned in our history as the emancipator and defender of our enslaved race.

The Constitution of the United States, a document of rare, in many respects matchless, excellence, prior to its modification by the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments, is now certainly without parallel in the history of mankind, as an enunciation of organic law ; and every American, whatever his political bias or party affiliations, must experience special pleasure in knowing that no other nation of ancient or modern times has been given, the genius or the heart to produce such a document, and to establish in accordance therewith a government which in its forms and results realizes so nearly our idea of that perfect government, the subjects of which, while they enjoy the amplest possible freedom, pursue their several occupations, assured of the largest protection to life, liberty and property.

As we read and study the great State papers of our nation—The Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Ordinance of 1787, and the Constitution of the United States—and consider the workings of the Government organized in accordance therewith, in none of its departments, discriminating against any of our citizens, native or naturalized, with regard to birthplace, nationality, complexion, or former condition of life, but inviting all to partake alike of the benefits and blessings of free institutions, our hearts swell with gratitude to that beneficient Dispenser of human affairs, who gave our

fathers wisdom, courage, and success, and who has abundantly blessed their sons in national unity, prosperity and happiness.

Of the material greatness of our country—its development of the great industries which distinguish its progress and civilization, I can do little more than make a passing allusion. Did I tarry to name simply our achievements in steam navigation, shipbuilding, the building of railroads, the manufacture of railroad cars, improvements in all kinds of machinery, telegraphy, and printing, I would detain you beyond your patience and endurance. I content myself and trust I satisfy you by saying, the first century of our existence as a nation has witnessed such triumphs in art, science, and industry in our land as has not been vouchsafed in the history of mankind to any other people within such period.

In all departments of business—in banking, commerce, agriculture—we witness improvement of method, implement, and the use of power and skill.

In politics, legislation and general reform, our national triumphs have been splendid; not less so, however, in the various departments of industry.

Of our improvement in all those things that pertain to a well organized system of free common schools, supported by public tax, levied and collected by the general and cordial assent of property holders, I speak with pride. Generally our common school system is so valued, its good results so appreciated, that no considerations pecuniary or other would induce the people to consent to any reduction of taxes, or the doing of anything the tendency of which would be to curtail and destroy the influence of such system. We all value the free common school as at present organized as indispensible to the education and training of the youth of all classes. Many without academic, or collegiate instruction, if not fully, measurably fitted for the pursuit of business or professional walks of life enter thereupon directly from our common schools and achieve therein commendable success. Indeed, our common schools may be properly enough regarded as the college of the people. No tuition may here be collected; no incidental fees charged; and yet, an education which furnishes excellent mental discipline, considerable

knowledge, general and various, together with sound moral training may be secured.

Of improvements in methods of instruction, buildings, furniture, apparatus, text-books, treatment of pupils, character of teachers, and modes of preparing teachers for their work, I can not speak in detail. Improvements in all these respects are abundant, transcending our most sanguine expectations, of the largest advantage and most satisfactory kind.

Contrasting the system and condition of public instruction in France, Holland, Prussia, Germany, Great Britain and other countries with those of the United States of America, J. W. Hoyt, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867, in his report on education, under the title United States of America, says:

"From the earliest settlement of this country by those brave men and women who landed on the rocks of Massachusetts Bay, no less imbued with the spirit of freedom and popular education than the love of God and liberty of conscience, the cause of education has been one of primary interest both to Colonial and Federal governments. A history of the sacrifices and toils by which were established and maintained the schoolhouses of the ante-revolutionary times of the Colonial period, and a summing up of the truly munificent contributions of the Federal and State authorities since the adoption of the Constitutional Government, to the great end of creating a citizenship worthy of our free institutions are sufficient to awaken the ambition and enthusiasm of the dullest soul."

Continuing, he says, "All in all, the original provisions of the government for the education of the people are more liberal than those of any other; and in connection with the additions arising from regular taxation, and from appropriations made by the States themselves, present the most magnificent financial school basis of the world. The pride with which the American citizen regards this support of common-school instruction is amplified by contemplating the scarcely less abundant endowment by which individual wealth has built up the higher grades noticed under the head of Secondary Education."

Upon the higher grades of education, the academies, colleges,

universities and professional schools, I may not dwell. The special character, claims and achievements of such schools we all appreciate. Their growth within the past fifty years has been marked, and through their instrumentality education has received decided impulse and noteworthy educational advantages have been gained.

Fellow-citizens of Virginia, and by this appellation in this regenerated hour of American freedom I designate all classes and complexions, the class formerly masters, and that formerly slaves, I congratulate you upon the change in an educational point of view which has taken place in your own State during the past ten years. Instead of leaving your sons and daughters in ignorance, to a heritage of crime and degradation, you are establishing a common school system whose advantages and benefits will compensate in popular knowledge, wisdom, and virtue an hundred fold all labor, outlay and sacrifice connected therewith. To-day your schools, a double system, white and black, I trust the day is not distant when they will be one—a common school, stand open, and provision, if not yet ample and entirely satisfactory, has been made measurably for the accommodation of the children of your State. Your people are showing already a wise appreciation of the advantages shown their children in your schools. And I but voice the feeling of your fellow-citizens throughout the country when I bid you a hearty God-speed in your noble work in this behalf.

You may rest assured that in so far forth as any schools built and conducted in your State, upon northern liberality, shall hereafter need pecuniary assistance to support and maintain them in their special work, that assistance will not be wanting, when proper appeal is made for it. The people of the north, not more in New England than the great northwest, are deeply interested in the educational welfare of your humbler classes.

But I must conclude. The progress of our nation during the past one hundred years, in all those things which concern national greatness and glory is truly wondrous. In social, moral, and industrial growth she has no superior among the great nations of the earth. In statesmanship, jurisprudence, litera-

ture, science, arts, and arms, she compares favorably with the foremost of these great nations.

If her achievements and progress have been so great in the past, we may contemplate with confidence and pride her advancement in the future. Remaining true to the lessons of freedom, equal rights, justice, humanity and religion taught us by the fathers, the wise men of our country, and the experience of the past, so fraught with warning and admonition, relying upon the God who has so signally blest her, our nation may hope to reach even a larger growth, to show a more splendid progress; to attain a future more beautiful and magnificent than anything which distinguishes the century which this day closes the first hundred years of our national life.

ADDRESS.

BY GEN. JOHN A. DIX, EX-GOV. OF NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—One hundred years ago to-day, in our sister city of Philadelphia, a band of courageous and devoted men, at the peril of their lives and everything they held dear, set at defiance one of the most powerful nations of Europe and proclaimed to the world that the American Colonies, which they represented, were free and independent States, assuming for them "among the powers of the earth," to use their own language, "the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them." The three millions in whose behalf the Declaration of Independence was made are now more than forty millions, and wherever patriotic hearts are to be found—whether in the crowded thoroughfares of cities and towns or in the quietude of rural habitations—they are overflowing with gratitude for our prosperity, our good name among the nations, our free institutions, our widespread domain, never again to be pressed by a servile foot, and for our deliverance from the dangers through which we have passed; above all, the late fearful peril of disunion. You will hear from eloquent lips the story of our trials and our triumphs, and of the fulfillment of that memorable prophecy uttered a century and a half ago of the progress of "the star of empire" westward. But first let us listen to the Rev. Dr. Adams, and join him in acknowledging our thankfulness to Almighty God for our preservation during the hundred years that are past, and in fervent supplication for His continued protection and favor through the years that are to come.

RISE OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BY THE REV. DR. R. S. STORRS,

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1876.

MR. PRESIDENT—FELLOW-CITIZENS : The long-expected day has come, and passing peacefully the impalpable line which separates ages, the Republic completes its hundreth year. The predictions in which affectionate hope gave inspiration to political prudence are fulfilled. The fears of the timid, and the hopes of those to whom our national existence is a menace, are alike disappointed. The fable of the physical world becomes the fact of the political ; and after alternate sunshine and storm, after heavings of the earth which only deepened its roots, and ineffectual blasts of lightning whose lurid threat died in the air, under a sky now raining on it benignant influence, the century-plant of American Independence and popular government bursts into this magnificent blossom of a joyful celebration illuminating the land !

With what desiring though doubtful expectation those whose action we commemorate looked for the possible coming of this day, we know from the records which they have left. With what anxious solicitude the statesmen and the soldiers of the following generation anticipated the changes which might take place before this Centennial year should be reached, we have heard ourselves, in their great and fervent admonitory words. How dim and drear the prospect seemed to our own hearts fifteen years since, when, on the fourth of July 1861, the XXXVIIth Congress met at Washington with no representative in either House from any State south of Tennessee and Western Virginia, and when a determined and numerous army, under skillful commanders, approached and menaced the capital and the government—this we surely have not forgotten ; nor how, in the terrible years which followed, the blood and fire, and vapor of smoke, seemed oftentimes to swim as a sea, or to rise as a wall, between our eyes and this anniversary.

"It cannot outlast the second generation from those who founded it," was the exulting conviction of the many who loved

the traditions and state of monarchy, and who felt them insecure before the widening fame in the world of our prosperous Republic. "It may not reach its hundredth year," was the deep and sometimes the sharp apprehension of those who felt, as all of us felt, that their own liberty, welfare, hope, with the brightest political promise of the world, were bound up with the unity and the life of our nation. Never was solicitude more intense, never was prayer to Almighty God more fervent and constant—not in the earliest beginnings of our history, when Indian ferocity threatened that history with a swift termination, not in the days of supremest trial amid the Revolution—than in those years when the nation seemed suddenly split asunder, and forces which had been combined for its creation were clenched and rocking back and forth in bloody grapple on the question of its maintenance.

The prayer was heard. The effort and the sacrifice have come to their fruitage; and to-day the nation—still one, as at the start, though now expanded over such immense spaces, absorbing such incessant and diverse elements from other lands, developing within it opinions so conflicting, interests so various, and forms of occupation so novel and manifold—to-day the nation, emerging from the toil and the turbulent strife, with the earlier and the later clouds alike swept out of its resplendent stellar arch, pauses from its work to remember and rejoice; with exhilarated spirit to anticipate its future; with reverent heart to offer to God its great Te Deum.

Not here alone, in this great city, whose lines have gone out into all the earth, and whose superb progress in wealth, in culture, and in civic renown, is itself the most illustrious token of the power and beneficence of that frame of government under which it has been realized; not alone in yonder, I had almost said adjoining, city, whence issued the paper that first announced our national existence, and where now rises the magnificent Exposition, testifying for all progressive States to their respect and kindness toward us, the radiant clasp of diamond and opal on the girdle of the sympathies which interweave their peoples with ours; not alone in Boston, the historic town, first in resistance to British aggression, and foremost in plans for

the new and popular organization, one of whose citizens wrote his name, as if cutting it with a plough-share, at the head of all on our great charter, another of whose citizens was its intrepid and powerful champion, aiding its passage through the Congress; not there alone, nor yet in other great cities of the land, but in smaller towns, in villages and hamlets, this day will be kept, a secular Sabbath, sacred alike to memory and to hope.

Not only, indeed, where men are assembled, as we are here, will it be honored. The lonely and remote will have their part in this commemoration. Where the boatman follows the winding stream, or the woodman explores the forest shades; where the miner lays down his eager drill beside rocks which guard the precious veins; or where the herdsman, along the sierras, looks forth on the seas which now reflect the rising day, which at our midnight shall be gleaming like gold in the setting sun —there also will the day be regarded, as a day of memorial. The sailor on the sea will note it, and dress his ship in its brightest array of flags and bunting. Americans dwelling in foreign lands will note and keep it.

London itself will to-day be more festive because of the event which a century ago shadowed its streets, incensed its Parliament, and tore from the crown of its obstinate King the chiefest jewel. On the boulevards of Paris, in the streets of Berlin, and along the leveled bastions of Vienna, at Marseilles and at Florence, upon the silent liquid ways of stately Venice, in the passes of the Alps, under the shadow of church and obelisk, palace and ruin, which still prolong the majesty of Rome ; yea, further East, on the Bosphorus, and in Syria ; in Egypt, which writes on the front of its compartment in the great Exhibition, "The oldest people of the world sends its morning-greeting to the youngest nation ;" along the heights behind Bombay, in the foreign hongs of Canton, in the "Islands of the Morning," which found the dawn of their new age in the startling sight of an American squadron entering their bays—everywhere will be those who have thought of this day, and who join with us to greet its coming.

No other such anniversary, probably has attracted hitherto

such general notice. You have seen Rome, perhaps, on one of those shinging April days when the traditional anniversary of the founding of the city fills its streets with civic processions, with military display, and the most elaborate fire-works in Europe ; you may have seen Holland, in 1782, when the whole country bloomed with orange on the three-hundredth anniversary of the capture by the sea-beggars of the city of Briel, and of the revolt against Spanish domination which thereupon flashed on different sides into sudden explosion. But these celebrations, and others like them, have been chiefly local. The world outside has taken no wide impression from them. This of ours is the first of which many lands, in different tongues, will have had report. Partly because the world is narrowed in our time, and its distant peoples are made neighbors, by the fleeter machineries now in use ; partly because we have drawn so many to our population from foreign lands, while the restless and acquisitive spirit of our people has made them at home on every shore ; but partly, also, and essentially, because of the nature and the relations of that event which we commemorate, and of the influence exerted by it on subsequent history, the attention of men is more or less challenged, in every centre of commerce and of thought, by this anniversary.

Indeed it is not unnatural to feel—certainly it is not irreverent to feel—that they who by wisdom, by valor, and by sacrifice, have contributed to perfect and maintain the institutions which we possess, and have added by death as well as by life to the lustre of our history, must also have an interest in this day ; that in their timeless habitations they remember us beneath the lower circle of the heavens, are glad in our joy and share and lead our grateful praise. To a spirit alive with the memories of the time, and rejoicing in its presage of nobler futures, recalling the great, the beloved, the heroic, who have labored and joyfully died for its coming, it will not seem too fond an enthusiasm to feel that the air is quick with shapes we cannot see, and glows with faces whose light serene we may not catch! They who counseled in the Cabinet, they who defined and settled the law in decisions of the Bench, they who pleaded with mighty eloquence in the Senate, they who poured out their

souls in triumphant effusion for the liberty which they loved in forum or pulpit, they who gave their young and glorious life as an offering on the field, that government for the people, and by the people, might not perish from the earth—it cannot be but that they too have part and place in this Jubilee of our history! God make our doings not unworthy of such spectators! and make our spirit sympathetic with theirs from whom all selfish passion and pride have now forever passed away!

The interest which is felt so distinctly and widely in this anniversary reflects a light on the greatness of the action which it commemorates. It shows that we do not unduly exaggerate the significance or the importance of that; that it had really large, even world-wide relations, and contributed an effective and a valuable force to the furtherance of the cause of freedom, education, humane institutions, and popular advancement, wherever its influence has been felt.

Yet when we consider the action itself, it may easily seem but slight in its nature, as it was certainly commonplace in its circumstances. There was nothing even picturesque in its surroundings, to enlist for it the pencil of the painter, or help to fix any luminous image of that which was done on the popular memory.

In this respect it is singularly contrasted with other great and kindred events in general history; with those heroic and fruitful actions in English history which had especially prepared the way for it, and with which the thoughtful student of the past will always set it in intimate relations. Its utter simplicity, as compared with their splendor, becomes impressive.

When, five centuries and a half before, on the fifteenth of June, and the following days, in the year of our Lord 1215, the English barons met King John in the long meadow of Runnemede, and forced from him the Magna Charta—the strong foundation and steadfast bulwark of English liberty, concerning which Mr. Hallam has said in our time that "all which has been since obtained is little more than as confirmation or commentary,"—no circumstance was wanting, of outward pageantry, to give dignity, brilliance, impressiveness, to the scene. On the one side was the King, with the Bishops and nobles who at-

tended him, with the Master of the Templars, and the Papal legate before whom he had lately rendered his homage.* On the other side was the great and determined majority of the barons of England, with multitudes of knights, armed vassals, and retainers.† With them in purpose, and in resolute zeal, were most of those who attended the King. Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the English clergy, was with them; the Bishops of London, Winchester, Lincoln, Rochester, and of other great sees. The Earl of Pembroke, dauntless and wise, of vast and increasing power in the realm, and not long after to be its Protector, was really at their head. Robert Fitz-Walter, whose fair daughter Matilda the profligate king had forcibly abducted, was Marshal of the army—the "Army of God, and the Holy Church." William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, half-brother of the King, was on the field; the Earls of Albemarle, Arundel, Gloucester, Hereford, Norfolk. Oxford, the great Earl Warenne, who claimed the same right of the sword in his barony which William the Conqueror had had in the kingdom, the Constable of Scotland, Hubert de Burgh, seneschal of Poictou, and many other powerful nobles—descendants of the daring soldiers whose martial valor had mastered England, Crusaders who had followed Richard at Ascalon and at Jaffa, whose own liberties had since been in mortal peril. Some burgesses of London were present, as well; troubadours, minstrels, and heralds were not wanting; and doubtless there mingled with the throng those skillful clerks whose pens had drawn the great instrument of freedom, and whose training in language had given a remarkable precision to its exact clauses and cogent terms.

Pennons and banners streamed at large, and spearheads

* May 15, A.D. 1213.

† "Quant à ceux qui se trouvaient du côté des barons, il n'est ni nécessaire ni possible de les énumérer, puisque toute la noblesse d'Angletree réunie en un seul corps, ne pouvait tomber sous le calcul. Lorsque les prétentions des révoltés eurent été débattues, le roi Jean, comprenant son infériorité vis-à-vis des forces de ses barons, accorda sans résistance les lois et libertès qu'on lui demandait, et les confirma par la charte."

Chronique de Matt. Paris, trad. par A. Huillard Bréholles. Tome Troisième, pp. 6, 7.

gleamed, above the host. The June sunshine flashed reflected from inland shield and mascled armor. The terrible quivers of English yeomen hung on their shoulders. The voice of trumpets, and clamoring bugles, was in the air. The whole scene was vast as a battle, though bright as a tournament; splendid, but threatening, like burnished clouds, in which lightnings sleep. The king, one of the handsomest men of the time, though cruelty, perfidy, and every foul passion must have left their traces on his face, was especially fond of magnificence in dress; wearing we are told, on one Christmas occasion, a rich mantle of red satin, embroidered with sapphires and pearls, a tunic of white damask, a girdle lustrous with precious stones, and a baldric from his shoulder, crossing his breast, set with diamonds and emeralds, while even his gloves, as indeed is still indicated on his fine effigy in Worcester cathedral, bore similar ornaments, the one a ruby, the other a sapphire.

Whatever was superb, therefore, in that consummate age of royal and baronial state, whatever was splendid in the glittering and grand apparatus of chivalry, whatever was impressive in the almost more than princely pomp of prelates of the Church,—

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth can give,—

all this was marshalled on that historic plain in Surrey, where John and the barons faced each other, where Saxon king and Saxon earl had met in council before the Norman had footing in England; and all combined to give a fit magnificence of setting to the great charter there granted and sealed.

The tower of Windsor—not of the present castle and palace, but of the earlier detached fortress which already crowned the cliff, and from which John had come to the field—looked down on the scene. On the one side, low hills enclosed the meadow; on the other, the Thames flowed brightly by, seeking the capital and the sea. Every feature of the scene was English save one; but over all loomed, in a portentous and haughty stillness, in the ominous presence of the envoy from Rome, that ubiquitous power surpassing all others, which already had once laid the kingdom under interdict, and had exiled John from

church and throne, but to which later he had been reconciled, and on which he secretly relied to annul the charter which he was granting.

The brilliant panorama illuminates the page which bears its story. It rises still as a vision before one, as he looks on the venerable parchment originals, preserved to our day in the British Museum. If it be true, as Hallam has said, that from that era a new soul was infused into the people of England, it must be confessed that the place, the day, and all the circumstances of that new birth were fitting to the great and the vital event.

That age passed away, and its peculiar splendor of aspect was not thereafter to be repeated. Yet when, four hundred years later, on the seventh of June,* 1628, the Petition of Right, the second great charter of the liberties of England, was presented by Parliament to Charles the First, the scene and its accessories were hardly less impressive.

Into that law—called a Petition, as if to mask the deadly energy of its blow upon tyranny—had been collected by the skill of its framers all the heads of the despotic perogative which Charles had exercised, that they might all be smitten together, with one tremendous destroying stroke. The king, enthroned in his chair of state, looked forth on those who waited for his word, as still he looks, with his fore-casting and melancholy face, from the canvas of Van Dyck. Before him were assembled the nobles of England, in peaceful array, and

* Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, Charles I., 1628–9.

Rushworth's Hist. Coll. Charles I., 625.

It is rather remarkable that neither Hume, Clarendon, Hallam, De Lolme, nor Macaulay, mentions this date, though all recognize the capital importance of the event. It does not appear in even Knight's Popular History of England. Miss Aikin, in her Memoirs of the Court of Charles I., gives it as June 8, [Vol. I, 216]; and Chambers' Encyclopædia, which ought to be careful and accurate in regard to the dates of events in English history, says, under the title "Petition of Rights:" "At length, on both Houses of Parliament insisting on a fuller answer, he pronounced an unqualified assent in the usual form of words, 'Soit fait comme il est désiré,' on the 26th of June, 1628." The same statement is repeated in the latest Revised Edition of that Encyclopædia. Lingard gives the date correctly.

not in armor, but with a civil power in their hands which the older gauntlets could not have held, and with the memories of a long renown almost as visible to themselves and to the king as were the tapestries suspended on the walls.

Crowding the bar, behind these descendants of the earlier barons, were the members of the House of Commons, with whom the law now presented to the king had had its origin, and whose boldness and tenacity had constrained the peers, after vain endeavor to modify its provisions, to accept them as they stood. They were the most powerful body of representatives of the kingdom that had yet been convened ; possessing a private wealth it was estimated, surpassing three-fold that of the Peers, and representing not less than they the best life, and the oldest lineage, of the kingdom which they loved.

Their dexterous, dauntless, and far-sighted sagacity is yet more evident as we look back than their wealth or their breeding ; and among them were men whose names will be familiar while England continues. Wentworth was there, soon to be the most dangerous of traitors of the cause of which he was then the champion, but who then appeared as resolute as ever to vindicate the ancient, lawful, and vital liberties of the kingdom ; and Pym was there, the unsurpassed statesman, who, not long afterward was to warn the dark and haughty apostate that he never again would leave pursuit of him so long as his head stood on his shoulders.* Hampden was there, considerate and serene, but inflexible as an oak ; once imprisoned already for his resistance to an unjust taxation, and ready again to suffer and to conquer in the same supreme cause. Sir John Eliot was there, eloquent and devoted, who had tasted also the bitterness of imprisonment, and who after years of its subsequent experience, was to die a martyr in the Tower. Coke was there, seventy-seven years of age, but full of fire as full of fame, whose vehement and unswerving hand had had chief part in framing the Petition. Selden was there, the repute of whose learning was already continental. Sir Francis Seymour, Sir Robert Phillips, Strode, Hobart, Denzil Holles, and Valentine—such were the commoners ; and there, at the

* Welwood's Memorials, quoted in Forster's Life of Pym, p. 62.

outset of a career not imagined by either, faced the king a silent young member who had come now to his first Parliament at the age of twenty-nine, from the borough of Huntingdon, Oliver Cromwell.

In a plain cloth suit he probably stood among his colleagues. But they were often splendid, and even sumptuous, in dress; with slashed doublets, and cloaks of velvet, with flowing collars of rich lace, the swords by their sides, in embroidered belts, with flashing hilts, their very hats jeweled and plumed, the abundant dressed and perfumed hair falling in curls upon their shoulders. Here and there may have been those who still more distinctly symbolized their spirit, with steel corslets, overlaid with lace and rich embroidery.

So stood they in the presence, representing to the full the wealth, and genius, and stately civic pomp of England, until the king had pronounced his assent, in the express customary form, to the law which confirmed the popular liberties; and when, on hearing his unequivocal final assent, they burst into loud, even passionate acclamations of victorious joy, there had been from the first no scene more impressive in that venerable Hall, whose history went back to Edward the Confessor.

In what sharp contrast with the rich ceremonial and the splendid accessories of these preceding kindred events, appears that modest scene at Philadelphia, from which we gratefully date to-day a hundred years of constant and prosperous national life!

In a plain room, of an unpretending and recent building—the lower east room of what then was a State-house, what since has been known as the "Independence Hall"—in the midst of a city of perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants—a city which preserved its rural aspect, and the quaint simplicity of whose plan and structures had always been marked among American towns —were assembled probably less than fifty persons to consider a paper prepared by a young Virginia lawyer, giving reasons for a Resolve which the assembly had adopted two days before. They were farmers, planters, lawyers, physicians, surveyors of land, with one eminent Presbyterian clergyman. A majority of them had been educated at such schools, or primitive colleges,

as then existed on this continent, while a few had enjoyed the rare advantage of training abroad, and foreign travel; but a considerable number, and among them some of the most influential, had had no other education than that which they had gained by diligent reading while at their trades or on their farms.

The figure to which our thoughts turn first is that of the author of the careful paper on the details of which the discussion turned. It has no special majesty or charm, the slight tall frame, the sun-burned face, the gray eyes spotted with hazel, the red hair which crowns the head; but already, at the age of thirty-three, the man has impressed himself on his associates as a master of principles, and of the language in which those principles find expression, so that his colleagues have left to him, almost wholly, the work of preparing the important Declaration. He wants readiness in debate, and so is now silent; but he listens eagerly to the vigorous argument and the forcible appeals of one of his fellows on the committee, Mr. John Adams, and now and then speaks with another of the committee, much older than himself—a stout man, with a friendly face, in a plain dress, whom the world had already heard something of as Benjamin Franklin. These three are perhaps most prominently before us as we recall the vanished scene, though others were there of fine presence and cultivated manners, and though all impress us as substantial and respectable representative men, however harsh the features of some, however brawny their hands with labor. But certainly nothing could be more unpretending, more destitute of pictorial charm than that small assembly of persons for the most part quite unknown to previous fame, and half of whose names it is not probable that half of us in this assembly could now repeat.

After a discussion somewhat prolonged, as it seemed at the time, especially as it had been continued from previous days, and after some minor amendments of the paper, toward evening it was adopted, and ordered to be sent to the several States, signed by the president and the secretary; and the simple transaction was complete. Whatever there may have been of proclamation and bell-ringing appears to have come on subsequent

days. It was almost a full month before the paper was engrossed, and signed by the members. It must have been nearly or quite the same time before the news of its adoption had reached the remoter parts of the land.

If pomp of circumstances were necessary to make an event like this great and memorable, there would have been others in our own history more worthy far of our commemoration. As matched against multitudes in general history, it would sink into instant and complete insignificance. Yet here, to-day, a hundred years from the adoption of that paper, in a city which counts its languages by scores, and beats with the thread of a million feet, in a country whose enterprise flies abroad over sea and land on the rush of engines not then imagined, in a time so full of exciting hopes that it hardly has leisure to contemplate the past, we pause from all our toil and traffic, our eager plans and impetuous debate, to commemorate the event. The whole land pauses, as I have said; and some distinct impression of it will follow the sun, wherever he climbs the steep of Heaven, until in all countries it has more or less touched the thoughts of men.

Why is this? is a question, the answer to which should interpret and vindicate our assemblage.

It is not simply because a century happens to have passed since the event thus remembered occurred. A hundred years are always closing from some event, and have been since Adam was in his prime. There was, of course, some special importance in the action then accomplished—in the nature of that action, since not in its circumstances—to justify such long record of it; and that importance it is ours to define. In the perspective of distance the small things disappear, while the great and eminent keep their place. As Carlyle has said: "A king in the midst of his body-guards, with his trumpets, war-horses, and gilt standard-bearers, will look great though he be little; only some Roman Carus can give audience to satrap ambassadors, while seated on the ground, with a woolen cap, and supping on boiled pease, like a common soldier."*

What was, then, the great reality of power in what was done a hundred years since, which gives it its masterful place in history—makes it Roman and regal amid all its simplicity?

* Essay on Schiller. Essays: Vol. II., p. 301.

Of course, as the prime element of its power, it was the action of a People, and not merely of persons; and such action of a People, has always a momentum, a public force, a historic significance, which can pertain to no individual arguments and appeals. There are times, indeed, when it has the energy and authority in it of a secular inspiration; when the supreme soul which rules the world comes through it to utterance, and a thought surpassing man's wisest plan, a will transcending his strongest purpose, is heard in its commanding voice.

It does not seem extravagant to say that the time to which our thoughts are turned was one of these.

For a century and a half the emigrants from Europe had brought hither, not the letters alone, the arts and industries, or the religious convictions, but the hardy moral and political life, which had there been developed in ages of strenous struggle and work. France and Germany, Holland and Sweden, as well as England, Scotland, and Ireland, had contributed to this. The Austrian Tyrol, the Bavarian highlands, the Bohemian plain, Denmark, even Portugal, had their part in this colonization. The ample domain which here received the earnest immigrants had imparted to them of its own oneness; and diversities of language race, and custom, had fast disappeared in the governing unity of a common aspiration, and a common purpose to work out through freedom a nobler well-being.

The general moral life of this people, so various in origin, so accordant in spirit, had only risen to grander force through the toil and strife, the austere training, the long patience of endurance, to which it here had been subjected. The exposures to heat, and cold, and famine, to unaccustomed labors, to alternations of climate unknown in the old world, to malarial forces brooding above the mellow and drainless recent lands—these had fatally stricken many; but those who survived were tough and robust, the more so, perhaps, because of the perils which they had surmounted Education was not easy, books were not many, and the daily newspaper was unknown; but political discussion had been always going on, and men's minds had gathered unconscious force as they strove with each other, in eager debate, on questions concerning the common

welfare. They had had much experience in subordinate legislation, on the local matters belonging to their care; had acquired dexterity in performing public business, and had often had to resist or amend the suggestions or dictates of Royal governors. For a recent people, dwelling apart from older and conflicting States, they had had a large experience in war, the crack of the rifle being never unfamiliar along the near frontier, where disciplined skill was often combined with savage fury to sweep with sword or scar with fire their scattered settlements.

By every species, therefore, of common work, of discussion endurance, and martial struggle, the descendants of the colonists scattered along the American coast had been allied to each other. They were more closely allied than they knew. It needed only some signal occasion, some summons to a sudden heroic decision, to bring them into instant general combination; and Huguenot and Hollander, Swede, German, and Protestant Portuguese, as well as Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, would then forget that their ancestors had been different, in the supreme consciousness that now they had a common country, and before all else were all of them Americans.

That time had come. That consciousness had for fifteen years been quickening in the people, since the "Writs of Assistance" had been applid for and granted, in 1761, when Otis, resigning his honorable position under the crown, had flung himself against the alarming innovation with an eloquence as blasting as the stroke of the lightning which in the end destroyed his life. With every fresh invasion by England of their popular liberties, with every act which threatened such invasion by providing opportunity and the instruments for it, the sense of a common privilege and right, of a common inheritance in the country they were fashioning out of the forest, of a common place in the history of the world, had been increased among the colonists. They were plain people, with no strong tendencies to the ideal. They wanted only a chance for free growth; but they must have that, and have it together, though the continent cracked. The diamond is formed, it has sometim s been supposed, under a swift enormous pressure, of masses

meeting, and forcing the carbon into a crystal. The ultimate spirit of the American colonists was formed in like manner; the weight of a rocky continent beneath, the weight of an oppression only intolerable because undefined pressing on it from above. But now that spirit, of inestimable price, reflecting light from every angle, and harder to be broken than anything material, was suddenly shown in acts and declarations of conventions and assemblies from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's.

Any commanding public temper, once established in a people grows bolder, of course, more inquisitive and incentive, more sensible of its rights, more determined on its future, as it comes more frequently into exercise. This in the colonies lately had had been the most significant of all its expressions, up to that point, in the resolves of a popular assemblies that the time had come for a final separation from the kingdom of Great Britain. The eminent Congress of two years before had given it powerful reinforcement. Now, at last, it entered the representative American assembly, and claimed from that the ultimate word. It found what it sought. The Declaration was only the voice of that supreme, impersonal force, that will of communities, that universal soul of the State.

The vote of the colony then thinly covering a part of the spaces not yet wholly occupied by this great State, was not, indeed, at once formally given for such an instrument. It was wisely delayed, under the judicious counsel of Jay, till a provincial Congress could assemble, specially called, and formally authorized, to pronounce the deliberate resolve of the colony; and so it happened that only twelve colonies voted at first for the great Declaration, and that New York was not joined to the number till five days later. But Jay knew, and all knew, that numerous, wealthy, eminent in character, high in position as were those here and elsewhere in the country—in Massachusetts, in Virginia, and in the Carolinas—who were by no means yet prepared to sever their connection with Great Britain, the general and governing mind of the people was fixed upon this, with a decision which nothing could change, with a tenacity which nothing could break. The forces tending to

that result had wrought to their development with a steadiness and strength which the stubbornest resistance had hardly delayed. The spirit which now shook light and impulse over the land was recent in its precise demand, but as old in its birth as the first Christian settlements ; and it was that spirit—not of one, nor of fifty, not of all the individuals in all the conventions, but the vaster spirit which lay behind—which put itself on sudden record through the prompt and accurate pen of Jefferson.

He was himself in full sympathy with it, and only by reason of that sympathy could give it such consummate expression Not out of books, legal researches, historical inquiry, the careful and various studies of language, came that document ; but out of repeated public debate, out of manifold personal and private discussion, out of his clear sympathetic observation of the changing feeling and thought of men, out of that exquisite personal sensibility to vague and impalpable popular impulses which was in him innately combined with artistic taste, an idea nature, and rare power of philosophical thought. The voice of the cottage as well as the college, of the church as well as the legislative assembly, was in the paper. It echoed the talk of the farmer in home-spun, as well as the classic eloquence of Lee, or the terrible tones of Patrick Henry. It gushed at last from the pen of its writer, like the fountain from the roots of Lebanon, a brimming river when it issues from the rock ; but it was because its sources had been supplied, its fullness filled, by unseen springs ; by the rivulets winding far up among the cedars, and percolating through hidden crevices in the stone ; by melting snows, whose white sparkle seemed still on the stream ; by fierce rains, with which the basins above were drenched ; by even the dews, silent and wide, which had lain in stillness all night upon the hill.

The Platonic idea of the development of the State was thus realized here ; first Ethics, then Politics. A public opinion, energetic and dominant took its place from the start as the chief instrument of the new civilization. No dashing manœuvre of skillful commanders, no sudden burst of popular passion, was in the Declaration ; but the vast mystery of a supreme and imperative

public life, at once diffused and intense—behind all persons, before all plans, beneath which individual wills are exalted, at whose touch the personal mind is inspired, and under whose transcendent impulse the smallest instrument becomes of a terrific force. That made the Declaration; and that makes it now, in its modest brevity, take its place with Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, as full as they of vital force, and destined to a parallel permanence.

Because this intense common life of a determined and manifold People was not behind them, other documents, in form similar to this, and in polish and cadence of balanced phrase perhaps its superiors, have had no hold like that which it keeps on the memory of men. What papers have challenged the attention of mankind within the century, in the stately Spanish tongue, in Mexico, New Granada, Venezuela, Bolivia, or the Argentine Republic, which the world at large has now quite forgotten! How the resonant proclamations of German or of French Republicans, of Hungarian or Spanish revolutionists and patriots, have vanished as sound absorbed in the air! Eloquent, persuasive, just, as they were, with a vigor of thought, a fervor of passion, a fine completeness and symmetry of expression, in which they could hardly be surpassed, they have now only a literary value. They never became great general forces. They were weak, because they were personal; and history is too crowded, civilization is too vast, to take much impression from occasional documents. Only then is a paper of secular force, or long remembered, when behind it is the ubiquitous energy of the popular will, rolling through its words in vast diapason, and charging its clauses with tones of thunder.

Because such an energy was behind it, our Declaration had its majestic place and meaning; and they who adopted it saw nowhere else

> So rich advantage of a promised glory,
> As smiled upon the forehead of their action.

Because of that, we read it still, and look to have it as audible as now, among the dissonant voices of the world, when other generations, in long succession, have come and gone!

But further, too, it must be observed that this paper, adopted

a hundred years since, was not merely the declaration of a People, as distinguished from eminent and cultured individuals—a confession before the world of the public State-faith, rather than a political thesis—but it was also the declaration of a People which claimed for its own a great inheritance of equitable laws, and of practical liberty, and which now was intent to enlarge and enrich that. It had roots in the past, and a long genealogy; and so it had a vitality inherent, and an immense energy.

They who framed it went back, indeed, to first principles. There was something philosophic and ideal in their scheme, as always there is when the general mind is deeply stirred. It was not superficial. Yet they were not undertaking to establish new theories, or to build their state upon artificial plans and abstract speculations. They were simply evolving out of the past what therein had been latent; were liberating into free exhibition and unceasing activity, a vital force older than the history of their colonization, and wide as the lands from which they came. They had the sweep of vast impulses behind them. The slow tendencies of centuries came to sudden consummation in their Declaration; and the force of its impact upon the affairs and the mind of the world was not to be measured by its contents alone, but by the relation in which these stood to all the vehement discussion and struggle of which it was the latest outcome.

This ought to be, always, distinctly observed.

The tendency is strong, and has been general, among those who have introduced great changes in the government of states, to follow some plan of political, perhaps of social innovation, which enlists their judgment, excites their fancy, and to make a comely theoretic habitation for the national household, rather than to build on the old foundations—expanding the walls, lifting the height, enlarging the doorways, enlightening with new windows the halls, but still keeping the strength and renewing the age of an old familiar and venerated structure. You remember how in France, in 1789, and the following years, the schemes of those whom Napoleon called the "ideologists" succeeded each other, no one of them gaining a permanent suprema-

cy, though each included important elements, till the armed consulate of 1799 swept them all into the air, and put in place of them one masterful genius and ambitious will. You remember how in Spain, in 1812, the new Constitution proclaimed by the Cortes was thought to inaugurate with beneficent provisions a wholly new era of development and progress; yet how the history of the splendid peninsula, from that day to this, has been but the record of a struggle to the death between the Old and the New, the contest as desperate, it would seem, in our time as it was at the first.

It must be so, always, when a preceding state of society and government, which has got itself established through many generations, is suddenly superseded by a different fabric, however more evidently conformed to right reason. The principle is not so strong as the prejudice. Habit masters invention. The new and theoretic shivers its force on the obstinate coherence of the old and the established. The modern structure fails and is replaced, while the grim feudal keep, though scarred and weather-worn, the very cement seeming gone from its walls, still scowls defiance at the red right-hand of the lightning itself.

It was no such rash speculative change which here was attempted. The People whose deputies framed our Declaration were largely themselves descendants of Englishmen ; and those who were not, had lived long enough under English institutions to be impressed with their tendency and spirit. It was therefore only natural that even when adopting that ultimate measure which severed them from the British crown, they should retain all that had been gained in the mother-land through centuries of endurance and strife. They left nothing that was good ; they abolished the bad, added the needful, and developed into a rule for the continent the splendid precedents of great former occasions. They shared still the boast of Englishmen that their constitution " has no single date from which its duration is to be reckoned," and that " the origin of the English law is as undiscoverable as that of the Nile." They went back themselves, for the origin of their liberties, to the most ancient muniments of English freedom. Jefferson had affirmed, in

1774, that a primitive charter of American Independence lay in the fact that as the Saxons had left their native wilds in the North of Europe, and had occupied Britain—the country which they left asserting over them no further control, nor any dependence of them upon it—so the Englishmen coming hither had formed, by that act, another state, over which Parliament had no rights, in which its laws were void till accepted.*

But while seeking for their liberties so archaic a basis, neither he nor his colleagues were in the least careless of what subsequent times had done to complete them. There was not one element of popular right, which had been wrested from crown and noble in any age, which they did not keep; not an equitable rule, for the transfer or the division of property, for the protection of personal rights, or for the detection and punishment of crime, which was not precious in their eyes. Even Chancery jurisdiction they widely retained, with the distinct tribunals, derived from the ecclesiastical courts, for probate of wills; and English technicalities were maintained in their courts, almost as if they were sacred things. Especially that equality of civil rights among all commoners, which Hallam declares the most prominent characteristic of the English Constitution—the source of its permanence, its improvement, and its vigor—they perfectly preserved; they only more sharply affirmatively declared it. Indeed, in renouncing their allegiance to the king, and putting the United Colonies in his place, they felt themselves acting in intimate harmony with the spirit and drift of the ancient constitution. The Executive here was to be elective, not hereditary, to be limited and not permanent in the term of his functions; and no established peerage should exist. But each State retained its governor, its legislature, generally in two houses, its ancient statute and common law; and if they had been challenged for English authority for their attitude toward the crown, they might have replied in the words of Bracton, the Lord Chief-Justice five hundred years before, under the reign of Henry the Third, that "the law makes the king;" "there is no king, where will, and not law, bears rule;" "if the king were

* Works, Vol I. p. 125.

without a bridle, that is the law, they ought to put a bridle upon him."* They might have replied in the words of Fox, speaking in Parliament, in daring defiance of the temper of the House, but with many supporting him, when he said that in declaring Independence, they "had done no more than the English had done against James the Second."†

They had done no more; though they had not elected another king in place of him whom they renounced. They had taken no step so far in advance of the then existing English Constitution as those which the Parliament of 1640 took in advance of the previous Parliaments which Charles had dissolved. If there was a right more rooted than another in that Constitution, it was the right of the people which was taxed to have its vote in the taxing legislature. If there was anything more accordant than another with its historic temper and tenor, it was that the authority of the king was determined when his rule became tyrannous. Jefferson had but perfectly expressed the doctrine of the lovers of freedom in England for many generations, when he said in his Summary view of the Rights of of America, in 1774, that "the monarch is no more than

* Ipse autem rex, non debet esse sub homine, sed sub Deo et sub Lege, quia Lex facit regem. Attribuat igitur rex Legi quod Lex attribuit ei, videlicet dominationem et potestatem, non est enim rex ubi dominatur voluntas et non Lex. De Leg. et Cons. Angliae; Lib. I., cap 8, P. 5.

Rex autem habet superiorem, Deum. Item, Legem, per quam factus est rex. Item, curiam suam, videlicet comites, Barones, quia, comites dicuntur quasi socii regis, et qui habet socium habet magistrum; et ideo si rex fuerit sine fraeno, i. e sine Lege, debent ei fraenum ponere; etc. Lib. II., cap. 16, P. 3.

The following is still more explicit: "As the head of a body natural cannot change its nerves and sinews, cannot deny to the several parts their proper energy, their due proportion and ailment of blood; neither can a King, who is the head of a body politic, change the laws thereof, nor take from the people what is theirs by right, against their consent. * For he is appointed to protect his subjects in their lives, properties, and laws; for this very end and purpose he has the delegation of power from the people, and he has no just claim to any other power but this." Sir John Fortescue's Treatise, De Laudibus Legum Angliae, c. 9, (about A. D. 1470,) quoted by Hallam, Mid. Ages, chap. VIII., part III.

† Speech of October 31, 1776: "The House divided on the Amendment. Yeas, 87; nays, 242."

the chief officer of the people, appointed by the laws, and circumscribed with definite powers, to assist in working the great machine of government, erected for their use, and consequently subject to their superintendence;" that "kings are the servants, not the proprietors of the people;" and that a nation claims its rights, "as derived from the laws of nature not as the gift of their chief magistrate."*

That had been the spirit, if not as yet the formulated doctrine, of Raleigh, Hampden, Russell, Sydney—of all the great leaders of liberty in England. Milton had declared it, in a prose as majestic as any passage of the Paradise Lost. The Commonwealth had been built on it; and the whole Revolution of 1688. And they who now framed it into their permanent organic law, and made it supreme in the country they were shaping, were in harmony with the noblest inspirations of the past. They were not innovating with a rash recklessness. They were simply accepting and re-affirming what they had learned from luminous events and illustrous men. So their work had a dignity, a strength, and a permanence which can never belong to mere fresh speculation. It interlocked with that of multitudes going before. It derived a virtue from every field of struggle in England; from every scaffold, hallowed by free and consecrated blood; from every hour of great debate. It was only the complete development into law, for a separated people, of that august ancestral liberty, the germs of which had preceded the Heptarchy, the gradual definition and establishment of which had been the glory of English history. A thousand years brooded over the room where they asserted hereditary rights. Its walls showed neither portraits nor mottoes; but the Kaiser-saal at Frankfort was not hung around with such recollections. No titles were worn by those plain men; but there had not been one knightly soldier, or one

* Rulers are no more than attorneys, agents, trustees, for the people, and if the cause, the interest and trust, is insidiously betrayed, or wantonly trifled away, the people have a right to revoke the authority that they themselves have deputed, and to constitute abler and better agents, attorneys, and trustees.—JOHN ADAMS. Dissertation on Canon and Feudal Law; 1765. Works: Vol. III., pp. 456-7.

patriotic and prescient statesman, standing for liberty in the splendid centuries of its English growth, who did not touch them with unseen accolade, and bid them be faithful. The paper which they adopted, fresh from the pen of its young author, and written on his hired pine table, was already in essential life, of a venerable age ; and it took immense impulse, it derived an instant and vast authority, from its relation to that undying past in which they too had grand inheritance, and from which their public life had come.

Englishmen themselves now recognize this, and often are proud of it. The distinguished representative of Great Britain at Washington may think his government, as no doubt he does, superior to ours ; but his clear eye cannot fail to see that English liberty was the parent of ours, and that the new and broader continent here opened before it, suggested that expansion of it which we celebrate to-day. His ancestors, like ours, helped to build the Republic ; and its faithfulness to the past, amid all reformations, was one great secret of its earliest triumph, has been one source, from that day to this, of its enduring and prosperous strength.

The Congress, and the People behind it, asserted for themselves hereditary liberties, and hazarded everything in the purpose to complete them. But they also affirmed, with emphasis and effect, another right, more general than this, which made their action significant and important to other peoples, which made it, indeed, a signal to the nations of the right of each to assert for itself the just prerogative of forming its government, electing its rulers, ordaining its laws, as might to it seem most expedient. Hear again the immortal words : " We hold these truths to be self-evident ; * * that to secure these [unalienable] rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed ; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to altar or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations in such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

This is what the party of Bentham called "the assumption of

natural rights, claimed without the slightest evidence of their existence, and supported by vague and declamatory generalities." This is what we receive as the decisive and noble declaration, spoken with the simplicity of a perfect conviction, of a natural right as patent as the continent ; a declaration which challenged at once the attention of mankind, and which is now practically assumed as a premise in international relations and public law.

Of course it was not a new discovery. It was old as the earliest of political philosophers ; as old, indeed, as the earliest communities, which, becoming established in particular locations, had there developed their own institutions, and repelled with vehemence the assaults that would change them. But in the growth of political societies, and the vast expansion of imperial states, by the conquest of those adjacent and weaker, this right, so easily recognized at the outset, so germane to the instincts, so level with the reason, of every community, had widely passed out of men's thoughts ; and the power of a conquering state to change the institutions and laws of a people, or impose on it new ones,—the power of a parent state to shape the forms and prescribe the rules of the colonies which went from it,—had been so long and abundantly exercised, that the very right of the people, thus conquered or colonial, to consult its own interests in the frame of its government, had been almost forgotten.

It might be a high speculation of scholars, or a charming dream of political enthusiasts. But it was not a maxim for the practical statesman ; and whatever its correctness as an ideal principle, it was vain to expect to see it established in a world full of kings who claimed, each for himself, an authority from God, and full of states intent on grasping and governing by their law adjacent domains. The revolt of the Netherlands against Spanish domination had been the one instance in modern history in which the inherent right of a People to suit itself in the frame of its government had been proclaimed, and then maintained ; and that had been at the outset a paroxysmal revolt, against tyranny so crushing, and cruelties so savage, that they took it out of the line of examples. The Dutch Republic was almost as excep-

tional, through the fierce wickedness which had crowded it into being, as was Switzerland itself, on the Alpine heights. For an ordinary state to claim self-regulation, and found its government on a Plebiscit, was to contradict precedent, and to set at defiance European tradition.

Our fathers, however, in a somewhat vague way, had held from the start that they had right to an autonomy; and that acts of Parliament, if not appointments of the crown, took proper effect upon these shores only by reason of their assent. Their characters were held to confirm this doctrine. The conviction, at first practical and instinctive, rather than theoretic, had grown with their growth, and had been intensified into positive affirmation and public exhibition as the British rule impinged more sharply on their interests and their hopes. It had finally become the general and decisive conviction of the colonies. It had spoken already in armed resistance to the troops of the King. It had been articulated, with gathering emphasis, in many resolves of assemblies and conventions. It was now, finally, most energetically, set forth to the world in the great Declaration; and in that utterance, made general, not particular, and founding the rights of the people in this country on principles as wide as humanity itself, there lay an appeal to every nation:—an appeal whose words took unparalleled force, were illuminated and made rubrical, in the fire and blood of the following war.

When the Emperor Ferdinand visited Innsbruck, that beautiful town of the Austrian Tyrol, in 1838, it is said that the inhabitants wrote his name in immense bonfires, along the sides of the precipitous hills which shelter the town. Over a space of four or five miles extended that colossal illumination, till the heavens seemed on fire in the far-reflected upstreaming glow. The right of a people, separated from others, to its own institutions—our fathers wrote this in lines so vivid and so large that the whole world could see them; and they followed that writing with the consenting thunders of so many cannon that even the lands across the Alantic were shaken and filled with the long reverberation.

The doctrine had, of course, in every nation, its two-fold in-

ternal application, as well as its front against external powers. On the one hand it swept with destroying force against the nation, so long maintained, of the right of certain families in the world, called Hapsburg, Bourbon, Stuart, or whatever, to govern the rest; and wherever it was received it made the imagined divine right of kings an obsolete and contemptible fiction. On the other hand, it smote with equal energy against the pretensions of any minority within the state—whether banded together by the ties of descent, or of neighborhood in location, or of common opinion, or supposed common interest —to govern the rest; or even to impair the established and paramount government of the rest by separating themselves organically from it.

It was never the doctrine of the fathers that the people of Kent, Cornwall, or Lincoln, might sever themselves from the rest of England, and, while they had their voice and vote in the public councils, might assert the right to govern the whole, under threat of withdrawal if their minor vote were not suffered to control. They were not seeking to initiate anarchy, and to make it thenceforth respectable in the world by support of their suffrages. They recognized the fact that the state exists to meet permanent needs, is the ordinance of God as well as the family; and that He has determined the bounds of men's habitation, by rivers, seas, and mountain chains, shaping countries as well as continents into physical coherence, while giving one man his birth on the north of the Pyrenees, another on the south, one on the terraced banks of the Rhine, another in English meadow or upland. They saw that a common and fixed habitation, in a country thus physically defined, especially when combined with community of descent, of permanent public interest, and of the language on which thought is interchanged—that these make a People; and such a People, as a true and abiding body-politic, they affirmed had right to shape its government, forbidding others to intermeddle.

But it must be the general mind of the People which determined the questions thus involved ; not a dictating class within the state, whether known as peers or associated commoners, whether scattered widely, as one among several political parties,

or grouped together in some one section, and having a special interest to encourage. The decision of the general public mind, as deliberately reached, and authentically declared, that must be the end of debate ; and the right of resistance, or the right of division, after that, if such right exist, it is not to be vindicated from their Declaration. Any one who thought such government by the whole intolerable to him was always at liberty to expatriate himself, and find elsewhere such other institutions as he might prefer. But he could not tarry, and still not submit. He was not a monarch, without the crown, before whose contrary judgment and will the public councils must be dumb. While dwelling in the land, and having the same opportunity with others to seek the amendment of what he disapproved, the will of the whole was binding upon him and that obligation he could not vacate by refusing to accept it. If one could not, neither could ten, nor a hundred, nor a million, who still remained a minority of the whole.

To allow such a right would have been to make government transparently impossible. Not separate sections only, but counties, townships, school districts, neighborhoods, must have the same right ; and each individual, with his own will for his final law, must be the complete ultimate State.

It was no such disastrous folly which the fathers of our Republic affirmed. They ruled out kings, princes, peers, from any control over the People ; and they did not give to a transient minority, wherever it might appear, on whatever question, a greater privilege, because less defined, than that which they jealously withheld from these classes. Such a tyranny of irresponsible occasional minorities would have seemed to them only more intolerable than that of classes, organized, permanent, and limited by law. And when it was affirmed by some, and silently feared by many others, that in our late immense civil war the multitudes who adhered to the old Constitution had forgotton or discarded the principles of the earlier Declaration, those assertions and fears were alike without reason. The People which adopted that Declaration, when distributed into colonies, was the People which afterward, when compacted into states, established the Confederation of 1781—imperfect enough,

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but whose abiding renown it is that under it the war was ended It was the same People which subsequently framed the supreme Constitution. "We, the people of the United States," do ordain and establish the following Constitution,—so runs the majestic and vital instrument. It contains provisions for its own emendation. When the people will, they may set it aside, and put in place of it one wholly different; and no other nation can intervene. But while it continues, it, and the laws made normally under it, are not subject to resistance by a portion of the people, conspiring to direct or limit the rest. And whensoever any pretension like this shall appear, if ever again it does appear, it will undoubtedly as instantly appear that, even as in the past so in the future, the people whose our government is, and whose complete and magnificent domain God has marked out for it, will subdue resistance, compel submission, forbid secession, though it cost again, as it cost before, four years of war, with treasure uncounted and inestimable life.

The right of a People upon its own territory, as equally against any classes within it or any external powers, this is the doctrine of our Declaration. We know how it here has been applied, and how settled it is upon these shores for the time to come We know, too, something of what impression it instantly made upon the minds of other peoples, and how they sprang to greet and accept it. In the fine image of Bancroft, "the astonished nations, as they read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiles from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly-remembered accents of their mother-tongue."*

The theory of scholars had now become the maxim of a State. The diffused intellectual nebulous light had got itself concentrated into an orb; and the radiance of it, penetrating and hot, shone afar. You know how France responded to it; with passionate speed seeking to be rid of the terrific establishments in church and state which had nearly crushed the life of the people, and with a beautiful though credulous unreason trying to lift, by the grasp of the law, into intelligence and political capacity the masses whose training for thirteen centuries had been

* Vol. VIII., p. 473.

despotic. No operation of natural law was any more certain than the failure of that too daring experiment. But the very failure involved progress from it; involved, undoubtedly, that ultimate success which it was vain to try to extemporize. Certainly the other European powers will not again intervene, as they did, to restore a despotism which France has abjured, and with foreign bayonets to uphold institutions which it does not desire. Italy, Spain, Germany, England—they are not Republican in the form of their government, nor as yet democratic in the distribution of power. But each of them is as full of this organific, self-demonstrating doctrine, as is our own land; and England would send no troops to Canada to compel its submission if it should decide to set up for itself. Neither Italy nor Spain would maintain a monarchy a moment longer than the general mind of the country preferred it. Germany would be fused in the fire of one passion if any foreign nation whatever should assume to dictate the smallest change in one of its laws.

The doctrine of the proper prerogative of kings, derived from God, which in the last century was more common in Europe than the doctrine of the centrality of the sun in our planetary system, is now as obsolete among the intelligent as are the epicycles of Ptolemy. Every government expects to stand henceforth by assent of the governed, and by no other claim of right. It is strong by beneficence, not by tradition; and at the height of its military successes it circulates appeals, and canvasses for ballots. Revolution is carefully sought to be averted, by timely and tender amelioration of the laws. The most progressive and liberal states are most evidently secure; while those which stand, like old olive-trees at Tivoli, with feeble arms supported on pillars, and hollow trunks filled up with stone, are palpably only tempting the blast. An alliance of sovereigns, like that called the Holy, for reconstructing the map of Europe, and parcelling out the passive peoples among separate governments, would to-day be no more impossible than would Charlemagne's plan for reconstructing the empire of the West. Even Murad, Sultan of Turkey, now takes the place of Abdul the deposed, "by the grace of God, and the will of the people;" and that accomplished and illustrious Prince, whose empire under the

Southern Cross rivals our own in its extent, and most nearly approaches it on this hemisphere in stability of institutions and in practical freedom, has his surest title to the throne which he honors, in his wise liberality, and his faithful endeavor for the good of his people. As long as in this he continues, as now, a recognized leader among the monarchs—ready to take and seek suggestions from even a democratic Republic—his throne will be steadfast as the water-sheds of Brazil; and while his successors maintain his spirit, no domestic insurrection will test the question whether they retain that celerity in movement with which Dom Pedro has astonished Americans.

It is no more possible to reverse this tendency toward popular sovereignty, and to substitute for it the right of families, classes, minorities, or of intervening foreign states, than it is to arrest the motion of the earth, and make it swing the other way in its annual orbit. In this, at least, our fathers' Declaration has made its impression on the history of mankind.

It was the act of a People, and not of persons, except as these represented and led that. It was the act of a People, not starting out on new theories of government, so much as developing into forms of law and practical force a great and gradual inheritance of freedom. It was the act of a People, declaring for others, as for itself, the right of each to its own form of government without interference from other nations, without restraint by privileged classes.

It only remains, then, to ask the question how far it has contributed to the peace, the advancement, and the permanent, welfare, of the People by which it was set forth; of other nations which it has affected. And to ask this question is almost to answer it. The answer is as evident as the sun in the heavens.

It certainly cannot be affirmed that we in America, any more than persons or peoples elsewhere, have reached as yet the ideal state, of private liberty combined with a perfect public order, or of culture complete, and a supreme character. The political world, as well as the religious, since Christ was on earth, looks forward, not backward, for its millennium. That Golden Age is still to come which is to shine in the perfect

splendor reflected from Him who is ascended; and no prophecy tells us how long before the advancing race shall reach and cross its glowing marge, or what long effort, or what tumults of battle are still to precede.

In this country, too, there have been immense special impediments to hinder wide popular progress in things which are highest. Our people have had a continent to subdue. They have been, from the start, in constant migration. Westward, from the counties of the Hudson and the Mohawk, around the lakes, over the prairies, across the great river—westward still, over alkali plains, across terrible cañons, up gorges of the mountains where hardly the wild goat could find footing—westward always, till the Golden Gate opened out on the sea which has been made ten thousand miles wide, as if nothing less could stop the march—this has been the popular movement, from almost the day of the great Declaration. To-morrow's tents have been pitched in new fields; and last year's houses await new possessors.

With such constant change, such wide dislocation of the mass of the people from early and settled home-associations, and with the incessant occupation of the thoughts by the great physical problems presented—not so much by any struggle for existence, as by harvests for which the prairies waited, by mills for which the rivers clamored, by the coal and the gold which offered themselves to the grasp of the miner—it would not have been strange if a great and dangerous decadence had occurred in that domestic and private virtue of which Home is the nursery, in that generous and reverent public spirit which is but the effluence of its combined rays. It would have been wholly too much to expect that under such influences the highest progress should have been realized, in speculative thought, in artistic culture, or in the researches of pure science.

Accordingly, we find that in these departments not enough has been accomplished to make our progress signal in them, though here and there the eminent souls "that are like stars and dwell apart" have illumined themes highest with their high interpretation. But History has been cultivated among us, with an enthusiasm, to an extent, hardly, I think, to have been an-

ticipated among a people so recent and expectant; and Prescott, Motley, Irving, Ticknor, with him upon whose splendid page all American history has been amply illustrated, are known as familiarly and honored as highly in Europe as here. We have had as well distinguished poets, and have them now; to whom the nation has been responsive; who have not only sung themselves, but through whom the noblest poems of the Old World have come into the English tongue, rendered in fit and perfect music, and some of whose minds, blossoming long ago in the solemn or beautiful fancies of youth, with perennial energy still ripen to new fruit as they near or cross their four-score years. In Medicine, and Law, as well as in Theology, in Fiction, Biography, and the vivid Narrative of exploration and discovery, the people whose birth-day we commemorate has added something to the possession of men. Its sculptors and painters have won high places in the brilliant realm of modern art. Publicists like Wheaton, jurists like Kent, have gained a celebrity reflecting honor on the land; and if no orator, so vast in knowledge, so profound and discursive in philosophical thought, so affluent in imagery, and so glorious in diction, as Edmund Burke, has yet appeared, we must remember that centuries were needed to produce him elsewhere, and that any of the great Parliamentary debaters, aside from him, have been matched or surpassed in the hearing of those who have hung with rapt sympathetic attention on the lips of Clay, or of Rufus Choate, or have felt themselves listening to the mightiest mind which ever touched theirs when they stood beneath the imperial voice in which Webster spoke.

In applied science there has been much done in the country, for which the world admits itself our grateful debtor. I need not multiply illustrations of this, from locomotives, printing-presses, sewing machines, revolvers, steam-reapers, bank-locks. One instance suffices, most signal of all.

When Morse, from Washington, thirty-two years ago, sent over the wires his word to Baltimore, "What hath God wrought," he had given to all the nations of mankind an instrument the most sensitive, expansive, quickening, which the world yet possesses. He had bound the earth in electric network.

England touches India to-day, and France Algeria, while we are in contact with all the continents, upon those scarcely perceptible nerves. The great strategist, like Von Moltke, with these in his hands, from the silence of his office directs campaigns, dictates marches, wins victories; the statesman in the cabinet inspires and regulates the distant diplomacies; while the traveler in any port or mart is by the same marvel of mechanism in instant communication with all centres of commerce. It is certainly not too much to say that no other invention of the world in this century has so richly deserved the medals, crosses, and diamond decorations, the applause of senates, the gifts of kings, which were showered upon its author, as did this invention, which finally taught and utilized the lightnings whose nature a signer of the great Declaration had made apparent.

But after all it is not so much in special inventions, or in eminent attainments made by individuals, that we are to find the answer to the question, "What did that day a hundred years since accomplish for us?" Still less is it found in the progress we have made in outward wealth and material success. This might have been made, approximately at least, if the British supremacy had here continued. The prairies would have been as productive as now, the mines of copper and silver and gold as rich and extensive, the coal-beds as vast, and the cotton-fields as fertile, if we had been born the subjects of the Georges, or of Victoria. Steam would have kept its propulsive force, and sea and land have been theatres of its triumph. The river would have been as smooth a highway for the commerce which seeks it; and the leap of every mountain stream would have given as swift and constant a push to the wheels that set spindles and saws in motion. Electricity itself would have lost no property, and might have become as completely as now the fire-winged messenger of the thought of mankind.

But what we have now, and should not have had except for that paper which the Congress adopted, is the general and increasing popular advancement in knowledge, vigor, as I believe in moral culture, of which our country has been the arena, and in which lies its hope for the future. The independence of the nation has reacted, with sympathetic force, on the personal life

which the nation includes. It has made men more resolute, aspiring, confident, and more susceptible to whatever exalts. The doctrine that all by creation are equal,—not in respect of physical force or of mental endowment, of means for culture or inherited privilege, but in respect of immortal faculty, of duty to each other, of right to protection and to personal development, —this has given manliness to the poor, enterprise to the weak, a kindling hope to the most obscure. It has made the individuals of whom the nation is composed more alive to the forces which educate and exalt.

There has been incessant motive, too, for the wide and constant employment of these forces. It has been felt that, as the People is sovereign here, that People must be trained in mind and spirit for its august and sovereign function. The establishment of common-schools, for a needful primary secular training, has been an instinct of Society, only recognized and repeated in provisions of statutes. The establishment of higher schools, classical and general, of colleges, scientific and professional seminaries, has been as well the impulse of the nation, and the furtherance of them a care of governments. The immense expansion of the press in this country has been based fundamentally upon the same impulse, and has wrought with beneficent general force in the same direction. Religious instruction has gone as widely as this distribution of secular knowledge.

It used to be thought that a Church dissevered from the State must be feeble. Wanting wealth of endowments and dignity of titles—its clergy entitled to no place among the peers, its revenues assured by no legal enactments—it must remain obscure and poor; while the absence of any external limitations, of parliamentary statutes and a legal creed, must leave it liable to endless division, and tend to its speedy disintegration into sects and schisms. It seemed as hopeless to look for strength, wealth, beneficence, for extensive educational and missionary work, to such churches as these, as to look for aggressive military organization to a convention of farmers, or for the volume and thunder of Niagara to a thousand sinking and separate rills.

But the work which was given to be done in this country was

so great and momentous; and has been so constant, that matching itself against that work, the Church, under whatever name, has realized a strength, and developed an activity, wholly fresh in the world in modern times. It has not been antagonized by that instinct of liberty which always awakens against its work where religion is required by law. It has seized the opportunity. Its ministers and members have had their own standards, leaders, laws, and sometimes have quarreled, fiercely enough, as to which were the better. But in the work which was set them to do, to give to the sovereign American people the knowledge of God in the Gospel of His Son, their only strife has been one of emulation—to go the furthest, to give the most, and to bless most largely the land and its future.

The spiritual incentive has of course been supreme; but patriotism has added its impulse to the work. It has been felt that Christianity is the basis of Republican empire, its bond of cohesion, its life-giving law; that the manuscript copies of the Gospels, sent by Gregory to Augustine at Canterbury, and still preserved on sixth century parchments at Oxford and Cambridge—more than Magna Charta itself, these are the roots of English liberty; that Magna Charta, and the Petition of Right, with our completing Declaration, were possible only because these had been before them. And so on in the work of keeping Christianity prevalent in the land, all earnest churches have eagerly striven. Their preachers have been heard where the pioneer's fire scarcely was kindled. Their schools have been gathered in the temporary camp, not less than in the hamlet or town. They have sent their books with lavish distribution, they have scattered their Bibles like leaves of autumn, where settlements hardly were more than prophesied. In all languages of the land they have told the old story of the Law and the Cross, a present Redemption, and a coming Tribunal. The highest truths, most solemn and inspiring, have been the truths most constantly in hand. It has been felt that, in the highest sense, a muscular Christianity was indispensable where men lifted up axes upon the thick trees. The delicate speculations of the closet and the schools were too dainty for the work; and the old confessions of Councils and Reformers, whose undecaying and

sovereign energy no use exhausts, have been those always most familiar, where the trapper on his stream, or the miner in his gulch has found priest or minister on his track.

Of course not all the work has been fruitful. Not all God's acorns come to oaks, but here and there one. Not all the seeds of flowers germinate, but enough to make some radiant gardens. And out of all this work and gift, has come a mental and moral training, to the nation at large, such as it certainly would not have had except for this effort, the effort for which would not have been made, on a scale so immense, except for this incessant aim to fit the nation for its great experiment of self-regulation. The Declaration of Independence has been the great charter of Public Education ; has given impulse and scope to this prodigious Missionary work.

The result of the whole is evident enough. I am not here as the eulogist of our People, beyond what facts justify. I admit, with regret, that American manners sometimes are coarse, and American culture often very imperfect ; that the noblest examples of consummate training imply a leisure which we have not had, and are perhaps most easily produced where social advantages are more permanent than here, and the law heredity has a wider recognition. We all know, too well, how much of even vice and shame there has been, and is, in our national life ; how sluggish the public conscience has been before sharpest appeals ; how corruption has entered high places in the government, and the blister of its touch has been upon laws, as well as on the acts of prominent officials. And we know the reckless greed and ambition, the fierce party spirit, the personal wrangles and jealous animosities, with which our Congress has been often dishonored, at which the nation—sadder still—has sometimes laughed, in idiotic unreason.

But knowing all this, and with the impression of it full on our thoughts, we may exult in the real, steady, and prophesying growth of a better spirit toward dominance in the land. I scout the thought that we as a people are worse than our fathers! John Adams, at the head of the War Department, in 1776, wrote bitter laments of the corruption which existed in even that infant age of the Republic, and of the spirit of

venality, rapacious and insatiable, which was then the most alarming enemy of America. He declared himself ashamed of the age which he lived in! In Jefferson's day, all Federalists expected the universal dominion of French infidelity. In Jackson's day, all Whigs thought the country gone to ruin already, as if Mr. Biddle had had the entire public hope locked up in the vaults of his terminated bank. In Polk's day, the excitements of the Mexican War gave life and germination to many seeds of rascality. There has never been a time—not here alone, in any country—when the fierce light of incessant inquiry blazing on men in public life, would not have revealed forces of evil like those we have seen, or when the condemnation which followed the discovery would have been sharper. And it is among my deepest convictions that, with all which has happened to debase and debauch it, the nation at large was never before more mentally vigorous or morally sound.

Gentlemen: The demonstration is around us!

This city, if any place on the continent, should have been the one where a reckless wickedness should have had sure prevalence, and reforming virtue the least chance of success. Starting in 1790 with a white population of less than thirty thousand—growing steadily for forty years, till that population had multiplied six-fold—taking into itself, from that time on, such multitudes of emigrants from all parts of the earth that the dictionaries of the languages spoken in its streets would make a library—all forms of luxury coming with wealth, and all means and facilities for every vice—the primary elections being the seed-bed out of which springs its choice of rulers, with the influence which it sends to the public councils—its citizens so absorbed in their pursuits that oftentimes, for years together, large numbers of them have left its affairs in hands the most of all unsuited to so supreme and delicate a trust—it might well have been expected that while its docks were echoing with a commerce which encompassed the globe, while its streets were thronged with the eminent and the gay from all parts of the land, while its homes had in them uncounted thousands of noble men and cultured women, while its stately squares swept out year by year across new spaces, while it founded great in-

stitutions of beneficence, and shot new spires upward toward heaven, and turned the rocky waste to a pleasure-ground famous in the earth, its government would decay, and its recklessness of moral ideas, if not as well of political principles would become apparent.

Men have prophesied this, from the outset till now. The fear of it began with the first great advance of the wealth, population, and fame of the city ; and there have not been wanting facts in its history which served to renew, if not to justify the fear.

But when the war of 1861 broke on the land, and shadowed every home within it, this city,—which had voted by immense majorities against the existing administration, and which was linked by unnumbered ties with the vast communities then rushing to assail it,—flung out its banners from window and spire, from City Hall and newspaper office, and poured its wealth and life into the service of sustaining the Government, with a swiftness and vehement energy that were never surpassed. When, afterward, greedy and treacherous men, capable and shrewd, deceiving the unwary, hiring the skillful, and moulding the very law to their uses, had concentrated in their hands the government of the city, and had bound it in seemingly invincible chains, while they plundered its treasury,—it rose upon them, when advised of the facts, as Samson rose upon the Philistines ; and the two new cords that were upon his hands no more suddenly became as flax that was burnt than did those manacles imposed upon the city by the craft of the Ring.

Its leaders of opinion to-day are the men—like him who presides in our assembly—whom virtue exalts, and character crowns. It rejoices in a Chief Magistrate as upright and intrepid in a virtuous cause, as any of those whom he succeeds. It is part of a State whose present position, in laws, and officers, and the spirit of its people, does no discredit to the noblest of its memories. And from these heights between the rivers, looking over the land, looking out on the earth to which its daily embassies go, it sees nowhere beneath the sun a city more ample in its moral securities, a city more dear to those who possess it, a city more splendid in promise and in hope.

What is true of the city is true, in effect, of all the land. Two things, at least, have been established by our national history, the impression of which the world will not lose. The one is, that institutions like ours, when sustained by a prevalent moral life throughout the nation, are naturally permanent. The other is, that they tend to peaceful relations with other states. They do this in fulfillment of an organic tendency, and not through any accident of location. The same tendency will inhere in them, wheresoever established.

In this age of the world, and in all the states which Christianity quickens, the allowance of free movement to the popular mind is essential to the stability of public institutions. There may be restraint enough to guide, and keep such movement from premature exhibition. But there cannot be force enough used to resist it, and to reverse its gathering current. If there is, the government is swiftly overthrown, as in France so often, or is left on one side, as Austria has been by the advancing German people; like the Castle of Heidelberg, at once palace and fortress, high-placed and superb, but only the stateliest ruin in Europe, while the rail-train thunders through the tunnel beneath it, and the Neckar sings along its near channel as if tower and tournament never had been. Revolution, transformation, organic change, have thus all the time for this hundred years been proceeding in Europe; sometimes silent, but oftener amid thunders of stricken fields; sometimes pacific, but oftener with garments rolled in blood.

In England the progress has been peaceful, the popular demands being ratified as law whenever the need became apparent. It has been vast, as well as peaceful; in the extension of suffrage, in the ever-increasing power of the Commons, in popular education. Chatham himself would hardly know his own England if he should return to it. The Throne continues, illustrated by the virtues of her who fills it; and the ancient forms still obtain in Parliament. But it could not have occurred to him, or to Burke, that a century after the ministry of Grenville the embarkation of the Pilgrims would be one of the prominent historical pictures on the panels of the lobby of the House of Lords, or that the name of Oliver Cromwell, and of Bradshaw,

President of the High Court of Justice, would be cut in the stone in Westminster Abbey, over the places in which they were buried, and whence their decaying bodies were dragged to the gibbet and the ditch. England is now, as has been well said, "an aristocratic Republic, with a permanent Executive." Its only perils lie in the fact of that aristocracy, which, however, is flexible enough to endure, of that permanence in the Executive, which would hardly outlive one vicious Prince.

What changes have taken place in France, I need not remind you, nor how uncertain is still its future. You know how the swift untiring wheels, of advance or reäction, have rolled this way and that, in Italy, and in Spain; how Germany has had to be reconstructed; how Hungary has had to fight and suffer for that just place in the Austrian councils which only imperial defeat surrendered. You know how precarious the equilibrium now is, in many states, between popular rights and princely prerogative; what armies are maintained, to fortify governments; what fear of sudden and violent change, like an avalanche tumbling at the touch of a foot, perplexes nations. The records of change make the history of Europe. The expectation of change is almost as wide as the continent itself.

Meanwhile, how permanent has been this Republic, which seemed at the outset to foreign spectators a mere sudden insurrection, a mere organized riot! Its organic law, adopted after exciting debate, but arousing no battle and enforced by no army, has been interpreted, and peacefully administered, with one great exception, from the beginning. It has once been assailed, with passion and skill, with splendid daring and unbounded self-sacrifice, by those who sought a sectional advantage through its destruction. No monarchy of the world could have withstood that assault. It seemed as if the last fatal Apocalypse had come, to drench the land with plague and blood, and wrap it in a fiery gloom. The Republic,

> —— "pouring like the tide into a breach,
> With ample and brim fulness of its force."

subdued the rebellion, emancipated the race which had been in subjection, restored the dominion of the old Constitution,

amended its provisions in the contrary direction from that which had been so fiercely sought, gave it guaranties of endurance while the continent lasts, and made its ensigns more eminent than ever in the regions from which they had been expelled. The very portions of the people which then sought its overthrow are now again its applauding adherents—the great and constant reconciling force, the tranquillizing Irenarch, being the freedom which it leaves in their hands.

It has kept its place, this Republic of ours, in spite of the rapid expansion of the nation over territory so wide that the scanty strip of the original states is only as a fringe on its immense mantle. It has kept its place, while vehement debates, involving the profoundest ethical principles, have stirred to its depths the whole public mind. It has kept its place, while the tribes of mankind have been pouring upon it, seeking the shelter and freedom which it gave. It saw an illustrious President murdered, by the bullet of an assassin. It saw his place occupied as quietly by another as if nothing unforseen or alarming had occurred. It saw prodigious armies assembled, for its defence. It saw those armies, at the end of the war, marching in swift and long procession up the streets of the Capital, and then dispersing into their former peaceful citizenship, as if they had had no arms in their hands. The General before whose skill and will those armies had been shot upon the forces which opposed them, and whose word had been their military law, remained for three years an appointed officer of that government he had saved. Elected then to be the head of that government, and again re-elected by the ballots of his countrymen, in a few months more he will have retired, to be thenceforth a citizen like the rest, eligible to office, and entitled to vote, but with no thought of any prerogative descending to him, or to his children, from his great service and military fame. The Republic, whose triumphing armies he led, will remember his name, and be grateful for his work ; but neither to him, nor to any one else, will it ever give sovereignty over itself.

From the Lakes to the Gulf its will is the law, its dominion complete. Its centripetal and centrifugal forces are balanced, almost as in the astronomy of the heavens. Decentralizing

authority, it puts his own part of it into the hand of every citizen. Giving free scope to private enterprise, allowing not only, but accepting and encouraging, each movement of the public reason which is its only terrestrial rule, there is no threat, in all its sky, of division or downfall. It cannot be successfully assailed from within. It never will be assailed from without, with a blow at its life, while other nations continue sane.

It has been sometimes compared to a pyramid, broad-based and secure, not liable to overthrow as is obelisk or column, by storm or age. The comparison is just, but it is not sufficient. It should rather be compared to one of the permanent features of nature, and not to any artificial construction :—to the river, which flows, like our own Hudson, along the courses that nature opens, forever in motion, but forever the same ; to the lake, which lies on common days level and bright in placid stillness, while it gathers its fullness from many lands, and lifts its waves in stormy strength when winds assail it ; to the mountain, which is shaped by no formula of art, and which only rarely, in some supreme sun-burst, flushes with color, but whose roots the very earthquake cannot shake, and on whose brow the storms fall hurtless, while under its shelter the cottage nestles, and up its sides the gardens climb.

So stands the Republic :

> Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
> As broad and general as the casing air.

Our government has been permanent, as established upon the old Declaration, and steadily sustained by the undecaying and moulding life in the soul of the nation. It has been peaceful, also, for the most part, in scheme and in spirit ; and has shown at no time such an appetite for war as has been familiar, within the century, in many lands.

This may be denied, by foreign critics ; or at any rate be explained, if the fact be admitted, by our isolation from other states, by our occupation in peaceful labors, which have left no room for martial enterprise, perhaps by an alleged want in us of that chivalric and high-pitched spirit, which is gladdened by danger and which welcomes the fray. I do not think the explanation sufficient, the analysis just.

This people was trained to military effort, from its beginning. It had in it the blood of Saxon and Norman, neither of whom was afraid of war ; the very same blood which a few years after was poured out like water at Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Dunbar. Ardor and fortitude were added to its spirit by those whose fathers had followed Coligni, by the children of those whom Alva and Parma could not conquer, or whom Gustavus had inspired with his intense paramount will. With savages in the woods, and the gray wolf prowling around its cabins, the hand of this people was from the first as familiar with the gun-stock as with mattock or plough ; and it spent more time, in proportion to its leisure, it spent more life, in proportion to its numbers, from 1607 to 1776, in protecting itself against violent assault than was spent by France, the most martial of kingdoms, on all the bloody fields of Europe.

Then came the Revolution, with its years of war, and its crowning success, to intensify, and almost to consecrate this spirit, and to give it distribution ; while, from that time, the nation has been taken into its substance abounding elements from all the fighting peoples of the earth. The Irishman, who is never so entirely himself as when the battle-storm hurtles around him ; the Frenchman, who says "After you Gentlemen," before the infernal fire of Fontenoy ; the German, whose irresistible tread the world lately heard at Sadowa and Sedan —these have been entering represenatives of two of them entering by millions, into the Republic. If any nation, therefore, should have a fierce and martial temper, this is the one. If any people should keep its peaceful neighbors in fear, lest its aggression should smite their homes, it is a people born, and trained, and replenished like this, admitting no rule but its own will, and conscious of a strength whose annual increase makes arithmetic pant.

What has been the fact? Lay out of sight that late civil war which could not be averted, when once it had been threatened, except by the sacrifice of the government itself, and a wholly unparalleled public suicide, and how much of war with foreign powers has the century seen? There has been a frequent crackle of musketry along the frontiers, as Indian tribes,

which refused to be civilized, have slowly and fiercely retreated toward the West. There was one war declared against Tripoli, in 1801, when the Republic took by the throat the African pirates to whom Europe paid tribute, and when the gallantry of the Preble and Decatur gave early distinction to our navy. There was a war declared against England, in 1812, when our seamen had been taken from under our flag, from the decks of our national ships, and our commerce had been practically swept from the seas. There was a war affirmed already to exist in Mexico, in 1846, entered into by surprise, never formally declared, against which the moral sentiment of the nation rose widely in revolt, but which in its result added largely to our territory, opened to us California treasures, and wrote the names of Buena Vista and Monterey on our short annals.

That has been our military history; and if a People, as powerful and as proud, has anywhere been more peaceable also, in the last hundred years, the strictest research fails to find it. Smarting with the injury done us by England during the crisis of our national peril, in spite of the remonstrances presented through that distinguished citizen who should have been your orator to-day—while hostile taunts had incensed our people, while burning ships had exasperated commerce, and while what looked like artful evasions had made statesmen indignant —with a half-million men who had hardly yet laid down their arms, with a navy never before so vast, or so fitted for service— when a war with England would have had the force of passion behind it, and would at any rate have shown to the world that the nation respects its starry flag, and means to have it secure on the seas—we referred all differences to arbitration, appointed commissioners, tried the cause at Geneva, with advocates, not with armies, and got a prompt and ample verdict. If Canada now lay next to Yorkshire it would not be safer from armed incursion than it is when divided by only a custom-house from all the strength of this Republic.

The fact is apparent, and the reason not less so. A monarchy, just as it is despotic, finds incitement to war; for preoccupation of the popular mind; to gratify nobles, officers, the

army; for historic renown. An intelligent Republic hates war, and shuns it. It counts standing armies a curse only second to an annual pestilence. It wants no glory but from growth. It delights itself in arts of peace, seeks social enjoyment and increase of possessions, and feels instinctively that, like Israel of old, "its strength is to sit still." It cannot bear to miss the husbandman from the fields, the citizen from the town, the house-father from the home, the worshipper from the church. To change or shape other people's institutions is no part of its business. To force them to accept its scheme of government would simply contradict and nullify its charter. Except, then, when it is startled into passion by the cry of a suffering under oppression which stirs its pulses into tumult, or when it is assailed in its own rights, citizens, property, it will not go to war; nor even then, if diplomacy can find a remedy for the wrong. "Millions for defence," said Cotesworth Pinckney to the French Directory, when Talleyrand in their name had threatened him with war, "but not a cent for tribute." He might have added, "and not a dollar for aggressive strife."

It will never be safe to insult such a nation, or to outrage its citizens; for the reddest blood is in its veins, and some Captain Ingraham may always appear, to lay his little sloop of war along-side the offending frigate, with shotted guns, and a peremptory summons. There is a way to make powder inexplosive; but, treat it chemically how you will, the dynamite will not stand many blows of the hammer. The detonating tendency is too permanent in it. But if left to itself, such a People will be peaceful, as ours has been. It will foster peace among the nations. It will tend to dissolve great permanent armaments, as the light conquers ice, and summer sunshine breaks the glacier which a hundred trip-hammers could only scar. The longer it continues, the more widely and effectively its influence spreads, the more will its benign example hasten the day, so long foretold, so surely coming, when

> The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
> In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

Mr. President: Fellow-Citizens:—To an extent too great for your patience, but with a rapid incompleteness that is only too evident as we match it with the theme, I have outlined before you some of the reasons why we have right to commemorate the day whose hundredth anniversary has brought us together, and why the paper then adopted has interest and importance not only for us, but for all the advancing sons of men. Thank God that he who framed the Declaration, and he who was its foremost champion, both lived to see the nation they had shaped growing to greatness, and to die together, in that marvelous coincidence, on its semi-centennial! The fifty years which have passed since then have only still further honored their work. Mr. Adams was mistaken in the day which he named as the one to be most fondly remembered. It was not that on which Independence of the empire of Great Britain was formally resolved. It was that on which the reasons were given which justified the act, and the principles were announced which made it of secular significance to mankind. But he would have been absolutely right in saying of the fourth day what he did say of the second: it "will be the most remarkable epoch in the history of America; to be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God, from one end of the continent to the other."

It will not be forgotten, in the land or in the earth, until the stars have fallen from their poise; or until our vivid morning-star of Republican liberty, not losing its lustre, has seen its special brightness fade in the ampler effulgence of a freedom universal!

But while we rejoice in that which is past, and gladly recognize the vast organific mystery of life which was in the Declaration, the plans of Providence which slowly and silently, but with ceaseless progression, had led the way to it, the immense and enduring results of good which from it have flowed, let us not forget the duty which always equals privilege, and that of peoples, as well as of persons, to whomsoever much is given, shall only therefore the more be required. Let us consecrate ourselves, each one of us, here, to the further duties which wait to

be fulfilled, to the work which shall consummate the great work of the Fathers!

From scanty soils come richest grapes, and on severe and rocky slopes the trees are often of toughest fibre. The wines of Rüdesheim and Johannisberg cannot be grown in the fatness of gardens, and the cedars of Lebanon disdain the levels of marsh and meadow. So a heroism is sometimes native to penury which luxury enervates, and the great resolution which sprang up in the blast, and blossomed under inclement skies, may lose its shapely and steadfast strength when the air is all of summer softness. In exuberant resources is to be the coming American peril; in a swiftly increasing luxury of life. The old humility, hardihood, patience, are too likely too be lost when material success again opens, as it will, all avenues to wealth, and when its brilliant prizes solicit, as again they will, the national spirit.

Be it ours to endeavor that that temper of the Fathers which was nobler than their work shall live in the children, and exalt to its tone their coming career; that political intelligence, patriotic devotion, a reverent spirit toward Him who is above, an exulting expectation of the future of the World, and a sense of our relation to it, shall be, as of old, essential forces in our public life; that education and religion keep step all the time with the Nation's advance, and the School and the Church be always at home wherever its flag shakes out its folds. In a spirit worthy the memories of the Past let us set ourselves to accomplish the tasks which, in the sphere of national politics, still await completion. We burn the sunshine of other years, when we ignite the wood or coal upon our hearths. We enter a privilege which ages have secured, in our daily enjoyment of political freedom. While the kindling glow irradiates our homes, let it shed its lustre on our spirit, and quicken it for its further work.

Let us fight against the tendency of educated men to reserve themselves from politics, remembering that no other form of human activity is so grand or effective as that which affects, first the character, and then the revelation of character in the government, of a great and free People. Let us make religious dis-

sension here, as a force in politics, as absurd as witchcraft.* Let party names be nothing to us, in comparison with that costly and proud inheritance of liberty and of law, which parties exist to conserve and enlarge, which any party will have here to maintain if it would not be buried, at the next cross-roads, with a stake through its breast. Let us seek the unity of all sections of the Republic, through the prevalence in all of mutual respect, through the assurance in all of local freedom, through the mastery in all of that supreme spirit which flashed from the lips of Patrick Henry, when he said, in the first Continental Congress, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Let us take care that labor maintains its ancient place of privilege and honor, and that industry has no fetters imposed, of legal restraint or of social discredit, to hinder its work or to lessen its wage. Let us turn, and overturn, in public discussion, in political change, till we secure a Civil Service, honorable, intelligent, and worthy of the land, in which capable integrity, not partisan zeal, shall be the condition of each public trust; and let us resolve that whatever it may cost, of labor and of patience, of sharper economy and of general sacrifice, it shall come to pass that wherever American labor toils, wherever American enterprise plans, wherever American commerce reaches, thither again shall go as of old the country's coin—the American Eagle, with the encircling stars and golden plumes!

In a word, Fellow-Citizens, the moral life of the nation being ever renewed, all advancement and timely reform will come as comes the bourgeoning of the tree from the secret force which fills its veins. Let us each of us live, then, in the blessing and the duty of our great citizenship, as those who are conscious of unreckoned indebetedness to a heroic and prescient Past:—

* Cromwell is sometimes considered a bigot. His rule on this subject is therefore the more worthy of record: "Sir, the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies. * * Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little, but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion. If there be any other offence to be charged upon him, that must, in a judicial way, receive determination."—Letter to Major-General Crawford, 10th March, 1643.

the grand and solemn lineage of whose freedom runs back beyond Bunker Hill or the Mayflower, runs back beyond muniments and memories of men, and has the majesty of far centuries on it! Let us live as those for whom God hid a continent from the world, till He could open all its scope to the freedom and faith of gathered peoples, from many lands, to be a nation to His honor and praise! Let us live as those to whom He commits the magnificent trust of blessing peoples many and far, by the truths which He has made our life, and by the history which He helps us to accomplish.

Such relation to a Past ennobles this transient and vanishing life. Such a power of influence on the distant and the Future, is the supremest terrestial privilege. It is ours if we will, in the mystery of that spirit, which has an immortal and a ubiquitous life. With the swifter instruments now in our hands, with the land compacted into one immense embracing home, with the world opened to the interchange of thought, and thrilling with the hopes that now animate its life, each American citizen has superb opportunity to make his influence felt afar, and felt for long!

Let us not be unmindful of this ultimate and inspiring lesson of the hour! By all the memories of the Past, by all the impulse of the Present, by the noblest instincts of our own souls, by the touch of His sovereign spirit upon us, God make us faithful to the work, and to Him! that so not only this city may abide, in long and bright tranquility of peace, when our eyes have shut forever on street, and spire, and populous square; that so the land, in all its future, may reflect an influence from this anniversary; and that, when another century has passed, the sun which then ascends the heavens may look on a world advanced and illumined beyond our thought, and here may behold the same great Nation, born of struggle, baptized into liberty, and in its second terrific tral purchased by blood, then expanded and multiplied till all the land blooms at its touch, and still one in its life, because still pacific, Christian, free!

SONG OF 1876.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CELEBRATION, JULY 4, 1876.

Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,
Rivers, answer, and mountains, call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb
That sounded its malice or murmered its fears;
She hath won her story;
She wears her glory;
We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years!

Out of darkness and toil and danger
Into the light of Victory's day—
Help to the weak and Home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way!
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother's breast;
The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the Queen of a Hundred Years!

North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mother's—
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee, and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a Thousand Years!

DEMOCRACY, THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

AN ORATION BY HON. FERNANDO WOOD,

DELIVERED AT TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 4TH, 1876.

As one of the sons of revolutionary ancestors, whose blood was shed upon the battle fields of their country, I am proud to be here to-day.

This day is hallowed by sacred memories. It marks an epoch in the period of time which proved more productive to human development than any other but one since the creation of man. It was second in importance only to the appearance on earth of the Divine Master. After a century's duration, tried by fire and sword, by pestilence and famine, by internal convulsion, and by the ever changing vicissitudes of party and sectional conflict, we emerge to-day from all the dangers and trials of the past, brighter, stronger and greater than any other people on earth of one individuality. Who is not proud to be an American? Lives there to-day, anywhere, a man of any station in life, of any order of intelligence, of any sojourn in any other climes, of any creed or faith, of any political opinions, of any section, who does not stand more erect and bear himself more lofty, when able to say that he is an American citizen, one of the people of this blessed land. Nor is this claim founded upon mere self-laudation. The government and people of other nationalities concede and recognize it. It is universally accepted, and to be an American is of itself so high an honor that it affords a passport to distinction everywhere. The United States of to-day is the one and only great republic. It is the one and only land of perfect freedom. It is the one and only nationality with power sufficiently consolidated to prove effective in maintaining its integrity, and also with free opinion so diffused as to afford all men equality under the laws in the enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness. Our territory, stretched from ocean to ocean, commands both seas, which nearly encir-

cle a vast continent; our numbers are equal to forty-five millions; internal tranquility is established, and our external relations to other governments of commanding strength and sensitive honor such as none would deem it prudent to offend. Within our jurisdiction, living peacefully and happy, may be found men of opposite creeds, of all nativities, of every language and diversified interests, with no disposition to encroach upon each other's rights, and no fear of Government interference. Thus we form a solid political community, united in all the essential requisites of national power, with one government, and yet with many governments. As a people we recognize and protect each other, contribute in common towards the general welfare, and support in common the general burdens. Where exists our superior—or rather where exists our peer? Though young in years we are among the oldest in form of government of the Christian nations of the world. Few in Europe that have not changed either their dynasty or the character of their rule within the century. Within the period of our nationality, France has been a monarchy, an empire and a republic. Germany has been a combination of discordant, petty monarchies, and now an empire. Italy has been a collection of disintegrated states and dukedoms, and now a kingdom. Poland, Sardinia, Naples and other monarchies have ceased and become extinct.

A century ago the government of England was exercised by the sovereign ; it is now practically vested in the popular branch of Parliament. The crown remains, but the House of Commons governs in its power to compel a change of ministry, which is the actual executive authority.

Spain has alternated between anarchy, republicism and monarchy. O her nations of Europe have been partitioned or dismembered, have undergone the infliction of foreign control or been subjected to the caprice or ambition of more powerful neighbors, whilst the United States has maintained intact the integrity, solidity and formulas of her original creation, firmly adhering to popular liberty, standing proud and defiant to all outside attempts at interference, never compromising her honor, never shrinking from an assertion of entire indepen-

dence of all other nations, and at all times commanding respect abroad and her autonmony at home. Thus was she originally established, and thus has she maintained herself—a republic for the whole period of her existence, one hundred years to-day. Now, my friends, in contemplating this fact can we fail to remember those illustrious men who laid the foundation so broad and deep upon which has been erected this splendid structure? Is it within the compass of human thought to dwell upon our present greatness, and forget those to whom we are indebted for it? Go with me back to the American Revolution—yet further back to those momentous events which preceded that terrible struggle. Remember those poor colonists, who had mostly sought a refuge from either political or religious oppression at home on this cold and inhospitable shore; see the reception the savage gave them, the struggle with the elements, the impoverished settlements, the deprivation and neglect which followed, the final lodgments of detached and far separated populations, the struggling communities, the destitution and horrible events incident to border life, far removed from any of the facilities of either defensive protection or means of continued existence, and the final formation of but a *pro forma* government, with the name but without its essential requirements. Thus we bring them down to the middle of the eighteenth century. They had persevered, and had conquered the savage on the seaboard, had increased in population, procured some trade and commerce, and attracted the notice of their European masters. But this notice was not in the interest of their advantage and progress. It was rather that notice by which avarice sees and covets the accumulations of a poor or dependent neighbor. It was the same spirit of protection that the wolf gives to lambs when he covers and devours them.

Exactions were imposed, representation in the Home Government was denied, humble petitions were treated with contempt, remonstrances were held to be treasonable, more troops were ordered across the ocean to overawe and to command obedience, and the hand of despotism laid its mailed glove upon the spirits and almost crushed pride of the colonists, who found

in their mother country a more terrible foe than they had originally encountered in the native barbarity of the American Indian. The people became gloomy, and looked on with forebodings, a few whispered of oppression, some went so far as to speak out in condemnation of the new burdens imposed, but it was only when the Home Government proceeded to carry out its edicts and to prepare for their compulsory enforcement, that the rebellion became imminent. A long, deep murmur ran along the Atlantic shore from the far east to the southern extremity. Here and there a popular gathering gave vent to the too long pent up indignation. Here and there a prominent man spoke out, as did Patrick Henry in the provincial council of Virginia, when he exclaimed, that as for him, "give him liberty or give him death."

A general colonial congress was called to assemble at Philadelphia. Every colony sent its representative to sit in council and to determine the great questions which the crisis appeared to call for—and what a council, and what a gathering. Here was Jefferson, the great founder of the pure Democracy, whose precepts furnished the underlying strata upon which rests the genius of our institutions, and which established the guide to our political faith and the only reliable beacon-light to our national liberty and glory.

And now let me pause a moment to refer more especially to this illustrious personage. In him were blended all the attributes which go to make up the truly great man. He possessed a peculiar combination of rare qualities. We often find a strong intellectual development connected with a defective temperament; personal courage is frequently clouded by want of moral consciousness, but it is not often that the moral, mental and physical qualities exist in their highest order in the same individual, all evenly balanced and alike alive and active, giving force and power, prominence and overtowering altitude to him who possesses them. But these were found in Jefferson—he stands out among the fathers of our system as the one head; he had, it is true, associates and assistants, but he was the master who devised framed, planned and executed the mighty work itself. Armed revolutions may overturn old governments, but it is only the philosophy of the statesman that can make new ones. But for

Jefferson, all the military successes of Washington might have produced but barren results. It was he who had thought out the work to be done, how to do it, and what should follow after it was done. It was not war and war alone that produced a successful revolution. It was not war at all that constructed our Government.

Before a Continental army existed, and before Washington was brought from his country home, on the banks of the Potomac, to lead the troops, this Republic was born in the conception of the genius, the patriotism and the courage of Thomas Jefferson. He was not a military man, nor a military hero, but the chosen instrument of the Almighty, in whose brain and heart had been infused the peaceful spirit of God itself, who had brought order out of chaos in the great universe, so Jefferson formed and massed the heterogenous elements of disunited colonies into one grand national Republic. Nor was this the only work of Jefferson. It became his duty, not only to create the State, but to provide also the means of its continuance. As he had designed and executed the first steps towards its formation, in the Declaration of Independence, and had followed this with a form of Federal union, he saw that something more than these were required. He knew that states, however free, may become despotic ; that governments, though born in revolution, imbued with a spirit of liberty, may die in anarchy. It was not enough for him that he had aided in the creation of a free people ; he saw that it was necessary to maintain that freedom. With this holy thought, that the freed colonies, whose political characters had been changed from vassalage to that of independence, he formed and established a political organization, which through its popular action should operate as a safeguard against attempts to reënslave the people, through monarchical tendencies or partisan deceptions. Hence was formed the Democratic party. In his brain was conceived this blessed combination. He was the author and sole arbitor of its fortunes during his life, and his spirit has watched over and protected it ever since. Its mission was to secure to posterity the full enjoyment of the blessings obtained in the American Revolution.

As popular opinion was to govern through the people's representatives, it was necessary to educate, to instruct, to consolidate and to make effective at the polls a just sentiment, a correct estimate of public questions, and a strict adherence to the true theory of government, upon which our institutions were originally founded. For this reason and to this end and purpose did Jefferson establish the Democratic party in 1802. He saw the old monarchial despotism striving through the efforts of demagogues to regain ascendency by the organization of a Federal party, headed by the selfish intrigues of ambitious aspirants to popular favor. To combat this, and to perpetuate our liberties, he sent out a note of warning and issued a second declaration, another proclamation of determined resistance, and a reminder of the glorious work which had been performed in 1776. This was the origin and the object of our organization.

How glorious was the thought—but how more glorious has been its lifetime and history. I have said that it was a proud title—that of American citizenship, to be one of this body of American citizens, and I now add it is yet a higher honor to be able to say in addition, I am a member of the National Democratic party, have always upheld its principles and supported its candidates. All that go to make this nation's greatness has been the work of that party, and to it and it alone may be traced the wonderful progress, the steady patriotism and the only adherence to the original intentions of the fathers of the Constitution, which has served to maintain the Union and secure its benefits. Such has been its history in the past, and as such it stands to-day. Amid unexampled trials and struggles it still lives. Its mission is but partially accomplished. Its destiny and work is still before us. As yet nothing has shaken the solidity of its organization. During the late civil war it was maintained intact, and though then thrown into a minority in the Government, it nevertheless had at the end of that war sufficient force and vitality to operate as a barrier to the attempted fanatical absorption of all the power in the Government, and the conversion of constitutional liberty into a narrow partisan despotism.

It is now the imperative duty of all good men to combine in one common effort to secure the ascendency of the Democratic party to power in the national Government.

Let us give to the canvass our best energies. Let us allay all intestine differences; let us throw ourselves into the contest with all the courage, tenacity, and resolution which so great a cause has the right to command from every lover of his country.

THE GRANDEUR OF OUR REPUBLIC.

AN ORATION BY RICHARD O'GORMAN,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT IRVING HALL, NEW YORK, JULY 4TH, 1876.

I ESTEEM myself much honored, citizens, in being allowed to participate in your festival to-day. I know that there is no need of my speaking to you. I know well that what I am able to say can add little or nothing to the grace and splendor of this occasion.

It seems to me, citizens, as if to-day were not like other days. Men's voices have in them a more genial, a more hearty ring; men's looks are more cheerful and friendly. A thousand banners float upon the breeze. From a thousand church steeples the chimes ring out their melody on the throbbing air. In a thousand stately houses of prayer anthems peal and hymns of praise ascend to heaven. These are the voices of the great city, the signs and symbols by which it strives to give utterance to the sentiments of pride, praise, and exultation with which its million hearts are jubilant to-day.

And in all this tumult, this tempest of enthusiasm, there is neither affectation nor exaggeration, nor excess. For the event we celebrate is a great event—great a hundred years ago, great to-day, and to be great and memorable in the time to come, when you and I shall all have passed away and the memory of us shall have perished from the earth.

In other countries I have seen national festivals splendidly kept. There they know well the virtue of preserving a nation's traditions and allying its present, as far as may be, with whatever of pride and honor belong to its past. And yet, the events they commemorated were of merely local interest, and awakened but limited and partial sympathies—some hard-fought battles won—some enemy's city taken and sacked—some smiling land made desolate—some hostile race subdued. But such achievements

triumphantly celebrated by the conqueror, were to the conquered only memories of defeat and agony and humiliation. What was a holiday to one people was a day of woe and mourning to another.

In the day we celebrate, there is, thank God, no sorrow—over its clear sky comes no cloud. Its memories are undimmed by a single tear. There is no man of any race or creed or nation or color under the sun who, looking back on the deed done here in America a hundred years ago, can truly say that it wrought wrong or ill to him or his—no man who can deny that it was well done, and a deed wise and beneficial to all mankind.

You have all read the Declaration of Independence; you have it by heart; you have heard it read to-day. A hundred years ago it was a new revelation, startling with new terror kings on their thrones, and bidding serfs in their poor huts arise and take heart, and look up, with new hope of deliverance. It asserted that all men, kings and peasants, master and servant, rich and poor, were born equal with equal rights, inheritors of equal claim to protection from the law; that governments derived their just powers, not from conquest or force, but from the consent of the governed, and existed only for their protection and to make them happy. These were the truths eternal, but long unspoken; truths that few dared to utter, which Providence ordained, should be revealed here in America, to be the political creed of the peoples all over the earth. Like a trumpet blast blown in the night, it pealed through the dark abodes of misery and aroused men to thought and hope and action.

France caught the sound and awoke and tore off the tattered trappings from feudalism, and trampled the decrepit thing under her feet. Greece, dreaming of Marathon and Thermopylæ, shook off her long lethargy, caught up again sword and shield, beat back, as of old, Asia and barbarism, and consecrated anew to freedom the Home of Athene, the fair land of the olive and the vine. To Poland, Hungary, Belgium, Italy, the summons was carried on the western winds. Even England herself found in the protest of her rebel colonies the forgotten lesson of her own liberties, and in the success of rebel arms the dearest rights of her own people were saved.

And that trumpet blast still is pealing and will peal, still summons whatever of manhood remains in mankind to assert itself. Still, at that sound the knees of tyrants will be loosened with fear, and the hopes of freemen will rise and their hearts beat faster and higher as long as this round earth hangs poised in air, and men live upon it whose souls are alive with memories of the past.

The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, of war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the Colonies when they threw down the gage of battle. On one side was England —strong in consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or defeat. On the other side, the Thirteen Colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens who had left for a while, plough and anvil, and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news; ill news from the North—Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and the expedition against Canada, had miserably failed. The lakes were all open to British ships, and a dusky cloud of savages, armed and enlisted in the name of the King, was gathering in the west, threatening at any moment to burst on the defenceless land in a storm of havoc and slaughter and devastation, compared with which the ordinary horrors of war were acts of mercy. Ill news from the South—a fleet of British-men-of-war had crossed the bar at Charleston, South Carolina. All during the long summer's day they had been pouring shot and shell upon the little forts, where Moultrie and Marion and William Jasper were sullenly

returning shot for shot. And now the night was come, and from steeple and house-top the citizens of Charleston watched flash after flash and prayed for dawn to give them light to see if the defiant flag of freedom was still there.

Ill news from New York—Lord Howe's ships were riding in the Lower Bay, and a British army of thirty thousand men menaced the city with attack. In New York city, counsels were wavering and uncertain. Persons of rank, and wealth, and culture, were for the most part on the side of the crown, and longed to see the "Union Jack" again floating above them. The Continental forces in New York did not exceed 7,500 men. Even among them there was disaffection. Treachery was at work. A plot had been discovered to take the life of the commander-in-chief, and some of his body guard had been hanged for it. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might well be forgiven for losing heart.

Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question, on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The King might relent—conciliation was not impossible—a monarchial form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they loth to lose it.

Then war was a terrible alternative. They saw the precipice and they shuddered and started back appalled. But on the other side, were the men of the hour—the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people's great heart. They, too, saw the precipice. Their eyes fathomed all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for ages, generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue, and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom. Remember, that between the thirteen colonies there were then but few ties.

They differed in many things; in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now.

One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, North to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia. The holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation, to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom, or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names. The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose ; the people, whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship ; the people waited but for the word ; ready to fight, ready to die if need be for independence. And so God's will was done upon the earth.

The word was spoken, the "Declaration" was uttered that gave life and name to the "United States of America," and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home. It was a spell, a talisman, an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which the veterans of Britain recoiled.

Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and Lafayette of France, De Kalb of Germany, Kosciusko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all, was that calm, fearless, steadfast soul, which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undaunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful heaven provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was in that early crisis of the American republic its foremost man—George Washington.

Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers of earth and air and sea began to do her bidding, and cast their treasures at her feet.

From the thirteen parent Colonies, thirty-eight great States and Territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came—across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor. On they came, in columns, mightier than ever a king led to battle—in columns, millions strong, to conquer a continent, not to havoc and desolation, but to fertility and wealth, and order, and happiness.

They came from field and forest in the noble German land—from where amid cornfield and vineyard, and flowers, the lordly Rhine flows proudly toward the sea. From Ireland—from heath-covered hill and grassy valley—from where the giant cliffs stand as sentinels for Europe, meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

Of triumphs like these, who can estimate the value. The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-five millions to-day. We have great cities, great manufactures, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they are not all. Whatever fate may befall this Republic, whatever vicissitudes or disasters may be before her, this praise, at least, can never be denied to her, this glory she has won forever, that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous; that she gave to the stranger a welcome—opened

to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope for all his ability, a free career and fair play.

And this, it is, that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes of the peoples all over the earth. Not her riches nor her nuggets of gold, nor her mountains of silver, nor her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things be. It is this, that most of all makes her name beloved and honored; that she has always been broad and liberal in her sympathies; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain, a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of time than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this, the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

Vicissitudes the United States has had and will have. Neither man nor nation is exempt from error and passion and sin, nor from the sorrows that sin and passion are sure to entail. It is not given to man nor to nation to escape the drinking of that bitter cup. But look to other countries. Look to the history of Europe for the last hundred years, and say if Europe has not undergone disasters more severe than ours. Think of all her wars, insurrections and revolutions. The streets of her fair cities bristling with barricades and slippery with blood. Her society divided into hostile camps, labor in wretchedness and rags, eyeing with jealousy and aversion idleness in wealth, luxury and splendor.

There, frauds in high places are covered up and concealed. Here, there is no man so high that the arm of the law can not reach him, or the lightning of public opinion strike and wither him with its scorn. There, eight millions of armed men eat the substance of its people and menace its industry and repose with fear of change, fear of new convulsion and new wars. Here, no foreign foe can hurt us. This republic could hold her own against the rest of the world in arms.

We have passed through the terrible ordeal of civil war. That calamity in which other republics have miserably perished

has befallen us. This republic has not perished. Its life, its liberty have survived. Still a written Constitution, assented to by the people, is the supreme law, the great charter of the land. The right of free discussion is preserved. We have a free press, under whose fearless and ceaseless scrutiny no crime can remain long undiscovered, no conspiracy long undetected, no secret undevulged, no public offender go long unwhipped of justice.

The storm is past. The great deluge has subsided. The means still remain to us by which we can restore what should be restored, redress, reconstruct, and reform. And do not doubt, citizens, but that in the revolution which is past, spite of all its losses, and they have been grievous, great good has been achieved. No convulsion so great has ever tortured and torn society without leaving some gain behind.

Let us frankly and thankfully accept that good. Let us value it all the more for the great price we have paid for it and must still pay. The Union is saved, not only saved, but firmer, stronger than ever. For a century to come no man will be insane enough to dream of the possibility of its dissolution. That danger is past. The blow which threatened to dissolve and shatter it, has but welded it together into harder and more compact stolidity. It remains to us, citizens, to make that union not only a firm, but a happy union—happy for South as for North, for West as for East; not a union of force and fear and distrust, but a union of friendship and mutual confidence; not a fetter of iron to bind the hands, but a wreath of flowers to chain the affections and delight the heart. Slavery exists no more in the United States! The civil war has swept it away forever. That ancient cause of quarrel can disturb us no more. The debate is closed. The question is gone into judgment, from which there is no appeal. It is written forever in the Constitution, and in all things the Constitution must be respected and obeyed.

These gains the civil war has brought with it. Of the losses it has entailed I do not care to say much to-day. The occasion is not fitting—on this day no word of sadness should be uttered, no word of anger, no word that tastes of the bitterness of mere faction. To-day we are all Americans—proud of our great republic, proud of its past, hopeful of its future.

Let other men on other days tell you of the nation's errors and her faults. That there have been faults, drawbacks, contradictions, prejudices, and follies to be deplored no one can deny. He that searches for these things will find them in the doings of every people. Stand on the bank of any great river and trace its course and you will see its babbling shallows, its rough cataracts, its dark, deep, and treacherous pools. You will see eddies, where the stream seems to flow back upon itself—you will see it as it comes from among cities—from the marts of commerce, turbid, disfigured, and soiled. But go to a distance, ascend some eminence where a broader view can be obtained. Look at the river then. It flows like a ribbon of silver under the sun, following always its destined course to the sea, broad, deep, resistless, bearing on its breast, health and wealth and happiness to man.

So it is with this republic. There is in it no wrong that may not be righted, no stain that may not be removed, no loss that may not be repaired, no sorrow that, in time, may not be forgiven and forgotten. I have faith in time. Complete reconciliation between friends, once estranged, may be slow in coming, but it will come at last. The waves will heave and toss for a while, though the great storm be over and the winds be still, but calm will come, the sky will clear and God's blessed sun shine out at last. With us here, the time, too, will come, when men will take shame to be called "Northern men," or "Southern" or "Eastern" or Western men." We are all Americans. He robs himself of honor who chooses a narrower title.

And now the first 100 years of the nation's life are over. The first stage in the journey is accomplished. Behind us lies the past. Look back at it, it is a glorious past; full of good, full of honor, full of benificence to all mankind. Look back at it with pride. We turn to the path before us—the future—what shall it be? It is for you, citizens, to answer. The power to mould and govern that future is in your own hands. You have the ballot. Use it wisely; use it honestly. Better weapon was never yet in freemen's hands. Preserve that weapon always with jealous care. Keep the right of free suffrage at all hazards, for in the hour that right is surrendered, the democratic Republic dies.

There are dangers before the Republic and around it. All life is full of danger. I have striven to tell you how, in the great days of old, the fathers of the Republic, spite of great dangers, laid its foundations broad and deep. They had selfishness to counteract, ambitions to watch, treachery to defeat. They had plots and conspiracies to guard against, the unwisdom of those who were honest, and the intrigues of those that were not honest. There were men among them, as there are among us, timid and faint of heart, who despaired of the Republic. In spite of all these, and a thousand other obstacles, the American people, a hundred years ago, achieved American Independence. You are inheritors of all their honors; you enjoy the benefits of their success. It cannot be that you can fail in the easier task of preserving the nation they made. A great issue is soon to be tried before you. Even now two great parties are at your feet, each soliciting your favor, claiming your confidence and asking you to confide to its hands rule over the Republic, and the control of all its patronage and power. All this, citizens, is yours to give. On you rests now all the responsibility. Think well how you decide, for on your judgment may depend the future of your Republic.

I do not address you to-day as a partisan. In an hour like this we stand above the level of party. Parties are the people's servants, bound to carry out the people's will. Sometimes parties come into existence only to fulfill some special mission, and that mission accomplished, they die of their own success, or lag superfluous on the stage, and stop the way of progress. Some parties seem fitted to conduct war—others to guide the nation in the ways of peace. But the sure and unfailing test by which the capacity of any party for future usefulness can be ascertained, is found in careful study of its conduct in the past. Party platforms are of little value; party promises are easily made and easily broken. Words may deceive, deeds tell the truth. By their fruits you shall know them.

Apply the test to our own case. For fifteen years one great party has had possession of the Government of this nation—of this period four years were spent in war, which was, it is claimed, vigorously prosecuted and brought to a successful end—all

the credit that may be due to this party for this achievement it deserves, and it has had it; it has received besides in honors and emoluments an ample and generous recompense. For all this, it has had its reward. But in the eleven years of peace that have passed since that war ceased, what account can it give of its stewardship? During all that period it has been absolute master of the Republic and of all its resources. It has levied taxes as it pleased, and spent them as it pleased. No party opposition has been strong enough to check its action. It has been omnipotent and supreme.

Now, citizens, look at the result. Is any man satisfied with it? Is it not time to ask this party, in whose hands you have placed the Government for the last eleven years of peace, why accumulating misfortunes oppress the land? This is not a question of party. It is a question for the nation. It affects your homes, your dearest interests, the interests of your wives and children. Do not allow yourselves to be diverted from it.

Eloquent orators will address you. They will appeal to your prejudices and strive to arouse your passions. Beware of them. Prejudice and passion are unsafe guides—false lights that lure men into ruin. Trust rather to your own reason, to your own strong common sense, and to the clear light which heaven has set in your own hearts.

What policy does the people of the United States desire in the Government of the future? As to this, I think good people of all parties are nearly agreed. The people wish that henceforth the Government, throughout all the land, shall be a Government, not of force, but of law—law lawfully executed and honestly administered—that elections throughout all the land shall be free, so that the fountain from which all the power of Government should flow, shall not be choked and poisoned at its source; we want that official extravagance should be stopped, that official economy should be enforced, and that the progress of real and substantial reform should be everywhere unchecked and triumphant. We want that the burden of taxation should be lightened from the shoulders of the people, that confidence be restored, enterprise be revived, and the wheels of commerce again be set in motion.

We want that our Goverment shall keep the nation's faith inviolate, fulfill all its just obligations, respecting and protecting all rights, all interests, not only of the public creditors, but of the debtor people. We want that the individual rights and dignity of our citizens be better respected by public servants; we want no insolence in office, no assumption by any class or clique of the right to rule. We want that all men, poor and rich, artisan and millionaire, shall be equal in the eye of the law, so that the Declaration of Independence shall not be a mere sounding phrase, but a wholesome fact. We want union, real, active, substantial, all through the republic, so that all men may think and work together for the common weal.

These objects, I am sure, all the people desire to attain. It is for you to consider which of the two parties claiming your confidence is most able and most willing to carry out these objects. But think of these things for yourselves. Remember it is your own fate and the fate of all you hold most dear which is at stake.

Let all the people rise to the level of their great duty. Let the sovereign ascend the throne and take the sceptre in his hand. That sovereign never dies. Forms of government change; dynasties perish; empires fall; riches take wings and flee; war devastates; great cities decay; the people alone remain—conquest cannot kill it. Tyranny strives in vain to exhaust its power of endurance. Sometimes it sleeps and men forget it; sometimes it forgets itself; but, like letters written in invisible ink, which only become legible when held to the fire, so in the flame of great emergency—in the stress and storm of great crisis, the spirit of the people start into life.

Citizens of the great Republic, your hour is come. It is you now who are on trial. Only through your fault or folly can the Republic fall. Be true to your great record. Be equal to your great past. Across the chasm of a hundred years, your predecessors—the fathers and founders of this nation—speak to you to-day:

"We watched over the cradle of the Republic," say they. "We protected its infancy from harm, and history, with pen of light, has written our names on her scroll of honor. Our work

lasted for one hundred years. Shall it be your wretched fate to watch the Republic in its decline and to follow it to its grave?

Have we no answer to give? Have the thousand voices of this great city no meaning? Is there no response in all this magnificent festival, which reigns over all our land to-day? Ay, there is. The chimes from the high steeples ring the answer out; antham and hymn appeal to Heaven to witness its truth. This Republic shall live and not die. For a hundred years to come, it shall be prosperous, honored, free. This is our declaration. This promise we make to the past and to the future, and as our predecessors a hundred years ago, so say we. In support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

AN ORATION BY JUDGE H. A. GILDERSLEVE,

AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT IRVING HALL, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :—We are gathered here to-day from every quarter of this great metropolis, imbued with a common purpose and actuated by a common motive, which every individual present understands full well. Our ears are straining to hear and our minds are eager to receive the words of gratitude, patriotism and liberty—the themes to-day of 40,000,000 of freemen. Our hearts are swelling to greet these sentiments, and with shouts of applause to waft them on until they echo amid the white hills of the East and the mountains of the far West, or die away on the placid gulf of the South.

One hundred years of liberty and union! Not every year of peace and quiet, but if maintained sometimes by battle and blood so much the richer and dearer. Shall we not be pardoned on this day for manifestations of pride at the success of the Republic? The history of the world shows the people of every nation possess, instinctively, pride and love of country, and are we not justly proud of our country, which can point to more progress and more great achievement in a single century than have been vouchsafed to any other nation in a decade of centuries?

> The love of country! Time cannot efface it,
> Nor distance dim its heaven descended light;
> Nor adverse fame nor fortune e'er deface it.
> It dreads no tempest and it knows no night.

Who would not be an American citizen and claim a home in these United States? It has a home, bread and raiment for the family of every honest industrious man, no matter under what skies his eyes first saw the light of day, nor by what language he could be heard. Our lands are broad and free to all. The latch-string that opens to Uncle Sam's domain hangs ever

on the outside, and honest emigrants are always welcome within our borders. We try to-day to show our gratitude to the noble men who secured our independence and laid the foundation of our prosperity. What a pleasant task; but oh, how difficult! We have no memory rich with thankfulness that is not theirs. We have no praise rich with reverence that is not theirs. The world never saw more unselfish or truer patriots. No legislative hall ever held wiser statesmen. Our liberty is the fruit of their labor and sacrifice. At the mention of the name of the humblest of their numbers we now bow in humble adoration and thanksgiving. May this warm affection never cool in the hearts of the American people; may we never tire in studying the early history of our Republic and the characters and lives of the great men who forged for us so strong and well the pillars of liberty and equality. They are the boasted strength of our government and the envy of the other nations of the world. The past is a sure and safe guard by which to build hereafter. Our history assures us of the bright and lasting future if we but cling to the sheet anchor of our safety, the Constitution of the United States, and in harmonious accord remain loyal to our country's flag—emblem of liberty, "flag of the free heart's hope and home." And when thrones shall have crumbled into dust, when scepters and diadems shall have long been forgotten, the flag of our Republic shall still wave on, and its stars, its stripes, its eagle shall still float in pride and strength and glory over the whole land; not a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured.

THE HAND OF GOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. MORGAN DIX, D. D.,

DELIVERED AT TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, JULY 4TH, 1876.

Glory be to God! and here, throughout the land, far and near, through all our homes, be peace, good will and love. As one family, as one people, as one nation, we keep the birthday of our rights, our liberty, our power and strength. Let us do this with eyes and hearts raised to the Fountain of all life, the Beginning of all glory and might; with words of praise and thanks to God who rules on high; for He is the living God and steadfast power, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and His dominion shall be even unto the end. Wherefore as He is our strength and hope, let all begin and all go on, first and ever, with glory to God Most High. There are great things to think about to-day; the growth of the people, unparalelled in history; the vastness of their empire, a wonder of the latter days; the bands by which the mighty frame is held together—so slight to the eye, so hard to break; the many races welded into one; the marvellous land, with its oceans on all sides, its lakes themselves like lesser oceans, its icebergs and glaciers, its torrid deserts, its mountain ranges and rich, fat valley land, its climates of all kinds, its rivers, which would have seemed of all but fabulous length, its wealth in all that rock, and earth, and water can supply; and then the people—active, able, full of enterprise and force, acting with the power of a myriad of giants, speaking one language, living under one flag, bound by common interests, and, as to-day, kindled by one common feeling of devotion, pride, joy, hope, sure there is enough to think about to-day, enough to fill the soul and almost make the head giddy. But let these things be spoken of elsewhere; let others dwell upon them. We have a definite share in the national celebration: let us not forget our part, which is to lift to God a

great voice which He shall hear amid all the other voices of the hour. Why do we gather here? Is it to recount the praises of men and their mighty achievements? Is it to make display of our national greatness, to tell over our victories and conquests in divers scenes of conflict, to celebrate the names and acts of chieftains, statesmen, and rulers of the land, of brave and patient people who gave fortune, life, and sacred honor to the State, of any of those who deserve remembrance to-day? Let this be done elsewhere, as is right and fitting; let men stand up when it is convenient, and set oration and address do honor to the dead and the living, point the moral of our history, hold up the ideals of patriotism, virtue, and unselfish love of home and native land.

But we must be about our Father's business; we have other words to speak, deeper, further-reaching; our work here is to offer praise and glory to God; to bless Him in His relations to the nation as its Lord and King, as Ruler and Governor, as Providence, law-giver, and Judge. Without God nothing of what we properly value to-day could have been. Without God there could have been no nation, nor nation's birthday. It is He that hath made us and kept us one. The office of the Church is to bless and sanctify the nation's feast day. She cannot be indifferent nor unmoved. We are citizens of the earthly house as well as of the heavenly. We act in that double capacity in praising God Almighty, while with our brethren we keep the feast. And oh! what ground for thankfulness to-day. Think of the mighty hand that hath led us and upheld us through these hundred years—what it has done for us—what that right hand of the Most High hath wrought! Look back to the humble beginnings—to the poor little Colonists with their scant store, and their modest ambitions; think of their long-suffering patience, and also of their honorable resolve not to submit to oppression and injustice; remember the band of men who met together, just one hundred years ago, to sign the Declaration, how they did it—not, as popular legends tell us, with transports of enthusiasm and amid bell-ringing and general jubilation, but in secret session of Congress. With an awful sense of what it meant. With a vision of the gibbet and the axe before their

eyes, and well aware of the toil, and blood, and grief that it must cost to maintain their manly attitude before the world. Think with what dread and sinking of heart, with what tears and partings, with what conflicts of spirit, and what doubts as to the duty of the hour, the foundations were laid ; and let us have a tender heart toward the old fathers of the State, the men who took their lives in their hands, and so brought the new nation to the birth, and then amid what untold trials and sufferings they carried on their war ! Think of the great hearts ready to break, of the starved and ragged armies with that mighty spirit under their hunger-worn ribs, more frequently retreating than advancing, wasted by sickly summer heat, and often in winter standing barefoot in snow ; that squalid, sorrowful, anxious force working their sure way through cloud, and storm, and darkness to the victory, perfect and finished, at the end. It is touching to read the memorials of those days, and to think of all that has come since then ; how we are entered into their labors, and are at peace because they went through all that ; they sowed in tears and we reap in joy. So then let there be thanks to God for the past, out of which He has evoked the present grandeur of our State, and let us remember what we owe to those who went before, for a part of that debt is obvious ; to imitate the virtues and return to the simple mind, the pure intention, the unselfish d votion to the public weal which marked the founders of the Republic. It is a far cry to those days, but there still shine the stars which guided them on their way, the light of heaven illuminating the earth, the bright beacons of honesty, truth, simplicity, sincerity, self-sacrifice, under which, as under an astrological sign, the little one was born. Pray heaven those holy lights of morality and public virtue may not, for us, already have utterly faded away. Surely it is a marvellous thing to see how nations rise and grow ; how they gather strength ; how they climb to the meridian of their noonday light and glory ; how they blaze awhile, invested with their fullest splendors at that point, and thence how they decline and rush downward into the evening, and the night, and the darkness of a long, dead sleep, whence none can awake any more. This history is not made without God. His hand is in it all. His decrees on

nation and State are just, in perfect justice, as on each one of us men. And must it all be told over again in our case? Is there no averting the common doom? Must each people but repeat the monotonous history of those who went before? God only knows how long the course will be till all shall be accomplished. But certainly we, the citizens, may do something; we may live pure, honest, sober lives, for the love of country also, as well as for the love of Christ. We may, by taking good heed to ourselves, help to purify the whole nation, and so obtain a lengthening of our tranquility. We want much more of this temper; we need to feel that each man helps, in his own way, to save or to destroy his country. Every good man is a reason in God's eyes why He should spare the nation and prolong its life; every bad man, in his vicious, selfish, evil life, is a reason why God should break up the whole system to which that worthless, miserable being belongs.

If we love our country with a true, real love we shall show it by contributing in ourselves to the sum of collective righteousness what it may be in our power, aided by God's grace, to give. They are not true men who have no thanks to bring to the Lord this day. They are not true men who simply shout and cry, and make noisy demonstration, and speak great swelling words, without reason, or reflection, or any earnest thought to duty, to God, and the State. From neither class can any good come; not from the senselessly uproarous, not from the livid and gloomy children of discontent. They were thoughtful, patriotic, self-sacrificing men who built this great temple of civil and religious liberty. By such men only can it be kept in repair and made to stand for ages and ages. No kingdom of this world can last forever, yet many endure to a great age. The old mother country, England, in her present constitutional form, is more than 800 years old—a good age, a grand age, with, we trust and pray, many bright centuries to come hereafter, as good, as fair. Let us remember that for us, as for all people, length of days and long life and peace depend on the use we make of our gifts, on the fidelity with which we discharge our mission. And that is the reason why every one of us has, in part, his country's life in his own hands. But I

detain you from the duty of the hour. We meet to praise not man, but God ; to praise Him with a reasonable and devout purpose ; to bless him for our first century, for this day which He permits us to see, for our homes, our liberties, our peace our place among the powers of the earth. It is all from him, whatever good we have, and to him let us ascribe the honor and the glory. And let us say, with them of old time.

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers; and to be praised and exalted above all forever.

And Blessed is Thy glorious and holy name ; and to be praised and exalted above all forever.

Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thine holy glory ; and to be praised and glorified above all forever.

Blessed art Thou that beholdest the depths and sittest upon the cherubims; and to be praised and exalted above all forever.

Blessed art Thou in the glorious throne of thy kingdom ; to be praised and glorified above all forever.

Blessed art Thou in the firmament of heaven ; and above all to be praised and glorified forever.

Yea, let us bless the Most High, and praise and honor Him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation. And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing ; and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth."

The exercises closed with the benediction by Right Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese.

OUR FLAG.

BY REV. H. H. BIRKINS.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 4, 1876.

Mr. Chairman :—One of the most conspicuous and pleasing objects in our broad land to-day, is the starry emblem of freedom—our dear old flag. We see it, a centennial spectacle, floating everywhere, as we never saw it before, and as we never shall see it again. It is unfurled along our highways, it adorns our public and private dwellings, it floats over our temples of worship, our halls of learning and courts of justice, and waves as grandly and gracefully over the lowest cottage in the land, as over the proud dome of the capital itself. It is our flag, with sweet centennial memories clinging to every fold, our flag along whose stripes we may trace the triumphant march of one hundred years, and from whose stars we see the light of hope and liberty still flashing upon the nations.

The origin of our flag is, to some extent, involved in mystery and controversy. It has been claimed by some that its stars and stripes were first taken from the shield of the Washington family, which was distinguished by colored lines and stars ; and if this be so, it is not at all improbable, though by no means certain, that Washington himself may have suggested the peculiar form of the flag. The first distinctively American flag was unfurled to the breeze on the first day of January, 1776. It consisted of "seven white and seven red stripes," and bore upon its front the "red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew," and was called "The Great Union Flag." This flag quickly displaced all other military devices, and became the battle-banner of the American Army. In 1777, however, it was greatly changed. The crosses were omitted and thirteen red and white stripes were used to denote the thirteen States, and

thirteen stars were used to represent the union of those States. And our flag still retains its stars occasionally adding one to the number, and, as traitors know to their sorrow, it also still retains its *stripes, well laid on.* We have never found it necessary to ask true American citizens to respect and honor our flag. When Gen. Dix, on the 29th of January, 1861, penned those terse memorable words: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot;" the loyal people of the nation said, "Amen. So let it be."

We do not wonder that our people, and especially our soldiers love the flag. It is to them both a history and a prophecy. No wonder that brave soldier as he fell on the field of battle said, "Boys, don't wait for me; just open the folds of the old flag and let me see it once more before I die."

No wonder that Massachusetts soldier boy, dying in the gory streets of Baltimore, lifted up his glazing eyes to the flag and shouted, "All hail, the stars and the stripes!!!" Our flag is a power everywhere. One has justly said, "It is known, respected and feared round the entire globe. Wherever it goes, it is the recognized symbol of intelligence, equality, freedom and Christian civilization. Wherever it goes the immense power of this great Republic goes with it, and the hand that touches the honor of the flag, touches the honor of the Republic itself. On Spanish soil, a man entitled to the protection of our government was arrested and condemned to die. The American consul interceded for his life, but was told that the man must suffer death. The hour appointed for the execution came, and Spanish guns, gleaming in the sunlight, were ready for the work of death. At that critical moment the American consul took our flag, and folded its stars and stripes around the person of the doomed man, and then turning to the soldiers, said: "Men, remember that a single shot through that flag will be avenged by the entire power of the American Republic." That shot was never fired. And that man, around whom the shadows of death were gathering, was saved by the stars and the stripes. Dear old flag! Thou art a power at home and abroad. Our fathers loved thee in thine infancy, one hundred years ago; our heroic dead loved thee, and we loved thee, and fondly clasp thee to our hearts to-

day. All thy stars gleam like gems of beauty on thy brow, and all thy stripes beam upon the eye like bows of promise to the nation.

Wave on, thou peerless, matchless banner of the free! Wave on, over the army and the navy, over the land and the sea, over the cottage and the palace, over the school and the church, over the living and the dead; wave *ever more*, "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

OUR NATIONAL INFLUENCE.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. THOS. ARMITAGE, D.D.

DELIVERED IN THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION HALL, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 4TH, 1876.

We stand to-day, nationally, very much like a school of boys passing up into a higher grade of education. Hitherto, we have been but in the primary department. The revolution of 1776, was based not merely upon legislative measures, but the struggle was begun and completed, upon the great underlying principles of human nature itself. Anchored to these principles success was certain and perfect. Freedom, and the love of freedom, have been the glory of our history as a nation. Just where we have been free we have been strong, and just where we have not been free, we have been week. Yet, in a century, through which inexperience has been feeling its way, our nation has wrought out, and put into practical operation, the freest constitution in the world,—or I would rather say, the only free *popular* constitution in history. This instrument is the production of growth, having attained its present perfection by a series of progressive steps, or amendments, without taking one step backwards. Now, the solitary grandeur of this bond consists in the fact, that it does not cover one of those old crimes against the citizen which has always been perpetrated against him under the highest civilization in Europe. We boast to-day, that the foot of a slave does not press American soil. But is this all? Ought not every just mind, to remember with gratitude, that America has never originated any system of bondage. That dark system of slavery, which cost us so dearly, was bequeathed to us by the Dutch, the French, the Spainish and the English. The old American Colonies were almost unanimously arrayed against it, from Massachusetts to Georgia. Georgia, declared that it was "against the gospel and the English law," and was a "horrid crime." Virginia,

earnestly petitioned the Crown to allow her total exemption from it, alleging, that it would "endanger her very existence;" and South Carolina resisted the imposition of slavery upon her as an outrage.

But British cupidity insisted that the system, including the slave trade, was necessary in the colonies, to the building up of British commerce: therefore, the mother country turned a deaf ear to the wishes of the colonies, and forced slavery upon them against their consciences—against their rights—and against their remonstrances. More than that, she actually made a treaty with Spain, by which she was to enjoy the monopoly of the slave trade, and pledged herself to import 144,000 slaves into the West Indies within thirty years; and Queen Anne and Philip, took half the stock between them. Hence, when the Republic came into being, slavery was found in every colony. As well as they could, the fathers of our country began to remove it at once. The world had been balancing the question of freedom and bondage for thousands of years. Asia had investigated it, as best she could under the light of her civililization. Africa had attempted to solve the difficulty—and Europe had legislated upon it in every form. But it was left for the American colonies to say to the world, for the first time, on the 4th of July, 1776, that "All men are *born*, free and *equal*."

This avowal astonished the world, as if it were a formidable heresy; but when American democracy sealed it in patriotic blood, the world was thunderstruck, for no nation had ever thought of stamping the seal of its blood on that doctrine before. And, from that day to this, in one hundred years, the American Republic has done more for liberty and against bondage than all other people had done before. Britain is entitled to great credit for her West Indian emancipation. But it cost her half a century of bitter agitation before she could adopt that high policy, as well as great treasure. Even then, she adopted it merely as a policy and paid for it as a bargain, failing largely to bring down the doctrine of freedom to the question of man's rights as the root of his humanity.

Peter Bayne, one of her ablest sons, says on this point: "With a look of magnanimity, justice, and love, Britain un-

chained her slaves; with a superb generosity, she paid down twenty millions, and washed from her hands the stain of blood. The nations of the earth looked on in admiration; from the four corners of the world came shouts of applause. It seemed indubitable that it had been an act of justice and humanity to the negro. But the plaudits were premature. If appearances could be trusted, it was not the negro but herself Britain had spared." She did not move a step in her West India policy, till she was well persuaded that it was for her fiscal interests to do so, and then, the measures which she adopted to free herself of slavery, were those which half a dozen of the American States had already adopted; always excepting, that they freed their slaves without remuneration, while she claimed and paid to herself their full monied value. Meanwhile, without being the author of the slave system, our nation has quietly gone forward working out the problem of the Declaration of Independence, and in a century, on the principle that slavery jeoparded the liberties of the nation, has made this the home of free men only, and forever.

Then, again, we ought to give thanks, no less, because, the influence of our nation has been extremely wholesome upon othe nations; chiefly, through the influence of this Republic the late French empire failed to bring Mexico back to monarchical institutions, under Maxamilian. And, certainly, no well informed man can doubt that the moral weight of example on the part of the United States has been very great upon the modern political history of France herself. The present constitutional Republic of France, built up over the grave of Napoleon III., and conformed so largely to the model of our own, sufficiently attests this. Then again, the power of the American States has been immensely felt upon the destinies of Spain. Unfit from want of proper educational culture, for the liberties of a firm republic, she has made the attempt to found one, with anamount of success that has astonished those who are best acquainted with her intellectual and moral *status*. The form thereof has passed away for the present, but the seeds of civil and religious liberty have been sown in her constitution and institutions, so freely and efficiently, that they can never be uprooted hereafter. And most of all, the

reflex influence of this country upon Great Britain herself, has been, and is still felt. In many respects the influence acting back and forth between the two nations, the one upon the other, has been reciprocal, as would be natural, arising from a common origin of language, blood, common law and religion, to say nothing of the mutual interests of commerce. But in all political aspects, our political life has had a leavening influence upon them tenfold greater than theirs has been upon us. Within my own memory Roman Catholics could not sit in the English Parliament, and a jew could not be a British citizen. Now, all this is done away with, and as in our own country, no religious test is applied in her parliamentary representation so that the Catholic commoner and peer sit side by side with their Protestant fellow-citizens, and a native Jew is Premier of the empire.

With the overthrow of religious caste in her parliament, England has abandoned her Stamp Act upon newspapers, leaving the press free in more senses than one—has extended her suffrage, till it is all but universal—has granted the right of the ballot—abolished religious tests in her universities—disestablished the Irish Church—and made merit and not purchase the price of promotion in her army. All these are American measures, and for all these, and many other things, we should give thanks to God; these blessings are from Him.

And as to the future, let us resolve to conserve all our liberties more jealously than ever. It is with pain that we think of any bigot amongst us breathing the thought that the proscription of Roman Catholics in the United States is within the possibility of toleration. I feel ashamed when I hear men say that the Catholic and his religion have no right here, for the claim is a most prepostrous one. Did not Roman Catholics discover America? Have they not mingled their blood with other patriots, first in securing the independence of the United States from Britain, and then in perpetuating its liberties in the late civil war? Who were Carroll and Rosecrans and Sheridan, but Catholics? besides thousands of other patriots, whose names will be dear to the country while it stands. And it is not a little mortifying that the two great political conventions recently held have not yet learned that proscription of

the Mongolian is just as odious to true American principles on the subject of human rights, as the bondage of negroes, and the persecution of Jews or Catholics. If "all men are *born* free and *equal*," and this utterance means anything but an empty avowal, then, Mongolians have as much right here as Africans, or Europeans, or anybody else, and are entitled to the same liberties.

I apprehend that the men of a hundred years to come will blush to think that black men or white—Jew or heathen—skeptic or Christian—can be questioned as to their right to a home in this land, and to protection under its banner, as coming of their rightful inheritance in common with others, to all the immunities of men, and that simply on the ground that they are "*men*."

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SUNG AT NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1876.

Through storm and calm the years have lead
Our nation on from stage to stage
A century's space until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see there, o'er our pathway swept,
A torrent stream of blood and fire;
And thank the ruling power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell,
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears;
But with us let thy memories dwell,
To warn and lead the coming years.

And thou, the new beginning age,
Warned by the past and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

THE ADVANCE OF A CENTURY.

AN ORATION BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DELIVERED AT PEEKSKILL, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Of all the places on this Continent, where, from political considerations, vast assemblies should gather to-day, there is no place that can equal Philadelphia, where that orator and statesman and civilian, Evarts, is holding in rapt attention the great crowds. Yet if it be not a question of political but of military interest, I know of no other point throughout the land where the people may more fitly assemble for retrospect and for pride than in this goodly place of Peekskill. For we stand in the very centre of the military operations that were during the Revolution conducted in the northern part of the country. The great ferry—the King's Ferry, by which chief communication was had between all New England and New Jersey and Pennsylvania, within whose bounds there was the greatest part of the population of the county—lies right opposite to us. This is the centre of the scene of that vast drama. Around this region was that great drama played—the treachery of Arnold and the sad recompense upon André. In these streets our armies have trod. In this town, indeed, Washington dated the commission which was the last received by Arnold at the hands of his countrymen. Off upon this bay hovered the British fleet.

A hundred years have passed since this region was the theatre of such stirring scenes and vicissitudes. A hundred years is a long period in the life of a man—a short period in the life of a nation. A hundred years! It is eighteen hundred since the Advent. A thousand years scarcely take us back beyond the beginning of European nations in their modern form. A hundred years is scarcely the "teens" to which nations come. And it seldom happens that any nation has for its thousand such a hundred years as that which has been

vouchsafed to us. From a population of scant three millions, including the slave population, we have swelled to more than forty millions. Then a small strip of settled territory lined the Atlantic. Almost no foot except the pioneer's had trod the mountain path, or had pressed the soil of the country beyond. Now the Atlantic and the Pacific are joined by the wire and by the iron road, and that has come to pass in reality which in the Scripture is spoken of in poetry—"Deep answers unto deep;" and the ocean breaks upon one shore to be answered by the other; and all the way across the thickly-settled communities—towns and cities innumerable.

And yet this is but small as compared with the augmentation of material interests. The wealth that scarcely now is computable, the industries that thrive, the inventions, the discoveries, the organizations of labor and of capital, the vast spread of the industries through the valleys and over the hills—who can estimate that of the early day which was but as a seed compared with that of our day which waves like Lebanon? And yet what are machines, ships and rails—what are granaries and roads and canals—what are herds upon a thousand hills—what are all these in comparison with man? All labor and the products of labor are valuable only as they promote the virtue and the comfort of man—only as they promote the manhood which is in man. Though we had a quadrupled wealth, yet if the people were decayed or enfeebled, what would our prosperity be worth? Not worth the assembling here to look back upon, or to look forward to. The value of our material growth is to be estimated by its effect upon the people.

What, then, has been the history of a hundred years in regard to the people of America? Are they as virtuous as they were a hundred years ago? Are they as manly as they were a hundred years ago? Are they as intelligent, are they as religious as they were a hundred years ago? Not only that—have these individuals that we shall find, perhaps, as we examine, to be more or less religious, moral, intelligent, happy—have they learned anything in that highest of all arts, the art of man to live with man—the art of organizing society, of conducting government, of promoting the common weal through

broad spaces and through vast multitudes? What is the history of the people? What are we to-day? What our fathers were we know. Their life was spent; their history was registered; we read what they were, and form an estimate of them with gratitude to God; but what are we, their sons; Have we shrunk? Are we unworthy of their names and places and functions, which have been transmitted from their hands to ours? What are the laws, what are the institutions, what is the Government, what are the policies of this great nation, redeemed from foreign thrall to home independence? Are they committed to puny hands, or is manhood broadened and strengthened and ennobled?

Look then at our population. See what it is, spread abroad through all the land. It might almost be said that America represents every nation on the globe better than the nation represents itself. We have the best things they have got in Ireland, for we have stripped her almost bare. We have the canny Scotchman in great numbers among us, though not enough for our own good, and too many for Scotland's good. We have the Englishman among us, and are suspected ourselves of having English blood in our veins! We have also those from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia even, Germany, Austria and Hungary, Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland. We can cull from all these nations out of our population men in large numbers of whom they are not ashamed, and for whom we are grateful. We have our fields tilled by foreign hands, and our roads built by them.

This is a matter of political economy; but the question which I propose to you is, What are they as component elements of a new American stock? Do you believe in stock—do you believe in blood? I do. Do you believe in "crossing" judiciously? Do you believe that the best blood of all nations will ultimate by and by in a better race than the primitive and the incomplex races? Mixed now in kindly alliance we have fortified and enriched our blood; we have called the world to be our father and the father of our posterity; and there never was a time in the history of this nation when the race stock had in it so much that was worth the study of the physiologist and philanthro-

pist as to-day. We are enriched beyond the power of gratitude. I for one regard all the inconveniences of foreign mixtures, the difference of language, the difference of customs, the difference of religion, the difference in domestic arrangements—I regard all these inconveniences as a trifle ; but the augmentation of power, of breadth, of manhood, the promise of the future, is past all computation ; and there never was, there never began to be in the early day, such promise of physical vigor and of beauty and energy and life as there is to-day upon this continent.

And now consider not only that this race-stock for these reasons is made a better one than that which existed a hundred years ago, but that the conditions of existence among the whole population are better than they were a hundred years ago. We not only wear better heads, but we have better bellies, with better food in them. We have also better clothes now. In other words, the art of living healthily has advanced immensely ; and though cities have enlarged, and though the causes of danger to sanitary conditions are multiplied, science has kept pace ; and there never was a time, I will not say in our own history, but in the history of any nation on the globe, when the conditions of life were so wholesome, the conditions of happiness so universally diffused, as they are to-day in this great land. We grumble—we inherit that from our ancestors ; we often mope and vex ourselves with melancholy prognostications concerning this and that danger. Some men are born to see the devil of melancholy ; they would see him sitting in the very door of heaven, methinks! Not I ; for though there be mischiefs and troubles, yet when we look at the great conditions of human life in society, they have been augmented favorably, and they never were so favorable as they are to-day.

More than that : if you look at the diversity of the industries by which men ply their hands, if you look at the accumulating power of the average citizen, you will find that it is in the power of a man to earn more in a single ten years of his life to-day than for our ancestors in the whole breadth of their life. The heavens are nearer to us than they were to them : for we have learned the secrets of the storm and of the subtle lightning.

The earth itself is but just outside our door-yard. We can now call to Asia and the distant part of the earth easier than they could to Boston or Philadelphia a hundred years ago: and all the fleets of the world bring hither the tribute of the globe, and that not for the rich man and the sumptous liver, but for the common folks of the land to which we all belong. The houses in which we live are better; better warmed in winter—and our summers are well warmed too. The implements by which the common man works are multiplied; the processes which he can control, and which are so organized in society that he gets the reflex benefit of them, are incalculable. And all that the soil has, all that the sea has, all that the mountain locks up, and all that is invisible in the atmosphere, are so many servitors working in this great democratic land for the multitude, for the great mass of the common people. We are in that regard advanced far beyond the days of our fathers; for then they had not escaped from the hereditary influences of aristocratic thoughts, aristocratic classes, or aristocratic tendencies even in government. But the progress of democracy—which is not merely political, but which is in religion, in literature, in art, and even in mechanics—the great wave of democratic influence has been for a hundred years washing in further and further toward the feet of the common people. And to-day there is not on the face of the globe another forty millions that have such amplitude of sphere, such strength of purpose, such instruments to their hand, such capital, such opportunity, such happiness. And that leads me to speak—going aside from the common people individually or as in classes—of their institutions, and let me begin where you began, in the household.

What is the family and the household to-day as compared with the family and the household a hundred years ago? Time is a great magnifying medium. We look back a hundred years and think that things in the household and society must have been better and finer than they are to-day. No, no. If there has been one thing that has grown silently, without measurement, without estimation and without appreciation, it has been the scope, the richness, the happiness, the purity, the intelligence, of the American household. For, although there were

here and there notable mansions; here and there notable households of truth, intelligence and virtue in the olden time yet we are concerned with the averages; and the average American household is wiser to-day than it was a hundred years ago.

There is more material for thought, for comfort and for home loving to-day, in the ordinary workman's house, than there was a hundred years ago in one of a hundred rich men's mansions. For no man among us is so poor—unless he drinks whiskey too much; no man that was well born among us (and to be well born is, first, to be born at all, and secondly, to be born out of virtuous parents, who set the child good examples)—no man that has been well born in this land is so poor as to stand at the bottom of the ladder for twenty years. No man in this country needs to do that, unless there has been some radical defect in his birth or his training. The laborer ought to be ashamed of himself who in twenty years does not own the ground his house stands on, and the house unmortgaged; who has not in that house provided carpets for the rooms, who has china in his cupboards, who has not his chromos, who has not some picture or portrait hanging upon the walls, who has not some books nestling on the shelf, who has not a household that calls home the sweetest place on earth. This is not at all a picture of the future; it is a picture of the homes of the workingmen of America. The average workingmen live better to-day in the household and in the family than they did a hundred years ago. We have come to it stealthily, without record or observation; yet it is none the less true that the average condition of the household for domestic comfort has gone up more than one per cent. for every year of the last hundred years.

But that is not all. The members of the household also have developed, and chiefly she into whose hand God put the rudder of time. For if Eve plucked the apple that Adam might help her eat it, she has been beforehand with him and has steered him ever since. The household that has a bad woman may have an angel for a husband, but he is helpless. The household that has a brute for a husband is safe if the woman be God's own woman. It has long been a proverb that a man is what his wife will let him be. It is more than a proverb that the

children are what the mother makes them. She is the legislator of the household ; she is the judge that sits upon the throne of love. All severity comes from love in a mother's hand ; she is the educator ; she also is the atonement when sins and transgressions have brought children to shame. The altar of penitence is at the mother's knee, and not the heart of God knows better how to forgive than she. Now if womanhood has gone down, woe be to us; for the richer we are and the stronger we are the worse we are; but if womanhood has gone up in intelligence, in influence, in virtue and religion, then the country is safe, though its fleets were sunk and its cities were burned, though its crops were mildewed and blasted. For easy is recovery where the head forces are sound; but where there is corruption at the initial point of power all outward adjuvants and helps are in vain.

And I declare that in the last hundred years woman, who before had brooded and blossomed in aristocratic circles, has in America come to blossom through democratic circles, and is in America to-day undisputed and uncontradicted what before she has been allowed to be only when she had a coronet upon her brow, or some scepter of power in her hand. Not only is she unvailed, not only is she permitted to show her face where men do congregate, not only is she a power in the silence of the house, but she has become in the church a teacher ; and Paul from a thousand years ago may in vain now say, "Let not your women teach in the church." They cannot go there without being teachers and silent letters. They are the books and epistles that are known and read of all men. They have come to such a degree of knowledge, they have come to such a use of intellectual treasure, they have so learned how to dispose of that primal and highest gift, moral intuition, which God gave to them in excess over man, as that never before in any land, certainly never in our own, was womanhood at such a point of power and influence as the present day. Nor has she done growing. That power which was latent and indirectly applied is seeking for itself channels that shall be direct and influential. You may die too soon to see, as many have died before they saw the beatific vision, but you that live long enough will see woman

vote, and when you see woman voting you will see less lying, less selfishness, less brutality, and more public spirit and heroism and romance in public affairs. I do not propose to discuss the question at any length with you, but I cannot fail to recognize, with thanksgiving, that steady advance which is sure to make woman a voter in this generation.

In the beginning of our history no man could vote who was not a member of the church; and, by the way, the deacons, to relieve the church members from the trouble of calling at the ballot-boxes, took their hats and went around and collected the votes from house to house; but deacons in those days were trustworthy. After a little a man was allowed to vote, though he did not belong to the church, if he was a white man and owned property to a certain amount, and that was the first step in augmentation of suffrage and the widening of its distribution.

After a time it became necessary to knock down even that exception. Franklin labored with might and main to this end, and employed that significant argument: "If a man may not vote unless he is a property-holder to the amount of one hundred dollars, and he owns an ass that is worth just a hundred dollars, and to-day the ass is well and he votes, but to-morrow the ass dies, and he cannot vote—which votes, the ass or the man?" The property qualification disappeared before the democratic wave, which washed it all away.

Then came the question of foreigners' voting. They were not allowed to vote except upon long probation. Like many of your fences, one rail after another fell down, until the fence that at first was so high that it could not be jumped, became so low that anything could jump it that wanted to; and in New York now they jump it quite easily. But the day is coming, and I hope very soon, when this pretense of limitation will itself be taken away, and every man that means in good faith to settle here shall have it proclaimed to him, the moment he stands here, "You are not to partake of the protection of our laws without bearing your own personal responsibility for the execution of those laws." I would make every man vote the moment he touches the soil of this country.

The next step to this was the admission of the colored man

to the franchise. This was the boldest thing that ever was done. It is said that it was a war measure. It was necessarily so connected with the war as to come under that general designation ; and I aver that no land ever, even in war, did so brave and bold a thing as to take from the plantation a million black men who could not read the Constitution or the spelling-book, and who could hardly tell one hand from the other, and permit them to vote, in the sublime faith that liberty, which makes a man competent to vote, would render him fit to discharge the duties of the voter. And I beg to say, as I am bound to say, that when this one million unwashed black men came to vote, though much disturbance occurred—as much disturbance always occurs upon great changes—they proved themselves worthy of the trust that had been confided to them. Before emancipation the black man was the most docile laborer that the world ever saw. During the war, when he knew that his liberty was the gage, when he knew the battle was to decide whether he should or should not be free, although the country for hundreds of miles was stripped bare of able-bodied white men, and though property and the lives of the women and children were at the mercy of the slave, there never was an instance of arson, or assassination, or rapine, or conspiracy, and there never was an uprising. They stood still, conscious of their power, and said, "We will see what God will do for us." Such a history has no parallel. And since they began to vote, I beg leave to say, in closing this subject, that they have voted just as wisely and patriotically as their late masters did before the emancipation.

And now there is but one step more. We permit the lame, the halt, and the blind to go to the ballot-box ; we permit the foreigner and the black man, the slave and the freeman, to partake of suffrage ; there is but one thing left out ; and that is the mother that taught us, and the wife that is thought worthy to walk side by side with us. It is woman that is put lower than the slave—lower than the ignorant foreigner. She is put among the paupers and the insane whom the law will not allow to vote. But the days are numbered in which the exclusion can take place.

So in a hundred years suffrage has extended its bounds until it includes the whole population, and there is nothing left that will not vote in less than another hundred years, unless it be the power-loom, the locomotive, and the watch ; and I sometimes think, looking at these machines and their performances, and seeing what they do, that they too ought to vote.

More than that, during this time what has been the progress of the country in intelligence and the means of intelligence? A hundred years ago, I had almost said, school-houses could be counted, certainly upon the hairs of your head, if not upon the fingers of your hand, in New England and throughout the country. As I remember them, they were miserable, unpainted buildings, that roasted you in winter and stank in summer, with slabs for seats, with old Webster for the spelling-book, with Daboll for the arithmetic, with three months of school in the winter, and with one, two or three in summer. Compare them with the high schools, the graded schools, and the primary schools, that are now the pride of every populous neighborhood. Has there been no augmentation in the instruments of intelligence.

Then there were perhaps twenty newspapers in the United States. Alas! how they have increased since then! These are said to be the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations ; and often in this regard that comes to pass which comes to pass in sickness—that men who take the leaves are made sicker than they were before. But every man reads the newspaper to-day. The drayman, at his nooning, divides the time between his little tin kettle and his newspaper. A man, though he goes home tired, yet must know what is the news. The vast majority of laboring men—not to speak of professional men, and men whose business requires that they shall read—know before the setting of the sun, on any given day, what is being done in Asia, what is being done in Turkey, what is being done in California, what is being done the world round—for this is a pocket-world now, when every man can carry it round for himself, in his newspaper.

Consider how cheap books are. Consider how wide is the diffusion of knowledge through essays, through treatises of va-

rious lands, through lectures, through all manner of instruments of enlightenment. Consider how our political organizations are turning themselves into great educating conventions, in which the best men discourses on their theories of government.

I hold that no German university ever had it in its halls such legists or judicial men as were turned out by wholesale in this country during the late war, and for years preceding that war, for the discussion of questions relating to the rights of the individual, the nature of the State, the duty of the citizen, and the functions and prerogatives of the Legislature and the Government. Never were a people so educated as this people were during the twenty-five years which preceded the present. For, let me tell you, in 1776 there were twenty-nine public libraries in the United States; or, there were about one and two-thirds volumes for each hundred of the people in the country. In 1876 there are 3,682 public libraries in the United States, not including the libraries of the common schools, of the Church, or the Sunday schools, numbering in the aggregate 12,276,000 volumes, or about thirty volumes to one hundred persons. Between 1775 and 1800—a period of twenty-five years—there were twenty public libraries formed. During another period of twenty-five years—between 1800 and 1825—there were 179 public libraries formed. During the next period of twenty-five years—between 1825 and 1850—there were 551 public libraries formed. During the twenty-five years intervening between 1850 and 1875, there were 2,240 public libraries formed. And in all the history of America there has not been a period when the brain of the population has teemed with such fertility as it did during the twenty-five years last past, in which the great and agitating discussions of slavery took place. During the war, when there was such a subsoiling of this country, there was displayed such an energy and activity of its people as they had never before displayed. Never before were there twenty-five years in which there were such tremendous agents employed for instruction; never before were there such instruments of enlightenment brought to bear upon us.

And that which is indicated in the increase of books is carried

out in the increase of newspapers and magazines, not only, but in the increase of machinery, and agriculture, and art, and the mechanical business of life. The impulse toward power and fruitfulness was never so eminent as it was during those twenty-five years in which the rights of men were the fundamental questions that were discussed, and in which we proved the sincerity of the North and the weakness of the South.

Thus far we have spoken of the condition of the common people and their various institutions. Let me say, in passing, one word on that subject which from my very profession it might be thought that I would mention first, and which on that very account I only glance at, lest I should seem to give undue prominence to that profession. The state of religious feeling in this country is more advanced to-day, by many and many degrees, than it has been in any period anterior to this.

When the Ohio River, the mountain snow melting, swells up to the measure of its banks, and begins to overflow and overflow, the big Miama bottoms are one sheeted field of water; and where I once lived—in Lawrenceburg, Indiana—I could take a boat and go twenty-five miles straight across the country, so vast was the volume. Now, suppose a man had taken a skiff and gone out over the fields and plumbed the depth and found only five feet of water, and had said, "Ah! only five feet of water, and the Ohio had forty feet." Well the Ohio has not shrunk one inch. There are forty feet there and there are five feet everywhere else. Religion used to be mainly in the church, and men used to have to measure the church in order to know how deep the religion was; but there has been rain on the mountains and the moral feeling that exists in the community and in the world has overflowed the bound of the church, and you cannot measure the religious life or the religious impulse of this people, unless you measure their philanthopy, their household virtue, and the general good will that prevails between classes and communities.

The church is not less than it has been, it is more than it ever was, but outside of it also there is a vast volume of that which can be registered under no head so well as under that of religious influence, and which never existed in days gone by

to the extent to which it exists now. I am one who, although I am a servant of the church, a minister within her bounds, whenever I look out of her windows and see hundreds of good men outside, am not sorry. I thank God when I see a better man in a denomination that is not my own than I see in my own denomination. I thank God when I see virtue and true piety existing outside of the church, as well as when I see it existing inside of the church. I recognize the hand of God as being as bountiful, and I recognize his administration as being as broad as the rains or the sunshine. God does not send to Peekskill just as much sunshine as you want for your corn and rye and wheat. It shines on stones and sticks and worms and bugs. It pours its light and heat down upon the mountains and rocks and everywhere. God rains not by the pint nor by the quart, but by the continent. Whether things need it or not, he needs to pour out his bounty, that he may relieve himself of his infinite fullness.

And so it is in the community. Never before was there so much conscience on so many subjects as there is to-day. I know there is not always enough conscience to go around. I know there are men whose consciences are infirm on certain sides. I know that in the various professions there are many places where there are gaps, or where the walls are too low. But the cultivation of the conscience is an art.

Conscience is a thing that is learned. No man has much more conscience than he is trained to. So the minister has his conscience; it is according to the training that he has had; and it is thought to be fair for him to hunt a brother minister for heresy, though it would not be fair for him to hunt him for anything else. A lawyer has his conscience. It is sometimes very high, and sometimes very low. As an average, it is very good. The doctor has his conscience, and his patients have theirs. Everybody has his conscience, and everybody's conscience acts according to certain lines to which he has been drilled and trained. Right and wrong are to the great mass of men as letters and words. We learn how to spell; and if a man spells wrong, and was taught in that way, nevertheless it is his way of spelling. And so it is with men's consciences.

Now, I aver that mere lagislative conscience is genius. Not one man in a million has a sense of what is right and wrong except as the result of education and experience. No man in complex circumstances has a conception of justice and rectitude by a legislative conscience. The great mass of men—teachers and taught—are obliged to depend upon the revelations of experience to enable them to determine what is right and wrong. They have to set their consciences by the rule of the experiences which they have gone through.

I aver, not that the conscience of this people is a perfect conscience, and not that it does not need a great deal of education, but that, such as it is, it is better and higher and more universal than it was at any other period of the hundred years that have just gone by. I would rather trust the moral sentiment of the community now on any question of domestic policy, or on any question of legislative policy, than at any earlier period in the history of America. I would rather trust the moral judgment and common sense of the millions of the common people, within the bounds of their knowledge, than the special knowledge of any hundred of the best trained geniuses that there are in the land.

This is not true in respect to those departments of knowledge which the common people have never reached. There is no common sense in astronomy, because there is no common knowledge in astronomy; the same is also true of engineering; but in that whole vast realm of questions which do come down to men's board and bosoms, the moral sentiment of the great mass of the common people is more reliable than the judgment of the few. In all those questions there is a common conscience and a common moral sense; and I say that the average moral sense and conscience of the community never were so high as they are to-day; and to-day they are at such a hight in the common people as to be safer in them than in any class in the community. This has been a great gain in the last hundred years.

Let me once more call your attention to some of the elements of growth that have taken place in this nation. I was one of those whose courage never failed except in spots. Before the war I did have some dark days, in which I felt as though this

nation was going to be raised up merely to be the manure of some after nation, being plowed under. It seemed to me as though all the avenues of power were in the hands of despotism; as though a great part of humanity was trodden under foot; as though every element that could secure to despotism a continuance of its power had been seized and sealed; and I did not see any way out—God forgive me; but those very steps which made the power and despotism of Slavery dangerous were in the end its remedy and its destruction.

This great North had long, partly from necessity and partly from a misguided and romantic patriotism, encouraged and promoted that which was the *caries* of free institutions, the bane of liberty, and the danger which threatened the continent in all after times. But when at last the nation was aroused, it smote not once, nor twice, but, according to the old prophet, seven times; and then deliverance was wrought. The power of a nation is to be judged by its resistance to disease. All nations are liable to attack; but the real power of a nation is shown in its ability to throw off disease—in its resiliency. The power of recovery is better than all soundness of national constitution. It is better than anything else can be. America has arisen from a fifth-rate power; but she looks calmly and modestly over the ocean, and is a first-rate power among the nations to-day. She was a democracy; the people made their own laws; they levied and collected their own taxes; and it was said, "Of course they will not allow themselves to be taxed more than they want to be." We were not a military people; Europe told us so. Great Britain told us so. They told me so to my face; and I said on many a platform, with an audience like this: "You do not understand what democratic liberty means. Wait till this game is played out, and see what the issue is." And what is the issue of the game? To a certain extent, the political economy of the South gave her aid in the beginning; and the political economy of the North gave her inexhaustible resources. The genius of the northern people is slow to get on fire, and hard to put out; so that we had to learn the trade of war. We had learned every trade of peace already, and when once we had learned the trade of war, the power of the North was manifest,

to the honor and glory of our religion, of our political faiths, and of the whole training of our past history.

But there was something more dangerous than war. An insidious serpent is more dangerous than a roaring lion—if the lion does not jump before he roars. Repudiation threatened more damnation to the morals of this nation than ever war did with all its mischiefs; and I want to record, to the honor of our foreign population, of whom it is often said, "When you come to a great stress, when questions are to be settled on principles of rectitude and truth, they will be found wanting"—I want to record to the honor of the population that we have borrowed from Europe, the fact that when the question came, "Shall this nation pay every dollar which it promised, and by which it put the boys in blue into the field?" it was through the West and the Northwest, the foreign vote together with the vote of our own people, that carried the day for honesty and for public integrity.

Now, for a democratic nation that owns everything—the government, the law, the policy, the magistrate, the ruler; that can change; that can make and unmake; that has in its hands almost the power of the Highest to exalt one and to put down another—for such a nation to stand before the world and show that this great people, swarming through our valleys and over our mountains and far away to either shore, and without the continuity necessary to the creation of a common public sentiment, were willing to bear the brunt of a five years' war and to be severely taxed, down to this day, and yet refuse to lighten its burdens in a way that would be wrong and dishonorable—that will weigh more in Europe than any test that any nation is able to put forth, for its honor, its integrity, its strength, and its promise of future life.

Look back, then, through the hundred years of our national history. They are to me like ascending stairs, some of which are broader, some narrower, some with higher rising, and some with less than others; but on the whole there has been a steady ascent in intelligence, in conscience, in purity, in industry, in happiness, in the art of living well individually, and in the higher art of living well collectively, and we stand to-day higher

than at any other time. Our burdens are flea-bites. We have some trouble about money. I never saw a time when the most of the population did not. We have our trouble because there is too much in some places and too little in others. The trouble with us is like the trouble in winter, when the snow has fallen and drifted, and leaves one-half of the road bare, while it is piled up in the other half, so that you cannot get along for the much nor for the little. But a distribution will speedily bring all things right—and I think we are not far from the time when that will take place. So soon as we touch the ground of universal confidence, so soon as we stand on a basis of silver and gold—then, and not an hour before then, will this nation begin to move on in the old prosperity of business.

I determined not to say anything that could be construed as an allusion to party politics, and what I have said cannot be so construed; for both sides around here say that they are for resumption. The only difference is, that one party say that they are for resumption, and the others say, that they are for resumption, *as soon as we can have it.* Well, I do not see how anybody can say anything more. You cannot resume before you *can.*

Fellow-citizens, in looking back upon the past, it is not right that we should leave the sphere and field of our remarks without one glance at the future. In another hundred years not one of us will be here. Some other speaker, doubtless, will stand in my place. Other hearers will throng—though not with more courtesy, nor with more kindly patience than you have—to listen to his speech. Then on every eminence from New York to Albany there will be mansions and cottages, and garden will touch garden along the whole Eden of the Hudson River Valley. But it does not matter so much to us, who come and go, what takes place in the future, except so far as our influence is concerned. When a hundred years hence the untelling sun, that saw Arnold, and André, and Washington, but will not tell us one word of history, shall shine on these enchanted hills and on this unchanging river—then it is for us to have set in motion, or to have given renewed impulse to those great causes, intellectual, moral, social, and political, which have rolled our prosperity to such a hight.

To every young man here that is beginning life let me say: Listen not to those insidious teachers who tell you that patriotism is a sham, and that all public men are corrupt or corrupters. Men in public or private life are corrupt here and there, but let me say to you, no corruption in government would be half so bad as to have the seeds of unbelief in public administration sown in the minds of the young. If you teach the young that their Chief Magistrates, their Cabinets and their representatives are of course corrupt, what will that be but to teach them to be themselves corrupt? I stand here to bear witness and say that publicity may consist with virtue, and *does*. There are men that serve the public for the public, though they themselves thrive by it also. I would sow in your minds a romance of patriotism and love of country that shall be next to the love which you have for your own households; and I would say to every mother that teaches her child to pray, Next to the petition, "Our Father which art in heaven," let it learn this aspiration: *Our Fatherland*; and so let our children grow up to love God, to love man, and to love their country, and to be glad to serve their country as well as their God and their fellow men, though it may be necessary that they should lay down their lives to serve it.

I honor the unknown ones that used to walk in Peekskill and who fell in battle. I honor, too, every armless man, every limping soldier, that through patriotism went to the battle-field and came back lame and crippled; and bears manfully and heroically his deprivation. What though he find no occupation? What though he be forgotten? He has in him the imperishable sweetness of his thought: "I did it for my country's sake." For God's sake and for your country's sake, live and you shall live forever.

OUR NOBLE HERITAGE.

AN ORATION BY HON. GEORGE W. CURTIS,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, NORTHFIELD, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1875.

Mr. President, Fellow-citizens, Neighbors, and Friends :— On the 19th of April, 1775, when Samuel Adams well called the father of the Revolution, heard the first shots of the British upon Lexington Green, he knew that war had at last begun, and full of enthusiasm, of hope, of trust in America, he exclaimed with rapture, "Oh? what a glorious morning." And there is no fellow-citizen of ours, wherever he may be to-day—whether sailing the remotest seas or wandering among the highest Alps, however far removed, however long seperated from his home, who, as his eyes open upon this glorious morning, does not repeat with the same fervor the words of Samuel Adams, and thank God with all his heart, that he too is an American. In imagination he sees infinitely multiplied the very scene that we behold. From every roof and gable, from every door and window of all the myriads of happy American homes from the seaboard to the mountains, and from the mountains still onward to the sea, the splendor of this summer heaven is reflected in the starry beauty of the American flag. From every steeple and tower in crowded cities and towns, from the village belfry, and the school-house and meeting-house on solitary country roads, ring out the joyous peals. From countless thousands of reverend lips ascends the voice of prayer. Everywhere the inspiring words of the great Declaration that we have heard, the charter of our Independence, the scripture of our liberty, is read aloud in eager, in grateful ears. And above all, and under all, pulsing through all the praise and prayer, from the frozen sea to the tropic gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the great heart of a

great people beats in fullness of joy, beats with pious exultation, that here at last, upon our soil—here, by the wisdom of our fathers and the bravery of our brothers, is founded a Republic, vast, fraternal, peaceful, upon the divine corner- stone of liberty, justice and equal rights.

There have indeed been other republics, but they were founded upon other principles. There are republics in Switzerland to-day a thousand years old. But Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden are pure democracies not larger than the county in which we live, and wholly unlike our vast, national and representative republic. Athens was a republic, but Marathon and Salamis, battles whose names are melodious in the history of liberty, were won by slaves. Rome was a republic, but slavery degraded it to an empire. Venice, Genoa, Florence, were republican cities, but they were tyrants over subject neighbors, and slaves of aristocrats at home. There were republics in Holland, honorable forever, because from them we received our common schools, the bulwark of American liberty, but they too were republics of classes, not of the people. It was reserved for our fathers to build a republic upon a declaration of the equal rights of men ; to make the Government as broad as humanity ; to found political institutions upon faith in human nature. "The sacred rights of mankind," fervently exlaimed Alexander Hamilton, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself." That was the sublime faith in which this century began. The world stared and sneered —the difficulties and dangers were colossal. For more than eighty years that Declaration remained only a Declaration of faith. But, fellow-citizens, fortunate beyond all men, our eyes behold its increasing fulfillment .The sublime faith of the fathers is more and more the familiar fact of the children. And the proud flag which floats over America to-day, as it is the bond of indissoluble union, so it is the seal of ever enlarging equality, and ever surer justice. Could the men of that earlier day, could Samuel Adams and all his associates have lived through this amazing century to see this glorious morning, as they counted these teeming and expanding States, as they watched the ad-

vance of republican empire from the Alleghanies through a country of golden plenty, passing the snowy Sierras and descending to the western sea of peace, as they saw the little spark of political liberty which they painfully struck, blown by the eager breath of a century into a flame which aspires to heaven and illuminates the earth, they would bow their reverend heads at this moment, as Adams and Jefferson bowed theirs fifty years ago to-day; and the happy burden of their hearts would tremble from their expiring lips, "Now, oh Lord, let thy servants depart in peace, for their eyes have seen thy salvation."

But we have learned, by sharp experience, that prosperity is girt with peril. In this hour of exultation we will not scorn the wise voices of warning and censure, the friendly and patriotic voices of the time. We will not forget that the vital condition of national greatness and prosperity is the moral character of the people. It is not vast territory, a temperate climate, exhaustless mines, enormous wealth, amazing inventions, imperial enterprises, magnificent public works, a population miraculously multiplied; it is not busy shops and humming mills, and flaming forges, and commerce that girdles the globe with the glory of a flag, that makes a nation truly great. These are but opportunities. They are like the health and strength and talents of a man, which are not his character and manhood, but only the means of their development. The test of our national greatness is the use we make of our opportunities. If they breed extravagance, wild riot and license—if they make fraud plausible and corruption easy—if they confuse private morality, and debauch the public conscience, beware, beware! for all our prosperity is then but a Belshazzar's feast of splendor, and while we sit drunken with wine and crowned with flowers, the walls of our stately palace are flaming and crackling with the terrible words of our doom.

But with all faults confessed, and concessions made, with all dangers acknowledged and difficulties measured, I think we may truly say that, upon the whole, we have used our opportunities well. The commanding political fact of the century that ends to-day, is the transcendent force and the recuperative power of republican institutions. Neither the siren of prosperity, nor the

red fury of civil war, has been able to destroy our Government or to weaken our faith in the principles upon which it is founded. We have been proud, and reckless, and defiant ; we have sinned, and have justly suffered, but I say, in your hearing. as, had I the voice, I would say in the hearing of the world to-day, that out of the fiery furnace of our afflictions, America emerges at this moment greater, better, truer, nobler, than ever in its history before.

I do not forget how much is due to the political genius of the race from which we are so largely sprung. Nine-tenths of the revolutionary population of the country was of English stock. The Declaration of Independence was a fruit of Magna Charta, and Magna Charta grew from seed planted before history in the German forest. Our friend, the historian of the island, in the interesting sketch of this town that he read us, tells us that Northfield was the most patriotic town in the county during the Revolution, and that the original settlers were, in great part, of German stock. The two facts naturally go together. The instinct of individual liberty and independence is the germ of the political development of that race from which also our fathers sprung. They came from England to plant, as they believed, a purer England. Their new England was to be a true England. At last they took arms reluctantly to defend England against herself, to maintain the principles and traditions of English liberty. The farmers of Bunker Hill were the Barons of Runnymede in a later day, and the victory at Yorktown was not the seal of a revolution so much as the pledge of continuing English progress. This day dawns upon a common perception of that truth on both sides of the ocean. In no generous heart on either shore lingers any trace of jealousy or hostility. It is a day of peace, of joy, of friendship. Here above my head, and in your presence, side by side with our own flag, hangs the tri-color of France, our earliest friend, and the famous cross of England, our ally in civilization. May our rivalry in all true progress be as inspiring as our kinship is close! In the history of the century, I claim that we have done our share. In real service to humanity, in the diffusion of intelligence, and the lightening of the burden of labor, in benefi-

cent inventions—yes, in the education of the public conscience, and the growth of political morality, of which this very day sees the happy signs, I claim that the act of this day a hundred years ago is justified, and that we have done not less, as an Independent State, than our venerable mother England.

Think what the country was that hundred years ago. To-day the State of which we are citizens contains a larger population than that of all the States of the Union when Washington was President. Yet, New York is now but one of thirty-eight States, for to-day our youngest sister, Colorado, steps into the national family of the Union. The country of a century ago was our father's small estate. That of to-day is our noble heritage. Fidelity to the spirit and principles of our fathers will enable us to deliver it enlarged, beautified, ennobled, to our children of the new century. Unwavering faith in the absolute supremacy of the moral law; the clear perception that well-considered, thoroughly-proved, and jealously-guarded institutions, are the chief security of liberty; and an unswerving loyalty to ideas, made the men of the Revolution, and secured American independence. The same faith and the same loyalty will preserve that independence and secure progressive liberty forever. And here and now, upon this sacred centennial altar, let us, at least, swear that we will try public and private men by precisely the same moral standard, and that no man who directly or indirectly connives at corruption or coercion to acquire office or to retain it, or who prostitutes any opportunity or position of public service to his own or another's advantage, shall have our countenance or our vote.

The one thing that no man in this country is so poor that he cannot own is his vote; and not only is he bound to use it honestly, but intelligently. Good government does not come of itself; it is the result of the skillful co-operation of good and shrewd men. If they will not combine, bad men will; and if they sleep, the devil will sow tares. And as we pledge ourselves to our father's fidelity, we may well believe that in this hushed hour of noon, their gracious spirits bend over us in benediction. In this sweet summer air, in the strong breath of the ocean that beats upon our southern shore; in the cool

winds that blow over the Island from the northern hills; in these young faces and the songs of liberty that murmur from their lips; in the electric sympathy that binds all our hearts with each other, and with those of our brothers and sisters throughout the land, lifting our beloved country as a sacrifice to God, I see, I feel the presence of our fathers: the blithe heroism of Warren, and the unsullied youth of Quincy: the fiery impulse of Otis and Patrick Henry: the serene wisdom of John Jay and the comprehensive grasp of Hamilton: the sturdy and invigorating force of John and of Samuel Adams—and at last, embracing them all, as our eyes at this moment behold cloud and hill, and roof and tree, and field and river, blent in one perfect picture, so combining and subordinating all the great powers of his great associates, I feel the glory of the presence, I bend my head to the blessing of the ever-living, the immortal Washington.

BENEDICTION BY REV. S. G. SMITH.

DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, NORTHFIELD, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

May the blessing of our father's God now rest upon us. As in time past, so in time to come, may He guard and defend our land. May He crown the coming years with peace and prosperity. May He ever clothe our rulers with righteousness, and give us a future characterized by purity of life and integrity of purpose. May He everywhere shed forth the benign influence of His spirit, and to the present and coming generations vouchsafe the inspiring hopes of His gospel, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

AN ORATION BY EX-GOV. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

DELIVERED AT ROME, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

I DO not come before you merely to take part in a holiday affair, nor to excite a passing interest about the occasion which calls us together. While my theme is the History of the Valley of the Mohawk, in speaking of it the end I have in view is as practical as if I came to talk to you about agriculture, mechanics, commerce or any other business topic.

There is in history a power to lift a people up and make them great and prosperous. The story of a nation's achievements excites that patriotic pride which is a great element in vigor, boldness and heroism. He who studies with care the jurisprudence of the Old Testament, will see that this feeling of reverence for forefathers and devotion to country is made the subject of positive law in the command that men should honor their fathers and their mothers. But sacred poetry is filled with appeals to these sentiments, and the narratives of the Bible abound with proofs of the great truth, that the days of those who fear them shall be long in the land which God has given them. All history, ancient and modern, proves that national greatness springs in no small degree from pride in their histories, and from the patriotism cherished by their traditions and animated by their examples. This truth shines out in the annals of Greece and Rome. It gives vitality to the power of Britain, France, Germany and other European nations. The instincts of self-preservation led the American people in this centennial year to dwell upon the deeds of their fathers and by their example to excite our people to a purer patriotism, to an unselfish devotion to the public welfare.

The power of history is not confined to civilized races. The traditions of savage tribes have excited them to acts of self-

sacrifice and heroism, and of bold warfare, which have extorted the admiration of the world. The Valley of the Mohawk gives striking proofs of this. The Iroquois, who lived upon the slopes of the hills which stretch from the Hudson to the shores of Lake Erie, called themselves by a name which asserted that they and their fathers were men excelling all other men. Animated by this faith which grew out of their legends, they became the masters of the vast region stretching from the coast of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi, from north of the great Lakes to the land of the Cherokees.

Unaided by arts, without horses or chariots, or implements of war, save the rudest form of the spear and the arrow, they traversed the solidary forest pathways, and carried their conquests over regions, which in extent have rarely been equaled by civilized nations with all the aids of fleets, or the terrible engines of destruction which science has given to disciplined armies. History gives no other example of such great conquest over so many enemies or difficulties, as were won by the Iroquois, when we take into account their limited numbers. Does any man think that all this would have been true if they had not been stirred up to a savage but noble heroism by the traditions of their tribes?

The power of history over our minds and purposes is intensified when we stand amid the scenes of great events. Men cross the ocean and encounter the fatigues, dangers of a journey to the other side of the earth, that they may walk through the streets of Jerusalem, or look out from the hill of Zion, or wander amid sacred places. These scenes bring to their minds the story of the past in a way that thrills their nerves. Or, if we visit the fields of great battles, the movements of armies, the thunder of artillery, the charge, the repulse, the carnage of war, the ground strewed with dead or dying and slippery with blood, are all presented to our imaginations in a way they can not elsewhere be felt or seen.

If beyond the general interest of history which incites to national patriotism, and in addition to the scenes of events which stir our blood when we move among them, we know that the actors were our fathers whose blood flows in our veins, we then

have acting upon us, in its most intense form, the power of the past. Patriotism, and love of the land in which we live; a pious reverence for our fathers, all unite to lift us up upon the highest plane of public and of private virtue.

The men and the women of the valley of the Mohawk meet here to-day not only to celebrate the great events of our country, but to speak more particularly about deeds their ancestors have done on these plains and hillsides, and then to ask themselves if they have been true to their country, to their fathers and themselves by preserving and making known to the dwellers in this valley and to the world at large its grand and varied history. Have they been made household words? Have they shaped the ambitions and virtues of those growing up in the fireside circle? Have they been used to animate all classes in the conduct of public and private affairs?

Just so far as the dwellers in the valley of the Mohawk have failed in these respects, they have cheated and wronged themselves. They have failed to use the most potent influence to elevate their morals, intelligence and virtue. They have not brought themselves within the scope of that promise which religion, reason and experience show, is held out to those who honor their fathers, and incite themselves to acts of patriotism and lives of public and private devotion, by keeping in their minds the conduct of the good and great who have gone before them.

Let the events in this valley during the past three centuries now pass in review before us. Its Indian wars, the missionaries' efforts, animated by religious zeal, which sought to carry religion into its unbroken forests and wild recesses; the march of the armies of France and England, with their savage allies, which for a hundred years made this valley the scenes of warfare and bloodshed; the struggle of the revolution, which brought with it not only all the horrors ever attendant upon war, added to them the barbarities of the savage ferocity that knows no distinction of age, sex or condition, but with horrible impartiality inflicted upon all alike the tortures of the torch and tomahawk. When these clouds had rolled away through the pathways of this valley, began the march of the peaceful

armies of civilization which have filled the interior of our country with population, wealth and power. The world has never elsewhere seen a procession of events more varied, more dramatic, more grand in their influences.

The grounds upon which we stand have been wet with the blood of men who perished in civilized and savage war. Its plains and forests have rung with the war cry of the Iroquois, and have echoed back the thunder of artillery. Its air has been filled with the smoke of burning homes, and lighted up by the flames of the products of industry, kindled by the torch of enemies. Let this scene impress your minds while I try to tell the story of the past. With regard to the savages who lived in this valley, I will repeat the statements which I made on a recent occasion, and the evidence which I then produced in regard to their character.

We are inclined to-day to think meanly of the Indian race, and to charge that the dignity and heroism imputed to them was the work of the novelist rather than the proof of authentic history. A just conception of their character is necessary to enable us to understand the causes which shaped our civilization. But for the influence exerted by the early citizens of this place upon the Iroquois, it is doubtful if the English could have held their ground against the French west of the Alleghanies. In speaking of them the colonial historian Smith says:

"These of all those innumerable tribes of savages which inhabit the northern part of America, are of more importance to us and the French, both on account of their vicinity and warlike disposition."

In the correspondence of the French colonial officials with Louis the Great, it is said:

"That no people in the world, perhaps, have higher notions than these Indians of military glory. All the surrounding nations have felt the effects of their prowess, and many not only become their tributaries, but are so subjugated to their power, that without their consent they dare not commence either peace or war."

Colden, in his history, printed in London, in 1747, says:

The Five Nations think themselves by nature superior to the rest of mankind, and call themselves "Onguekonwe," that is, men surpassing all others.

This opinion, which they take care to cultivate in their children, gives them that courage which has been so terrible to all nations of North America, and they have taken such care to impress the same opinion of their people on all their neighbors, that they on all occasions yield the most submissive obedience to them. He adds; I have been told by old men of New England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in the country, these Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, A Mohawk! a Mohawk! upon which they all fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting to make the least resistance, whatever odds were on their side. All the nations round them have for many years entirely submitted to them, and pay a yearly tribute to them in wampum.

We have many proofs of their skill in oratory and of the clearness and logic of their addresses. Even now, when their power is gone, and their pride broken down, they have many orators among them. I have heard in my official life speeches made by them, and I have also listened to many of the distinguished men of our own lineage. While the untutored man could not arm himself with all the facts and resources at the command of the educated, yet I can say that I have heard from the chiefs of the Five Nations as clear, strong and dignified addresses as any I have listened to in legislative halls or at the bar of our judicial tribunals. Oratory is too subtle in its nature to be described, or I could give to you some of the finest expressions in Indian addresses.

They did not excel merely in arms and oratory, they were a political people. Monsieur D. La Protiere, a Frenchman and an enemy, says in his history of North America:

"When we speak of the Five Nations in France, they are thought, by a common mistake, to be mere barbarians, always thirsting for blood, but their characters are very different. They are indeed the fiercest and most formidable people in North America, and at the same time are as politic and judicious as

well can be conceived, and this appears from their management of all affairs which they have not only with the French and English but likewise with almost all the Indians of this vast continent."

As to their civil polity, Colden says in 1747:

"Each of these nations is an absolute republic by itself, and every castle in each nation is governed in all public affairs by its own sachems or old men. The authority of these rulers is gained by and consists wholly in the opinion the rest of the nation have of their integrity and wisdom. Their great men, both sachems and captains, are generally poorer than the common people, and they affect to give away and distribute all the presents or plunder they get in their treaties or in wars, so as to leave nothing to themselves. There is not a man in the members of the Five Nations who has gained his office otherwise than by merit. There is not the least salary or any sort of profit annexed to any office to tempt the covetous or sordid, but on the contrary every unworthy action is unavoidably attended with the forfeiture of their commissions, for their authority is only the esteem of the people, and ceases the moment that esteem is lost."

In the history of the world there is no other instance where such vast conquests were achieved with such limited numbers without superiority of arms. More than two hundred years ago, when the New England colonies were engaged in King Phillip's war, commissioners were sent to Albany to secure the friendship of the Mohawks. Again, in 1684, Lord Howard, Governor of Virginia, met the sachems of the Onondagas and Cayugas in the Town Hall of Albany. These councils by the governors and agents of the colonies became almost annual affairs. The power of Colonel Peter Schuyler with the Iroquois at this day was deemed of the utmost importance by the crown. Perhaps no other man in our history exerted so great an influence over the course of events which shaped the destinies of our country. For he was a great man who lived and acted at a time when it was uncertain if French or English civilization, thoughts and customs would govern this continent. He and the chiefs who went with him to England were received with marks of distinction and unusual honor by Queen Anne.

The Hollanders were the first Europeans who were brought in contact with this people.

Before the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth Rock, they had made a settlement on the Hudson, where the capital of our State now stands. At that time, the most commercial people of the world, their ships visited every sea, and they were accustomed to deal with all forms of civilized and savage life. In pursuit of the fur trade they pushed their way up the stream of the Mohawk, and by their wisdom and prudence made relationship with the Indians along its banks, which was of the utmost importance in the future history of our country.

The influence which the Hollanders gained while they held the territories embraced in New York and New Jersey was exerted in behalf of the British Government, when the New Netherlands, as they were then called, were transferred to that power. In the long contest, running through a century, known as the French war, the Dutch settlers rendered important service to the British crown. The avenues and rivers which they had discovered penetrating the deep forest which overspread the country now became the routes by which the armies of France and England sought to seize and hold the strongholds of our land. The power which could hold Fort Stanwix, the present site of Rome, the carrying place between the Mohawk and the waters which flowed through Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, would control the great interior plains of this continent. If France could have gained a foothold in this valley, the whole region drained by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi reaching from the Alleganies to the Rocky Mountains, would have been her's. Our history, usages, government and laws would have been changed.

He who will study European events for a hundred years before our revolution will be struck as to the uncertainties, as to the result. For a century the destinies of this continent vibrated with the uncertainties of the battle-fields of Europe. The cricis of our fate was during the reign of Louis the Great, when that ambitious and powerful monarch sought to extend his dominion over two continents. When Marlborough won victories at Blenheim, Ramilies and Malblaquet, or when Prince Eugene

swept the French from Italy and crippled the power of France, they did more than they dreamed of. They fought for the purpose of adjusting the balance of the nations of Europe ; they shaped the customs, laws and conditions of a continent. But the war was not confined to the Old World.

Standing upon the spot where we now meet we could have seen a long succession of military expeditions made up of painted warriors, of disciplined soldiers, led by brave, adventurous men, pushing their way through deep forest paths or following, with their light vessels and frail canoes, the current of the Mohawk. But arms were not the only power relied upon to gain control.

The missionaries of France, with a religious zeal which outstripped the traders' greed for gold, or the soldiers' love for glory, traversed this continent far in advance of war or commerce. Seeking rather than shunning martyrdom ; they were bold, untiring in their efforts to bring over the savage tribes to the religion to which they were devoted, and to the government to which they were attached. Many suffered tortures and martyrdom, in the interior of our State, and on the banks of the Mohawk. There are not in the world's history pages of more dramatic interest than those which tell of the efforts of diplomacy, the zeal of religion, or the heroism in arms of this great contest, waged so many years in the wilds of this country. If I could picture all the events that have happened here, they would invest this valley with unfading interest. Its hillsides, its plains, its streams are instinct with interest to the mind of him who knows the story of the past. It should be familiar in every household. But the grand procession of armies did not stop with the extinction of Indian tribes, or of French claims.

When the revolutionary contest began, the very structure of our country made the State of New York the centre of the struggle, and the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, the great avenues through which war swept in its desolating course. It was most destructive here, for it brought all the horrors of Indian warfare. It is said that there was not one home in all this region which did not suffer from the torch or the tomahawk. Fortunately it was inhabited by a brave, hardy and enduring race, trained to meet and overcome the hardships of life. The

homes of their fathers had been destroyed in Europe by the armies of France. The Germans brought here by the British Government during the reign of Queen Anne were placed between the English settlements and the savage tribes, because, among other reasons, it was said that their trials and sufferings had fitted them to cope with all the dangers of border life.

When we have thus had passed in review before us the bands of painted savages, the missionary armed only with religious zeal, and shielded alone with the insignia of his sacred calling; the gallant armies of France and Britain; the hasty array of our Revolutionary fathers as they rallied in defence of their liberties, we have then only seen the forerunners of the greatest movement of the human race.

With our independence and the possession and the mastery of this great continent began a struggle unparalleled in the history of the world. Peaceful in its form, it has dwarfed in comparison the mightiest movements of war. Its influence upon the civilization of the people of the earth, has thrown into insignificance all that modern victories and invasions have done. During the past hundred years there has been a conflict between the nations of Europe on the one hand, and our broad land and political freedom on the other It has been a contest for men and women—for those who could give us labor skill and strength. We count our captives by millions. Not prisoners of war, but prisoners of peace. Not torn by force, but won by the blessings which the God of nature has enabled us to hold out to them in our fertile hills and valleys and plains. What were the hordes of the Persians? What were the array of the crusaders? What the armies of earth's greatest conquerors, in comparison with the march of the multitudes of immigrants from the Atlantic, States or from Europe who have moved through the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, the very gateways of our country seeking homes in the interior of our continent? Ours is a double victory, unlike war, which kills or enchains. It draws our opponents to our side, and makes them co-workers in building up our greatness and glory. As the men of every civilized race are pouring through our valley, we see before us the mightiest elements which are shaping the future of the human race.

What are all the problems of European diplomacy compared with these movements passing before us? All their recent wars, in the changes they have made are insignificant in comparison with the power we have gained by immigration alone. That procession of events, beginning with Indian warfare, and stretching through three centuries of battles for the possession, and the wars for the independence of our country, grows in importance and magnitude; and we see no end to its column as we look down into the dim future. The courses of the Mohawk and Hudson will ever be its greatest avenues. For here commerce pours its richest streams, and immigration leads its greatest armies. We are bewildered when we try to trace out the growth of the future. Each rolling year adds more than a million; each passing day more than three thousand; each fleeting hour more than one hundred to our numbers. The tide will swell still higher in the future.

I was once asked by a distinguished Englishman if we did not make a mistake when we severed our relationship from the British people? I told him that we were sometimes sorry that we let them go; that our mere increase in twenty-five years would exceed in numbers the population of Great Britain; that the British Isles would make glorious States of our Union; and that we needed them as outposts on the European shores. I was able to say this under the circumstances without violation of courtesy, and it was pleasantly received by a man whose mind was large enough not to take offense at the remark, which served to place the progress of our country in a strong light.

I have thus hastily sketched the interest which attaches to the whole course of the Mohawk Valley, with the view of throwing light upon the question which I put at the outset. Have we who live amid these scenes been true to ourselves, and true to our forefathers, by making this history an animating influence to promote the public welfare; to instill honorable pride in family circles, or quicken the minds with generous thoughts, which otherwise would have been dull and cold and sordid? The characters of men depend upon the current of thoughts which are passing through their minds. If these are ennobling,

the man is constantly lifted up ; it matters not what his condition may be in other respects.

If these are debasing, he will constantly sink in the scale of morals and intellect ; it matters not what wealth or learning he may have. What men think not only in the hours study, but at all times and places, in the field, in the workshop, in the counting-room, makes their characters, their intelligence and their virtue. Men's thoughts form and shape them. And those which relate to the past are most ennobling. For they are unstained by prejudice, and unweakened by sentiments which incline to detract from merits of living actors. We instinctively think and speak well of the dead. This of itself makes us better men. We can so learn the histories of this valley, that its scenes shall recall them as clearly and as vividly as the pictures upon our walls. We can so stamp them upon our minds that its hills and plains and streams will be instinct with the actions of those who have gone before us that man has done himself a wrong who can look down upon the Mohawk ; and not see the drifting along its current the savage, the missionary, or the soldier of the past. He who dwells upon its traditions ; who can point out where men died in the struggles of war, where men suffered martyrdom for their faith—the spot where some bold stand was taken for the the rights of man and the liberties of country ; he who feels the full import of the great movements of commerce and of men passing through this valley, certainly has an education that will always lift him up mentally and morally. You can not imagine a people living here with all these events stamped upon their minds, ever present to give food for thought and reflection, who will not be animated by a zeal for the public welfare, by generous impulses, by a self-sacrificing devotion for honor, for religion, for country. There is no teaching so powerful as that which comes invested with the forms of nature. It is that which reaches and tells upon the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned alike. Imagine two men living in this valley, both familiar with all its features, one well informed and the other ignorant of its events ; then tell me if you believe that they can be alike in their moral natures or their value as

citizens. In view of what I have thus said we can see why history is so potent. We can now see the wisdom, and the mercy too, of that command which tells us to honor our fathers and our mothers, though for many years and through many generations they have slept in their graves.

There are some reasons why the history of New York is not as well-known to the American people as that of other States. It has not excited the interest which justly attaches to it. The first settlers were Hollanders. When the Dutch made their settlement on this continent they were superior to other European nations, in learning, in arts, in commerce, and in just views of civil and religious liberty. Our country is indebted to them for many of the best principles of our goverment. But their language is no longer spoken here. In-comers from other States and nations exceed their descendants in numbers, and many of the traditions and events of its colonial period have been lost. This is true also of the German settlers in the valley of the Mohawk. The settlers who came into our State after the revolution, brought with them the ideas and sentiments of the places from which they came, and which, for a long time, have been cherished with more zeal than has been shown for the history of the State, where they have made their homes. These things created an indifference to the honor of New York. So far from preserving what relates to its past, in many instances old monuments have been destroyed, and names obliterated, which, if they had been preserved, would have recalled to men's minds the most important incidents in the progress of our country. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than the acts which changed the name of Fort Stanwix to that of Rome, and that of Fort Schuyler to Utica. The old names would have suggested the circumstances of the French and Revolutionary wars. Of themselves they would have educated our people, and would have turned their attention to facts which they ought to know, but which have been thrown into the shade by terms which mislead. The existing designations, with their absurd and incongruous associations, divert the mind from these honorable memories.

The time has come when the people of New York owe it to

themselves and to their country to bring forward their records, to incite a just measure of State pride, and to elevate our standard of public and private virtue by the influence of our grand history.

This should be taught in our schools, discussed, in our journals and made the subject of public lectures and addresses. Monuments should be put up to mark the spots where battles were fought and victories won, which have shaped the destinies of our country. When this is done, our own citizens, and the multitudes who traverse our valley, will see that within its limits all forms of warfare—that of Indian barbarism, disciplined armies, and of naval power have occurred within its boundaries. These prove the truth of the remark of General Scott, "that the confluence of the Mohawk and the Hudson has ever been the strategic point in all the wars in which our country has been engaged with foreign powers."

This work of making the details of our history known and felt by our people should begin in the heart of our State, in the valley of the Mohawk. Associations should be formed to preserve records and traditions that will otherwise be lost. Its old churches, which date back to the existence of our government, should be held sacred. The minor incidents of personal adventure, of individual heroism, should be preserved, for these show the character of the men and times in which they occur.

In no other quarter were the rights of the people asserted against the crown more clearly, or at an earlier day. It is not certain if the blood shed in the Revolution commenced at the battle of Lexington, or when the sturdy Germans were beaten down and wounded while defending their liberty pole against Sir John Johnson and his party.

I have refrained from want of time from presenting many facts and incidents which would give more interest to my address than the general statements I have made. Mr. Simms, to whom we are deeply indebted for long-continued and zealous researches into the history of this valley, has frequently given to the public sketches and narratives of great value. I trust the time has come when he and others who have labored in the same direction, will receive the sympathy and applause to which they are entitled.

Shall this centennial year be made the occasion for organizing societies in this valley, with a view, among other things, to the erection of monuments at different points along the Mohawk? I do not urge this as a mere matter of sentiment, but because I believe they will promote material welfare as well as mental activity and moral elevation. For these are ever found in close relationship. This whole region is marked for its fertility. It abounds with the material for varied industry, and is filled with streams with abundant power to drive all forms of machinery. It is in the heart of a great State, close by the leading markets of our country, and with cheap transportation to those of the world. Many millions in search of homes and for places to pursue their varied industry have passed by all these. I believe if we had shown the same pride in our State that has been exhibited elsewhere; if the minds of our people had been quickened, and their patriotism kept bright and burning by the examples of our fathers, that the Mohawk valley today would show a larger measure of power and prosperity than now blesses it. These things make a system of education, in some respects more active and pervading than that of books and schools. Subtle in their influences, they are not easily described, but they are felt and seen in all the aspects of society. Many years ago Congress made a grant to put up a monument over the grave of Herkimer. Attempts have been made to have the Legislature of our own State to mark in some suitable way the battle field of Oriskany. At the last session of the Legislature, the senator from Otsego and other members of that body made efforts to have something done in these directions. For one, I am grateful to them for their patriotism and the interest they have shown in these subjects. They did their duty when we neglected ours. And yet I rejoice in their failure. This pious work should be done by the people of this valley. They should not wait for strangers to come in to honor their fathers. There would be little value in monuments put up by mere legislative action, and at the cost of the State or national treasury. We want on the part of the people the patriotism which prompts, the intelligence which directs, the liberality which constructs such memorials. We want the inspiring influence which springs

from the very efforts to honor the characters of those who have gone before us.

We want that which will not only remind us of the glorious acts of the past, but which will incite them in the future. Will the descendants of the Hollanders in the county of Schenectady be indifferent to this subject? Are the men of German descent, living in Montgomery and Herkimer, willing to have the services and sacrifices of their fathers pass into oblivion? Does no honorable pride move them to let our countrymen know that their homes suffered beyond all others, through the Indian wars and revolutionary struggles? Will they not try to keep alive in the minds of their countrymen the fact that the battle of Oriskany, which was the first check given to the British power in the campaign of Burgoyne, was fought by their ancestors and that its shouts and war-cries were uttered in the German language? Have they less public spirit than the Germans who have lately come to our country, and who have put up a monument to Baron Steuben? By doing so they honored one whose relationships to them were comparatively remote. Is it not true that men born in the valley of the Mohawk neglect the graves of their fathers, and forget the battle fields which have been made wet with the blood of those of their own lineage? The county of Oneida bears the name of one of the conquering tribes of the Iroquois. Upon the banks of the upper Mohawk, which flows through its territory, stood Fort Stanwix and Fort Schuyler. The former was for a hundred years during the wars between France and England, and at the time of our national independence, one of the most important military positions in our country. Near by was fought the battle of Oriskany, which was a part of the contest at Saratoga which won our national independence.

It was my purpose to give more value to this address, and to fortify its positions by presenting many incidents of a nature to interest and convince. But my health has not allowed me to refer to the proper books and documents for this purpose. I have therefore been compelled to speak more in general terms than I intended. What I have said is also weakened by the fact that I have not been able to take up and follow out my subject continuously and with clearness.

In particular, I wished to speak at some length of Fort Stanwix, Fort Dayton and Fort Herkimer, but I am unable to do so. Much also could be said about the old church at German Flats. Built before the revolution, for the Germans of the Palatinates, it has associations with the great political and religious struggles of Europe and America. Standing upon the site of a fort still more ancient, for it was built at an early period of the French war, it was for a long time the outpost of the British power on this continent. It has been the scene of Indian warfare; of sudden and secret attack by stealthy savages; of sudden forays which swept away the crops and cattle of feeble settlements; of assaults by the French; of personal conflicts which mark contests on the outskirts of civilization. It was the stronghold of our fathers during the revolution. The missionary and the fur trader more than three hundred years ago floated by its position in bark canoes, and in these later days millions of men and women from our own country and from foreign lands, on canals or railroads, have passed by on their way to build up great cities and States in the heart of our continent. There is no spot where the historian can place himself with more advantage when he wishes to review in his mind the progress of our country to greatness, than the Old Church at German Flats. Looking from this point his perspectives will be just; all facts will take their due proportions; local prejudices will not discolor his views, and he will be less liable here than elsewhere in falling into the common error of giving undue prominence to some events, while overlooking the full significance of others more important. I hope the subjects of local histories will be taken up by our fellow citizens of this region, and the facts relating to them brought out and made familiar to us all.

I said at the outset that I did not come here to-day merely to appeal to your imaginations, or only to take part in a holiday affair. I come to speak upon subjects which I deem of practical importance to my hearers. If I have succeeded in making myself understood, I am sure, if you will look into these subjects, you will find that all history, all jurisprudence, all just reasonings, force us to the conclusion that not only does a Divine command, but that reason and justice call upon us to honor our

ancestors, and that there is a great practical truth which concerns the welfare, the prosperity, and the power of all communities in the words, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

CENTRAL RESERVE

THE NATION'S JUBILEE.

AN ORATION BY HON. THOMAS G. ALVORD.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SYRACUSE, N. Y., JULY 4TH 1876.

PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF SYRACUSE AND COUNTY OF ONONDAGA.—We in common with every portion of our wide extended Union, have come together to recognize with suitable observance and commemoration the solemn act which one hundred years ago, gave form, shape and solidity to our government by declaring us a nation independent, self-reliant and free.

In the performance of this duty we might relate the political history of the unwise legislation, the oppressive execution of tyrannical laws, the coercive power of irresponsible government which compelled our fathers first to passive, next to armed resistance, and finally culminated in a severance of our political dependence on the mother country, and gave to us that Declaration of Independence whose one hundreth anniversary we have met to honor. We might rehearse the names and virtues of the patriots of the revolution in the forum and in the field, the courage, endurance and trials of those who participated in that protracted and bloody controversy which ended in making our Declaration of Independence a perfect deed, indefeasible, guaranteeing forever to those worthy to enjoy it, the rich inheritance of a free government. We might portray the battle fields of the past, brightening the dark gloom of defeat with the view of unflinching courage, indomitable endurance and an undying determination to struggle ever for success, and we might paint victory as it perched on the banner of our fathers with that halo of glory which time has not dimmed, neither will history forget the undying results of which, which in the final triumph (as we use them) may and we trust will endure for the benefit of all mankind, until the last trump shall summons the in-

habitants of earth to another world, and this habitation of ours shall pass away forever. We might content ourselves with a plain and simple historical relation of all the events which clustered around, mingled with and made up the panorama of our revolutionary struggle, the intelligence of our people alive to all the minutiæ of event, individuality and result of that memorable period, would lend a glow, kindle an ardor and inspire a joy palpable and demonstrative, making bare recital radiant, with all the fire of enthusiasm celebrating with mental and physical rejoicings, the dry record alone.

One of the marked features of this year is to be a full historical record of each town, city and county of the Union, embracing the geographical, municipal and personal history of each; of course more prominently relating of its earlier history, its marked and distinguished men and women—its pre-eminence or prominence in any direction of art, science, intellectual advantages or natural specialty; all these locally preserved in appropriate depositories, are to be duplicated and gathered in one mass at the seat of the general government to be an illuminated column upon which will be inscribed, "the one hundredth mile of our nation's progress in the race of peoples toward the ultimate goal of humanity."

The duty of performing our portion of that work has also been imposed upon me, but with the consent and approbation of your Committee, I have deemed best to postpone to another period the historical recital contemplated, and you must be content with my wearying you with an oration rather than history on the present occasion.

I am impressed with the belief that it would be better to treat the subject before us very briefly, but also in a manner different from the common acceptation of the necessities of a Fourth day of July celebration. I would not have us to lack in all or any of the essential demonstrations of a joyful acknowledgment of its great significance, and a ringing acceptation of its glorious results, but let us endeavor by a calm and conscientious consideration of our government and ourselves to learn more and better what there is for us to do, to preserve and keep alive all the benefits and advantages we have derived from the past, trans-

mitting those great blessing undiminished to our immediate successors, aye, not alone to them but also how best we may by precept and example, pave the way to an indefinite prolongation and increased enjoyment, to the latest time of the legitimate results of the solved problem of our national declaration.

We are one hundred years old to-day; true that the mental strife of contention against and antagonism to aggression commenced earlier, true that organized and bloody opposition, antedated this day—April 19, 1775, and Lexington physically declared as July 4th, 1776, politically decreed the independence and freedom of America.

I repeat, we as a distinct people and nation are one hundred years old to-day, we have only to recollect for a moment to find however that while we are jubilant and rejoicing, that our eyes behold this day, yet in the light of the history of the nations of the world, our nation is an infant brought up in a school of our own, and setting forth to find our way among the nations of the earth in a new and untried pathway; the peculiar and particular form of government which we enjoy, is in every essential particular now on trial for the first time; it is true, that theoretical republicanism, attempts at freedom have existed, but never in all human history has there been any other government so completely the government of the whole people such as ours.

Kingdoms, principalities and powers enduring for centuries have risen, flourished and fallen into decay; governments to-day powerful and great in territorial extent, in wealth and physical power, have their record of birth in the "Dark Ages"—but we with a breadth of country surpassed by none—with a population in numbers exceeded by few, with an intellectual wealth as diffused and distributed among the masses enjoyed by no other people—with a physical power fearing no foe—we are but of yesterday.

The vivid memories of many still active and alive to the work of the day, reach back almost to the very beginning of our Republic, and here and there on our soil, men and women yet linger whose infant eyes opened to life ere the dawn of our nation's morning; we depend not as others on tradition, on the

lays of minstrels or the sayings of the wise men, to rescue from the shadowy and dim past, our country's history—it is but of a day, and the scenes in cabinet, council and camp, are as familiar to all as household words.

Should we not then pause here and ask ourselves the significant question, why our fathers were successful in the establishment, and we so far fortunate in the present stability of the government of the people by the people, while a long list of futile attempts and terrible failures mark every spot wherever else the experiment has been tried ; we have to-day among the kingdoms of the earth so-called republics, but we know they are so only in name—they lack the essential engredient of equality to all men before the law—their masses want an intelligent appreciation of their rights and duties—subject to popular frenzy or ambitious personal design, the republics of the past and (I am afraid) most of the present have no elements of either right, justice, or endurance.

No ignorant, no indolent, no irreligious people can ever be permanently a free people, and I hold that the foundations of our nation were laid wide and deep, by intelligence, industry and religion, and upon the adherence to and practice of those great cardinal virtues by our people depend wholly the stability and perpetuity of our government.

I do not wish to be understood when speaking of the intelligence, as meaning the mere learning of the school, nor that so far as such education is concerned, all should have the highest attainable—what I mean is, a practical and thorough knowledge of all necessary to make man and women useful—not useless—good citizens, understanding and practicing all the duties incumbent upon them for their own good and as parts of families, communities and States—above all else I would have every American citizen well grounded in a comprehensive knowledge of the theory, principles and by an honest, virtuous and continuous exercise of his knowledge and his duty as one of the government as well as one of the governed, so help to form, mould and cast public opinion—for upon public opinion alone the stability and efficacy of our people, stolidity, strength and endurance to our nation may be enjoyed and perpetuated.

Indolence engenders vice, disease, poverty, death—labor promotes virtue, health, wealth and long life—what is true of the individual holds good applied to the nation—show me a lazy, indolent, shiftless race, and I will show a nation of slaves; if not so practically, yet mentally slaves to vice and strangers to virtue.

Our fathers by hardy toil, by unwearied thought, calculation and invention, wrung from the wilderness the bright land you gaze on to-day—its great, almost miraculous advancement has been owing to the combined action of intelligence and physical labor, but that labor, whether of the body or the mind has been persistent and unceasing.

The extent of our territory is greater by far than the whole continent of Europe, but our widely scattered population scarcely measures a tithe of its teeming multitudes; nature while piling up our chains of mountains towards the sky, scooping out the habitations of our inland oceans, and scouring wide and deep throughout our land, our magnificent net-work of water highways, has planted everywhere for the use and enjoyment of educated as well as directed industry in no scanty store, the natural mineral riches of every clime and people, every known vegetable production is either indegenous, or owing to the variety of climate and soil under our control, can be transplanted and made to grow in sufficient abundance to feed the necessities and supply the luxuries of the world.

In this land of ours, with such a present inheritance and future prospect we are not only blessed above all other people, but we have evidently been chosen by an overruling Providence to do the great and final work for man's elevation to and permanent enjoyment of the highest civilization to which human nature can attain, and it behooves us to shape our action and direct our energies towards the earliest realization and not the retardation of the completion of this evident design.

Independent of and radically separated from all other nations in our governmental policy, seeking no entangling alliance with powers, but opening wide our gates to all people who desire assimilation with us and enjoyment of our privileges,—I hold that we should be, as far as possible,—physically as well as politically,—independent of and separate from all other

people, until at least the common right of a common humanity to equality of privilege and position, is universally acknowledged and accorded.

Would we keep our inheritance untarnished? Would we add to its worth the wealth of experience and invention? In this land of ours, where labor ennobles, does not degrade, where the changes of worldly position depend upon individual action and are as variable as the waves of the restless sea—where the legitimate tendency of labor is to elevate and enlighten, and not to depress and keep down, let us and our children continue to labor to the end, that the blessings following its wise application will endure to the good of ourselves and our country.

Glance for a moment at one of the results of our comparative poverty coupled with our intelligence and willingness to labor—in all countries but ours labor ignorant is impoverished and helpless with us labor educated is well paid and commanding. Other countries through the ignorance of labor are comparatively non-inventive—we by the intelligence and independence of labor are incited to invention, and our record in the field of useful inventions is a prouder one than the annals of all other nations combined can show—it is the outgrowth of our independence of both political and physical need—cherish and foster labor, for it is a precious jewel in the diadem of our people's sovereignty.

The body perishes—the soul is immortal. In discussing my third proposition—the need of religion in a community for the maintenance of perpetuation of republican institutions, I must be understood as firmly and conscientiously believing that a morality founded upon the belief in a future and higher life of the soul, to be more or less moulded by and dependent upon virtuous action in the body, is a necessary ingredient in the fitness for and possibility of man's enjoyment of a free government.

I can not conceive what motive, beyond the sensuous enjoyment of the passing hour, with no thought for that higher and better life on earth, ennobling the individual and benefiting his kind, can ever inspire to virtuous deeds or heroic action the man or woman who believes death is an eternal sleep—the

beauty and simplicity of our Constitution, which with proper regulations as to the rights of all, leaves to the conscience and judgment of each the matter of religious belief and observance, is one of the grandest and most noble precepts of its text and character—but with no proscription in its requirements, with no sectarian bias in its action, public opinion has so far demanded and had in our legislative halls, in our State and National gatherings upon all great public occasions, the recognition of the need of the countenance and support of an overruling Providence—sad for us, for our children, for our beloved country, will that day be when that "altar to an unknown God," erected in pagan Athens, shall be overthrown in Christian America.

More than two hundred years ago on the banks of our beautiful lake Onondaga, the first banner of civilization was unfurled to the breeze—it was the banner of the Cross, and I pray that so long as the stars and stripes of our country shall wave over us as a nation, the hearts of our people may cling to the emblems of an immortal life.

I would not mar the pleasure or dampen the joy of this happy hour by any unkind allusion to the more immediate past, but it would seem proper while we are celebrating the birth, we should rejoice also over the preservation of our Union. Our recent internecine strife was a legitimate result of a want of the practical application of the written theory of our Declaration of Independence—in that instrument human rights were made as broad as humanity itself, and no clime, race, color or condition of men were excluded from the broad and sweeping declaration "All men are created equal." It was the practical departure from the annunciation of a political axiom which required our return to the allegiance due our creed, through the carnage and waste of civil war—that strife is over—the victory of principle over selfishness, though bloody, is won, and the nation rejoices through its wide extent at the solution is favor of freedom and right, but, like all wars, it has left wounds open, dangerous, unhealed—not, I trust the wounds of embittered and lasting hate between the contending masses, for God in his infinite mercy grant that this anniversary may bind Maine to Georgia, link Virginia with California, not alone with bands of iron, but with bonds of brotherly

love and loyal submission to the rights of humanity individualized as well as compacted,and that long before another hundred or even any years shall have passed in oblivion, shall be buried all recollection of the struggle to maintain and preserve our Union, save the sweet and undying memory of brave deeds and heroic endurance, and the proud recollection, dear alike to sunny South and the warm-hearted North—our country is undivided and indivisible.

But we are suffering the wounds always inflicted by ruthless war—a lower scale of both public and private morality—an irksome feeling at lawful constraint—a distaste for honest labor —a reckless extravagance in living—a want of recognition of moral responsibility, not alone in the administration of public affairs, but in the transactions of ordinary business life, and in social relations of neighbors and families.

I warn you, my countrymen, that we must return to the primitive virtues of our fathers—education, labor, religion, must again take the places of greed, speculation, corruption, indolence and vice? We may talk of the corruption of our chosen rulers—we may stand at the street corners, and publicly proclaim the venality and crime in high places; this availeth not, what we must first do is—"Physician heal thyself," "Remove the beam from thine own eye ere you cast out the mote from your brother." "Purify the fountain that the stream may be pure." Under the theory and practice our system of government, when administered with the spirit and intent of its founders, our rulers are the people's servants, and if the people are indifferent and corrupt, so likewise will be their rulers—if the constituency is active and honest, the government will reflect it.

A desire by the voter to profit pecuniarly and socially by the prostitution of political principles to personal ends; the indiscriminate trade by all classes in the enactments of municipality, State and nation, engendered by base cupidity either pecuniary or personal—above and beyond all the utter neglect by the enlightened, educated and wealthy of their sacred miner as well as higher political duties—all combine not only to make our politics disreputable—but to demoralize and will finally destroy

our government unless we speedily return more nearly to the simple habits, rigid morality, and conscientious respect to all political duty which characterized our fathers.

I have thus very briefly discussed our position and our duty on this our hundredth anniversary—I have not considered it wise or profitable to rehearse the familiar story of our struggle for and success in the achievement of a national existence. I have not in studied words painted the rapid strides in our progress as a people. You know it all, and memory would not be quickened nor patriotism intensified by any recital of mine.

But I deem it appropriate, before I shall have concluded the discharge of the duty imposed upon me, to address more particularly the people of my city and my native county.

On the 4th of July, 1776, our county was the abode of the hostile savages, an unbroken wilderness, within whose borders no white man had found a home—it remained so until four years after our revolutionary struggle, when the first white settler, Ephraim Webster, sojourned with the Indian, and following in his path others slowly settled within our present borders—while true that no hostile army has ever invaded our soil—no hearths desolated—no roof-tree obliterated—no historic battle-field marked or distinguished our territorial limits, yet still it is sacred ground.

As early as 1792, a grateful State, reserving a small portion of the land adjoining and surrounding our celebrated salt springs, dedicated and allotted the remainder to the surviving soldiers of its contingent in the armies of the Revolution; many of those war-worn veterans with their surviving households found in long, wearisome and dangerous journey their way hiighther and entered upon the lands alike the recognition of and reward for their services, and the records of not a few of the towns of our county, show to-day among their worthiest citizens, the honored names of their descendants.

"Beating their swords into plough shares—their spears into pruning hooks," they attacked with the same unyielding courage, determination and endurance of labor, toil and privation, which had marked their struggle for liberty, the native rug-

gedness of our unbroken soil—the lonely cabin of logs their dwelling—the blased but tangled wood path their highway, they battled with forest-crowned hill and wooden glen, until peaceful pasture and yielding grain-field displaced the lair of the wild beast and the hunting grounds of the wilder savage.

We cannot now linger to detail the progress of each passing year, to name the conspicuous actor in each scene, but we can for a moment contrast the extremes of 1776 and 1876, look at the pictures before us—1776 the wigwam of the savage and his trackless path in the unbroken forest—1876, six score thousand human souls basking in the sunshine of a free civilization enjoying all the social, intellectual and political advantages ever yet allotted to humanity.

Compared with the huts of our fathers—our habitations are palaces—they dot every hill top, they nestle in every valley—they stand in the seried ranks in our beautiful and growing city, and cluster together around the school and the church, in all our smiling and thriving villages—our thrifty husbandmen look upon countless herds of lowing cattle—on seas of waving grain—on graneries bursting with the rich and bounteous yield of their fertile acres; our merchants in their stately marts of commerce gather from the ends of the earth, the produce of every soil—the handiwork of savage and civilized—all creations of nature and art to satisfy the wants or gratify the tastes of our people—the unceasing hum of the manufacturers' wheel, the continuous blow of the sturdy artisan and stalwart laborer chase solitude from all our borders—our water highways link us with the ocean lakes of our own West, and give us peaceful entrance to that great sea which rolls between us and the land of our father's fathers—highways of iron rib our country North, West, South, and East—broad avenues run by the door of the humblest, and commerce with its white wings of peace, has blotted out forever the warpath of the savage and the tree-marked way of the hardy pioneer. Religion dwells in more than an hundred temples of beauty dedicated to the service of the living God. Education from the lordly towers of the princely university to the more humble school-house at the cross roads, boasts its many habitations. We are the central county of the Empire State,

which ranks first in wealth, first in population, first in representation among her sister States of our Union. Of sixty, our county is seventh in population and wealth, and in the fifth rank in State representation.

The pioneers of our country and their sons have been distinguished on every stage of life in all the years of our history —side by side with them, many who have here sought a new home, a new country, have over and again reflected honor and glory on the home of their adoption. Distinction in the pulpit at the bar, in the forum, on battle field, in the broad field of human endeavor—wherever honor, distinction, wealth and place were to be gained—high rank, deserved places of merit and worth have been won by many whose earliest training for usefulness and busy life, was by the fireside of their homes among the beautiful hills and smiling valleys of our beloved Onondaga.

I cannot speak to-day of battle scenes or individuals, but we know that on many a well stricken field, in many a still and silent city of the dead, lie to-day the mortal remains of hundreds of Onondaga's bravest sons, who battling for the right, from Bull Run to Appomattox, left their record of bravery and patriotism in all the conflicts of the late struggle for national existence. We rejoice in the life and presence to-day of the brave survivors of that terrible conflict. From the Generals with title won on the field, to the private soldier whose unflinching valor and great endurance fought and won the contest for our second independence—all have reflected honor upon and won undying glory for the country of their nativity and adoption.

Children of the soil—adopted sons and daughters of old Onondaga—is this noble heritage of our fathers, this free and equal government given us to enjoy by the brave, good and wise men of an hundred years ago worth preserving another hundred years? No human being I now address will witness the scene at that celebration; the voice of him who now addresses you will be silent in the grave, the beating hearts and active limbs of this vast multitude will have gone to their last quiet mortal sleep forever. The men of the revolution gave us and our children this day at the cost of suffering and tears, wounds and death. Where are they? The last surviving warrior and

statesman who stood on the battlements of freedom's citadel and conquered for us the banded hordes of tyranny and oppression, has gone to join the hosts of heaven's freemen in another and a better world. Can we not take their finished work—keep and preserve it untarnished, unbroken, beautiful enlarged, and more glorious and endearing, for our children's children? Though dead in the body yet living in the spirit, we may then hear, mingling with the rejoicings of 1976, and blessings and praise to our names as well as to the deeds of our fathers, in that we have made of the talent committed to our charge other talents of honor, glory and prosperity for our country.

Let us to this end from this day practice economy, industry —cultivate intelligence, make virtue the rule and guide of our private and public life.

Triumphant armies inscribe their banners with the names of their victorious fields of battle. May we give as our legacy to the next great anniversary of our country's birth, the stars of our nation's banner undimmed—its stripes untarnished, rightfully inscribing thereon as our faith kept pure and unsullied,— our motto, won by our acts—Religion, Education, Free Labor, the only sure foundation on which to build, for perpetuity, Republican Institutions.

OUR SUCCESS—OUR FUTURE.

AN ORATION BY REV. JOHN P. GULLIVER, D.D.,

DELIVERED AT BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., JULY 4, 1876.

We celebrate to-day one hundred years of Democratic Government. We flatter ourselves, not without some show of reason, that our experiment has been, on the whole, a successful one.

It is true that in other days "the name of commonwealth has past and gone," over many "fractions of this groaning globe." It is true that our Republic has only attained the slight venerableness of a *single century*. It is true that other democracies, far more ancient have at last "deigned to own a sceptre and endure a purple robe." Still we live, and we console ourselves with the thought that our one century has been equal in actual development to many centuries of Venice or Rome.

It is true we have had *our enemies*, foreign and domestic, and we may have them again. But in two wars, one of them of vast proportions, we have not only gained victory, but increased strength, while in the war of 1812, we certainly lost nothing. We have now convinced the world, what our best friends in Europe have seriously doubted, that a democracy is capable of being converted, in a day, into a military despotism, as effective for all warlike purposes, as the citizen-soldiery of Germany or the soldier-tenantry of Russia. A government, however loose it may seem to the eye of a monarchist, which out of a nation of civilians, can summon more than a million of men into the field at one time, which can create a navy at call, and in so doing, can revolutionize the whole system of maritime and defensive warfare, which can originate amidst the confusion of a struggle for national existence, such improvements in firearms as to make obsolete the arsenals of the civilized world, and, in four years can terminate in complete success, a struggle whose dimensions parallel the Napoleonic wars of Europe—a democracy capable

of such a military metamorphosis, is at least not to be despised as an unwieldy and ungovernable mob.

It is true that our own body politic has not been at any time in a state of *perfect health*. As a democracy, it has had its diseases, some hereditary and chronic and some the result of temporary indiscretions and excesses. We began our republican organization with a large infusion of the ideas of class-aristocracy from the Northern Colonies, with all the institutions and social usages of a race-aristocracy at the South, and with the crude, wild doctrines of French Red Republicanism strangely mingled with both. Our history during the century has been almost exclusively the record of the throes of the Republic under the antagonism of these morbid agents. The extraordinary force of vitality which our democracy has developed in eliminating these internal tendencies to disease and dissolution, is not the least among the occasions of our solemn exultation to-day. Our remedies have, some of them, been constitutional and gentle; others of them, heroic and painful. But they certainly have been efficacious. We have diseases still. But just at this moment they are of the prurient, disgusting sort, mortifying and annoying enough, but only skin deep.

Surely a nation that found means to eradicate the slow consumption of social aristocracy, to quell the fiery fever of a brigand communism, and to cut out the cancer of slavery, will contrive some method of exterminating the insect parasites that are now burrowing over our whole civil service. If the heart of the Republic is sound, we need not greatly fear for its cuticle. Only, fellow-citizens, let us be prompt in our treatment, for the disease is contagious, and it is very irritating!

Besides the ills we have or have had, there may be *latent* tendencies to disease and decay, that we know not of. But we will borrow no trouble to-day. We will hope that the same constitutional vigor, and the same skill of treatment which have served us so well in the past, will, by God's blessing, prove sufficient for our future needs. Only let us draw largely upon the sources of national nourishment—let us keep in vigorous exercise all our organic functions; let us become a manly nation, instinct in every part with the highest attributes of national

life ; then we may defy the inroads of disease ; then the whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, shall grow into a perfect state—a state which God shall honor and man shall fear. We rejoice in the *health* of the Nation on its hundreth birthday!

It is also true, to change our figure, that there has been not a little occasion for anxiety concerning the *frame-work* of our Ship of State. The model of a ship and the adjustment of its various parts to each other, the balance between its breadth of beam and its length of spars, the ratio to be observed between steadiness and crankness, the precise point where the "clump" may blend into the "clipper," is a great nautical problem. The blending of all our local sovereignties, from the school district and the town meeting, through the counties and the states, into one national sovereignty, while yet each retains its distinct and characterestic autonomy, I have often compared, in my own mind, to that admirable and exquisitely beautiful adjustment, which, before the prosaic age of steam, gave us the many-winged birds of the ocean—the swift eagles of commerce—skimming every sea, and nestling in every harbor. You have seen them, with their pyramid of sails, rising with geometrical exactness from main to royal, swelling in rounding lines from the foremost jib to the outmost point of the studding-sail boom, and retreating again, pear-shaped, to the stern, each holding to its full capacity the forceful breeze, all drawing in harmony, and yet each hanging by its own spar, and each under the instant control of the master on the deck. Behold, I have said, the Ship of a Republican State! What absolute independence of parts! What perfect harmony of all! What defined distinction of function! What complete unity of action! What an unrestricted individual freedom! What a steady contribution of all to the general result! and as the graceful hull, courteously bending in response to the multifarious impulse, has ploughed proudly through the waters, the exclamation has risen to my lips, "Liberty and Union ; now and forever ; one and inseparable!"

But the actual existence of this exact balance between the National and local Governments, was not always as well established as it is to-day. At the very outset the Southern States,

from the fear that the National Government would forbid a protective tariff, denied the supremacy of the National over the State Government, except during the consent of the latter.

In the later days of Calhoun, by one of the strangest transmutations ever known in politics, the same doctrine was maintained, by the same States, for the purpose of resisting a protective tariff. Throttled by the strong hand of Andrew Jackson, at that time, the monster drew back into his den, only to appear under the feeble administration of Buchanan as the champion of slavery. The doctrine that the National Government may be left at any moment, a floating hulk without canvas, rigging or rudder, the statesmanship which would launch a nation into the great ocean of human affairs, under the command of some two score of independent local governments, may now be laid away in our cabinets of moral monstrosities, as a fossil of the past. De Tocqueville, the philosopher of Democracy, prophesied forty years ago, in this wise : "It appears to me unquestionable, that if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other States, they would not be able, nor indeed would they attempt to prevent it, and that the present Union will last only as long as the States which compose it choose to remain members of the confederation." That this sagacious and most friendly writer on American institutions has in this case proved to be a false prophet, is not the least among our many causes for congratulation to-day.

A century of rapid movement and of revolution ; a century which has changed the political condition of nearly every nation on the face of the earth ; a century during which we have twice met the whole power of the British Empire in arms, and once sustained the shock of assault from the combined power of slavery at home and in Europe ; a century during which we have eliminated from the body politic the most insiduous and dangerous diseases ; a century during which we have determined questions concerning the relations and functions of our concentric cluster of independent democracies of the most radical and vital nature ; a century during which our population has grown from three millions to fifty millions, our area of territory extended from one million to four millions of square miles,

our manufactures advanced from twenty millions to forty-two hundred millions, our agriculture, mining and commerce increased in a ratio which sets all figures at defiance ; a century which has raised us from insignificance, to a position as the fifth of the great empires of the world ; a century which in educational and religious progress has more than kept pace with our material advancement, giving us a proportion of church members to the whole population four times greater than it was at the close of the Revolution, and a much larger increase in the ratio of liberally educated and well educated persons ; such a century we celebrate to-day. Who shall say that we do not well to rejoice. Who can fail to exclaim with devout and fervent gratification, *What hath God wrought ?*

What Does The Future Promise?

But we should make an unworthy use of this great occasion should we confine ourselves to a mere childish exultation over accomplished facts. A great future is extending out before us. What does this experiment prove, and how much does it promise ? It is a time for study and thought. This centennial year, with its accomplished past just rolling out of view, with its present exciting and absorbing duty in the election of a chief magistrate, with an immediate future promising an unexampled reaction of prosperity, should be a year in which men should make great progress in the science of society and government.

We must not fail therefore to note and to admit freely, that our experiment has been in some respects an indecisive one. It does not prove that a Democratic form of government is necessarily and everywhere the best form. We are isolated from all the leading powers of the world by the intervention of great oceans. We entered upon an unoccupied continent. We encountered, in the beginning, no enemies except a few cowardly savages. The rivalries of mankind, and their strifes have been adjusted upon other fields. While Russia, our comrade and contemporary in national growth, has been advancing upon the line of effete human civilizations, we have assailed only the forces of the wilderness. She has fought with men, we with nature. She has conquered by the sword ; we by the plough-share. She has flourished by diplomacy ; we by enterprise. She is a con-

solidated military despotism; we an extended Democratic Republic. Yet a philosophical statemanship has often declared that we are approaching the same goal of empire and power. The comparison is full of interest and challenges our closest scrutiny. Russia, primarily the soldier, never out of uniform, her villages but military camps, her cities vast garrisons, her railroads and chaussés only lines of army communication, is yet an inventing, manufacturing, agricultural and emphatically a commercial nation. America, primarily a land of peace and thrift, has been transformed in a day, into one vast battle field, and its rustic as well as its civic population have left the shop and furrow at night to appear in the morning assembled in armies of Titanic size, armed with the weapons of the Titans, while the thunder of their encounter has shaken the astonished world. Russia has exaulted autocracy and punished democracy as a crime against God and man. America has proclaimed universal liberty and held the despot to be the enemy of the human race. Yet within the shell of imperial absolution, Russia holds to-day, as its inheritance from the depths of a Slavic antiquity, a communal organization which is almost a fac simile of a New England township; while America, beneath its outward freedom of thought, speech and act, covers a force of public opinion, both national and local, which few men have the courage to defy, and still fewer the strength to resist.

Under these curiously opposite conditions is the problem of the State being wrought out, for the Golden Age which is to come. From these diametrically opposite stand points, are the two most youthful nations of mankind advancing to the possession of the Earth.

The Democratic Idea and the Democratic Ideal.

Such a comparison between two opposite civilizations serves to show us that democracy, as a form of government may or may not contain the elements of freedom and the assurance of stability. In other words, the democratic *idea*, as men have conceived it and embodied it in governments, may or may not accord with the democratic *ideal* as it is enunciated in the royal law of Christ, and as it will one day be seen, embodied in the governments of men. Democracies may hide within themselves the seeds of despotism.

Autocracies may nourish the germs of liberty. A democracy, which is administered in the interests of individuals, or of a party, or one in which the majority deprive the minority of freedom of speech and act, through the action of law or the terrorism of public opinion, is essentially despotic. There is despotism enough exercised within the Republic to-day, which if it had occurred in a monarchy would have cost a king his throne, and perhaps his life. On the other hand absolutionism may be so administered that the highest good of every subject shall be sought, and all his rights secured, according to the law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

There is then a political democracy, and there is a moral democracy. The slow and reluctant translation of the abstract ideal into the actual idea, and its expression in governmental institutions, is of surpassing interest and importance.

The Question of the Day.

It is this history which concerns us on this centennial anniversary. The inquiries which are being discussed to-day from ten thousand rostrums, and which are pressing upon the thoughts of millions of men are these and such as these.

What is democracy, as distinct alike from the mob and the despot?

What is liberty, as limited by law, and contrasted with license?

What progress had been made up to the fourth of July, 1776, in translating this ideal democracy into the thoughts and institutions of men?

What did the assembly over which John Hancock presided, on that memorable morning, achieve for this great thought of the ages?

How has this imperial gem, inherited from our fathers—the Koh-i-noor of our political treasures—been cared for by us?

Our first answer to these questionings is a radical and sweeping answer.

We assert that this perfect ideal of liberty, this basal principle of a Democratic State, this Minerva embodying all temporal good for man, sprang full armed and perfect from Christianity.

"In the image of God made He man, male and female created He them," was the first announcement of this seed principle of political and social happiness. While the rights and needs of the sexes *vary*, as do those of all individual men and of all classes of men, the *image of God* gives a grandeur of dignity and consequence to every human being, be his descent, or rank, or abilities what they may. While the king inscribes upon the seal of his authority, "By the grace of God, a monarch over men," while the magistrate, the parent, the master, the wife, the husband, and child, may each claim a special divine statute as the basis of his rights; the man, as a man, wears the very signet of Jehovah. Like the incarnate Son, he has "on his vesture and on his thigh" a name written: A King among kings is he, a Lord among lords.

The inference is direct and clear. A man despised, is God blasphemed. A man enslaved, is the glory of God changed into a thing of wood, or stone, or into a beast, or creeping thing. A man wronged, is God insulted. To hold a man in ignorance, is the crime of not retaining God in the knowledge. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me," is the malediction, written by an invisible hand upon all the banners of war, and over the blood-red skies of every battle-field of history. This is the answer to the question, "Whence comes wars and fightings among you?" The Nemesis of the nations has been no other than the loving Father of all, avenging his outraged children who have cried day and night unto him. "I tell you that he will avenge them speedily" is the interpretation given by the Son of God himself to the dispensations of war, and agonies, and, blood, which has been to wondering philanthropists only a mystery of iniquity, from the first murder to the last battle. To the ideal humanity, to the man stamped with the divine image, God declares, "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea it shall be utterly wasted;" and in that word is the whole philosophy of the civil state. The state that God perpetuates and blesses is not the state that merely worships God, but it is the state that also honors the image of God in man. Devotion without humanity may be found in every

idol temple and Mohammedan mosque on earth. But devotion without humanity never exalted a nation or saved a single human being. The hell of perished nations, like the hell of lost souls, is crowded with the peoples who have cried "Lord, Lord," who have even prophesied in his name, and reared their temples like the trees of the forest, and sent up their orisons like the sons of the forest birds; but because a man was ahungered and they gave him no land, because a man thirsted and they gave him no springs of water, because man was a stranger and they made him a slave, because a man was naked and they kept back his wages by fraud, because a man was sick and they left him, as the North American savage leaves his worn out father, to perish by the roadside, because a man was in prison and they visited him only to add scorn to his sorrow, for these things, and such as these, the sentence has gone out against the nations—among them, some of the grandest and greatest, "Depart from me, ye cursed!"

A True Democracy.

What then is a true Democracy? It is the Government which honors man as man. It is the Government which protects all his God-given rights—the right to do right, as God may teach him, the right to do good, as God may give him opportunity, the right to be good, as God may give him grace, and the right to be happy, as God may bestow the means of happiness.

It is a Government which avenges all his wrongs—the wrong oft attempted of forcing him into sin; the wrong of forbidding him to do good in the name of Christ; the wrong of leading him, in self-defence, into all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor; the wrong of robbing him of his Heavenly Father's gifts and excluding him from the Heavenly Father's home.

It is the Government which provides for the development of all his faculties, which *educates* him, not merely so that he may be a money maker, a wages earner, but to be as much of a man as God-like a man as he is able and willing to become.

It is the Government which recognizes and honors all his capacities for happiness in every feasable way, making this earth beautiful for him, filling his cup with innocent pleasures, uncontaminated by vileness and sin.

It is the Government which writes on all its banners, which engraves on its seal of State, which re-enacts in the legislative hall and administers in the court of justice, the great law of human weal. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

And "*Liberty*," what is that? It is full encouragement, both by negative permission and positive aid, to do that which is God-like, and it is equally the utmost possible restraint upon whatever is degrading and evil. Any other liberty is the liberty given to a child to burn itself in the fire. It is the license which is the worst form of cruelty and slavery.

God's plan in history.

This is the work of God in history. Toward such a democracy has all the discipline of the race been tending.

De Tocqueville says, "The development of equality of conditions, is a providential fact, and it possesses all the characteristics of a Divine decree. My book (Democracy in America) he adds, has been written under the impression of a kind of religious dread, in contemplation of so irresistible a revolution. To attempt to check democracy would be to resist the will of God."

Steadily, though often slowly, has the race been led on to this grand consummation. This is the meeting of war, and conquest and revolution. The progress of democracy has in it the might of omnipotence. The gravitation of matter which directs rivers in their courses, is a feeble agent, compared with the gravitation of love, which directs all the streams of human society toward the great ocean of universal order and purity and joy.

The history of the gradual introduction of this conception of government into men's minds and of its consolidation into actual institutions must be followed by the careful student in the quiet of private investigation.

Suffice it here to say that the first governments of which we have any knowledge, were constructed for protection and restraint. They took a defensive attitude against evil rather than a positive position in the promotion of good. This defensive and aggressive idea has followed government in the family and in the State, and very largely in the church down to our day. Its gradual elimination and the substitution of the Christian

thought, that evil should be prevented rather than punished, that men need to be encouraged to be good, rather than be restrained from becoming bad, has proved to be one of the most difficult lessons which the race has had to learn.

Primitive Governments.

We know little of society before the flood. It was probably, however, a grand experiment of the power of mere law and authority in conflict with evil. The chief impression which survived the deluge seems to have been that the wickedness of man was great on earth. The history of liberty through these decades of centuries which followed seems to be the record of a series of struggles to relax the unjust and cruel rigor with which this system of resistance to evil was pursued. In these struggles the subject was in a state of chronic rebellion against the sovereign, the plebeian against the patrician. Each dynasty and each class, as it gained power, used it for itself. Little by little humanity asserted its rights. The introduction of the Mosaic code was an immense advance which we now fail fully to appreciate. Its democratic features were in fact the chief study of the founders of this Republic in political science.

The American Republic.

The institutions under which we are now living were slowly elaborated, in the devout study of the word of God, long before the separation from the mother country occurred. The Church of Christ, as founded by the Apostles, was strongly democratic, and the whole spirit of its administration tended powerfully to a revolution in civil government. Its doctrines all went to exalt the responsibility and dignity of the individual soul. Their religion gradually undermined, in the case of our fathers, their preconceived ideas of social order and civil government. When the new cirumstances of their colonial condition compelled them to act on new lines. They found their convictions antagonism with their prejudices. It is said that the compact of the Mayflower seemed almost the result of an accident. The ideas of the colonists were strongly aristocratic and inclined them to put the whole power into the hands of a few. But the men of muscle saw that now they were of as much consequence as the men of brains and of culture and gentle birth. They firmly put in their claims and

the leaders, considering the demand, saw that it was just. Yet the spirit of the infant colonies was strongly aristocratic. In manners this was seen much more plainly than in laws. The story of the punctilous etiquette which was observed in the court (as it was called) of Washington, the seating of the New England congregations according to social rank, and numerous quaint and almost ludicrous customs of the same sort show sufficiently the spirit of the age.

But all this was a matter chiefly of taste and decorum. Deep in their hearts these men loved their fellowmen. For humanity and for God, they were ready at any moment to lay down their lives. Their churches were the real morn of the State. These were formed upon the strictest model of the pattern given in the New Testament. They were local democracies of which the motto was "One is your master, and all ye are brethren." Even churches formed upon the pattern of European usage, caught the same spirit, and became fountains of a real, if not of a nominal democracy.

It was this tendency to a sort of aristocracy, which was the conservative element in the formation of the government. This made us a constitutional Republic instead of a Greek or Polish Democracy. This was the Federalism of the early days, in which the Puritan of New England found himself in hearty sympathy with the Episcopalian of Virginia, and the Presbyterian of New York. This whole party was violently assaulted by the men, whose conception of democracy was that of a government in which every man should have equal authority, instead of one in which every man should be equally protected and cared for. The Republican party (as the ultra Democrats of that day termed themselves,) were bent simply on power for the masses. The Federalists were enlisted, with all their heart and soul, in the effort to secure order, justice, virtue and happiness for the masses.

Republican and Federalists.

The contest was intense and bitter beyond any party strife of which we have any recent experience. The Republicans saw in the Federalists a reproduction of their oppressors in Europe. The Federalists saw in their opponents, the devils incarnate, who had just then closed the

reign of terror in France. Both were wrong, so wrong that only this tremendous antagonism could have restrained either from making a wreck, of the new ship of state. The result was, that a substantial triumph was with the Federalists, who really created the Constitution, while the seeming victory was with the Republicans, who after the administrations of Washington and Adams gained undisputed possession of the Government. Thenceforward it became an offense akin to treason to question the perfection of the Constitution, while it was little short of a personal insult for a politician to charge his opponent with having been a Federalist.

It was the fashion fifty years ago to speak of this Constitution as almost a miracle of human wisdom. Of late there seems to be a disposition to regard it a very common place affair. The estimate of fifty years ago is much more nearly correct. It was a miracle not only of human wisdom, but of Divine teaching. It was the fruit of centuries of the teaching and training of mankind. It was the product of no one mind or class of minds. It was the result of Providential circumstances quite as much as of human thought. It was the work of many centuries and of many men. It was the work of God as well as of men. It was the practical embodiment of the great law of love, in the civil state. It was by far the best translation the world had ever seen, or has seen as yet, the great ideal of democracy —the Utopia of Christianity—into actual institutions and practicable government.

The next great advance of democracy in this country is seen in the overthrow of the *institution of slavery*. If I pass by this whole history with a mere mention here, you will understand that it is because of the familiarity of the subject to the men of our day, and not because it was not a most extraordinary, a most instructive, a most important victory for the rights, both of master and slave, and for the weal and progress of mankind.

Now we stand on the mount of vision. The past extends back, reaching into the farthest depths of history, studded more and more thickly as we approach our modern era, with the monuments of victory for justice, law and freedom. It is a magnificent and an inspiring spectacle. It is well that we celebrate

this anniversary of freedom, as John Adams predicted we should do, "with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations."

The Present Duty

But we should be unworthy sons of heroic sires, if we did not look about us, in the surroundings of the present, and inquire if there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be enjoyed.

Men and brethern, I do but follow the example of the men of a hundred years ago, when I bid you pause in the midst of your rejoicings to-day; when I ask you to consider whether an instant and a deadly peril be not concealed, like a worm in the rose, beneath the fair blossoming of this hour; when I ask you if it is not certain that, unless there be radical, sweeping, uncompromising reform in the administration of our Government, if it is not certain that we are celebrating the first and the last centennial of the American democracy. Such, fellow-citizens, is my profound conviction, and out of the abundance of my heart I speak to you to-day.

The time was, in the days of Washington and the elder Adams, and the same continued to be substantially true to the close of the administration of the younger Adams, that an officer of the Government, employed in its administration, who should actively engage in its construction, through the elections, would have been regarded as guilty of an impropriety—a misdemeanor, a dishonorable unworthy act, similar to that judge in our day who should appear as an advocate or a client in a court over which he presides. Even at so late a date as the impeachment and trial of Andrew Johnson, it was charged as a crime that he had given civil appointments for the purpose of strengthening his own political position.

We look back to the otherwise creditable administration of Andrew Jackson, and find the first open and acknowledged departure from this principle. Adams had refused a re-election on terms which he regarded subsersive of the government. Jackson seems to have yielded with reluctance to a demand which the rapacity of many of his supporters forced upon him with a fury which marked a complete revolution in public feeling. To the horror of all right minded men of all parties, Mr.

Marcy, of New York, on the occasion of the nomination of Martin Van Buren as minister to England, declared in his place in the Senate, the revolutionary doctrine, "We practice as we preach. To the victors belong the spoils" The horror of the opposing party and of all good citizens, gradually changed to acquiescence, and on all sides the principle was accepted as a practical necessity.

The heroic struggle with slavery, which lifted the nation to a moral elevation, of the grandest sublimity for the moment, checked this downfall in the lowest slums of knavery and peculation. But with the close of the war came a temptation and an opportunity such as never had been dreamed of, and with them an entire absence both of moral principle and of legal restraint to meet the evil.

How we stand to-day, how humiliated before our own consciences and before mankind, I need not pain you by describing. You know it all, and you feel it deeply.

Now what is to be done? What have I to do, and what have you to do?

The two great parties have so far recognized the evil and the danger, that they have both nominated men who are representatives of honesty and reform.

But neither of them has laid down any principles of reform. It is not their place to do it. Parties can represent and give voice to the principles of the people. But they cannot create them. It is for the pulpit, the press, the school, the private citizen, to solve the problem, and to hand over its execution to the politicians.

What, then, is the solution of this perplexing problem? I hesitate not for an answer. Go back to the ancient traditions of the Republic! Make it a disgrace, and as far as possible a legal misdemeanor, for any officer engaged in administering the Government to interfere with an election. Forbid the legislative and judicial departments to have any voice whatever in the appointment of an officer of the Executive Department, except in a few cases of confirmation by the Senate, acting in its executive capacity.

Make it a high crime and misdemeanor for any executive

officer to remove a subordinate, except for cause. Let a man's politics have nothing to do with the giving or retaining of office. Make it a State's prison offense for a legislator to engage in any legislation in which his own interests are directly or indirectly concerned.

The time is propitious for such a reform. The people are ripe for it. All the indications are that within ten years they will have it. For this let us all labor, Republicans and Democrats alike. We are just entering on a Presidential canvass, under candidates against whom not a word of reproach can be breathed. Let us thank God for so much to-day. It is likely to be a respectable canvass, in which foul-mouthed abuse will be little used.

Let this Centennial year be distinguished for a victory over the most dangerous, but most contemptible foe that ever menaced the Republic. Let the watchword of the next three months be—Honesty! Truth! Patriotism! Down with party machines and machinists! Up with the reign of purity, honor and integrity!

Thus shall the victory of this one hundredth year be worthy of the companionship of the victories, of the birthday of the Republic.

Thus shall the men of this generation stand proudly by the side of the men of 1776 and the men of 1865.

Thus shall the Republic, established by the wisdom and sacrifices of the one, and saved by the heroism and blood of the other, be handed down to our children, to be incorporated with the great empire of liberty and love, which is at last to fill the whole earth.

THE SPIRIT OF 1876.

AN ORATION BY HON. GEO. W. CLINTON.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :—This holy day itself is full of soul-stirring memories and replete with joy. It carries us back to the second day of July, 1776, when the Congress of the thirteen colonies debated and adopted the Declaration of Independence, and to the Fourth day of July, when, in firm reliance upon its truth and justice, and upon the favor of Almighty God, they signed and gave it to the world. The debate has not come down to us, but we know that it was vehement, and that some good, brave men, shrank from what seemed to them sure self-destruction. We do not wonder that they shrank, but we reverently thank God that their timid counsels were overborne by the eloquence and firmness of the illustrious signers of that immortal Declaration—an eloquence and firmness that were not all their own, but were heightened, if not imparted, by the indignation of a people who loved liberty more than lands or life, and detested the sovereign of Great Britain as the author of all their wrongs. I have no time for eulogy. The heroes and the statesman of the Revolution have no need of it. The world yet rings with their praises ; their names and deeds are embalmed in history, and imperishable fame is theirs. Indeed, if I had time for eulogy I would rather expend all my poor powers in just praise of the people of the thirteen colonies—"the common people"—the men and women of all occupations, who, inflamed by a sense of injury to themselves and of danger to the liberties of their descendants, gave birth and force to the Declaration of Independence, and through suffering and blood maintained it, and so, under God, were the true authors of all the blessings we enjoy. I do believe that in that great emergency the so-called leaders were truly representatives—that they were actuated by

the people—that then, as now, the people, instead of being led were the leaders and inaugurated the glorious revolution. Theirs was the chiefest heroism. The orator, inspired by popular sentiment, exclaims, "Give me liberty or give me death," and he receives the laurel due to heroism, but the people go forth silently and act it in suffering, in battle and in death. My heart, I must confess, is rather with the unrecorded than the recorded worth and virtue. No warrior ever won fame in battle unless supported or urged on by heroic masses. In our land there are, I doubt not, thousands, yea, tens of thousands of humble or forgotten graves which if mortal ashes be fit subjects of honor, are as worthy of distinction as are those which we have covered with marble and with granite. It was, in my poor understanding, the wisdom and heroism of the people, rather than those whom we call the fathers of our country that made the great war of the Revolution successful and sublime.

That war was on principle. A people jealous of their liberties felt that taxation without representation was tyranny. They looked upon their children, and they thought: "If we submit, they will be governed by our dastardly example and bow under a heavier yoke; the colonies will become dependencies and our children vassals of the British crown," and so they took their arms at Lexington and plunged into what seemed a hopeless conflict with great Britain. They had no ally—no assurance of foreign aid. But far more was involved in the issue of that conflict than they supposed. They did not, they could not realize that they were warring and suffering for the whole human family. What wisdom could, in 1776, pierce the utter darkness of the coming century and see our country as it is? Only God could do it, and He, in His gracious providence gave our fathers the victory, and guarded and guided the nation to which victory gave birth. Give Him the glory!

In celebrating this happy day, it would be shameful to forget that ultimate success was won, with the aid of many gallant friends of freedom from Europe, where Liberty was dead, but not the love of her. The name of many of these worthies are irrecoverably lost. Holland gave us Steuben, who was so ser-

vicable in the training of our troops. Alsace contributed the good De Kalb, who fell, a martyr to liberty, at Camden. Poland gave us Kosciusko and Pulaski.

"Warsaw's last champion" was our champion too. He it was who planned the camp on Bemis's Heights, and made our lines impenetrable, and so contributed, far more than the skill of Gates and the mad bravery of Arnold, to the victory of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne. Pulaski did good service, raised an independent corps and laid down his life for the good cause in the assault upon Savannah. Scotland gave us Paul Jones, the hero of our flag and terror and the scourge of England on the sea. Thomas Paine, an Englishman, gave us wondrous aid and comfort with his pen, and the value of his services was publicly acknowledged by Congress and by all our foremost statesmen, and after the vindication of our Independence, New Jersey and New York hastened to testify their sense of them by gifts of land and money. It seems surprising that a man of his ability and worth was not a Christian. He, in common with many of our most venerated statesmen, was tinged with the falsely so-called philosophy then so widely prevalent. His "Age of Reason" is almost forgotten. His assaults upon Christianity were weak and ineffective. Mere justice to so efficient a defender of the rights of man requires us to remember that his creed, though too contracted, was noble—it might have been the creed of Socrates or Plato: "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." France among a host of gallant men, gave us Lafayette. Words cannot add lustre to his fame, or exalt him in the hearts of my countrymen.

As Americans we cannot hold D'Estaing and Rochambeau in especial honor. The French Government had no love for us and no regard for liberty. France became our ally because she hated Great Britain and wished to wound her. These were the commanders of her navy and her army, through whose cooperation Washington was enabled to close the war by the en-

forced surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. But it is well to remember that, as the stars in their course fought against Sisera, so a Providential storm prevented Cornwallis's escape and made our victory certain and complete. Great Britain acknowledged our independence, and our narrow country was left at peace with all the world. The first Constitution of New York was adopted at Kingston in 1777, on the 20th day of April, and it seems to me that a proper State pride requires that day to be set apart by the good people of the State as a holiday forever.

The Articles of Confederation were submitted to the States in 1777, and, being ratified by the Legislatures were signed by their representatives in Congress in 1778. These articles were a mere rope of sand, and did not create a nation. It was a blessed day for us and for the world when they were replaced by the Constitution. That went into effect on the 4th day of March, 1788, when Washington duly entered upon the office of President. It was the most perfect Constitution that man ever devised. But alas, it presented one dark blot upon its otherwise fair face—it did not fulfill the promise of the Declaration of Independence and recognize the equality of man. The framers of it were compelled to compromise with slavery. But that Constitution was a great advance in the direction of liberty, and gave strength and majesty to this before formless and disjointed country, which was born into the world on the fourth day of July, 1776.

From the happy hour of its adoption, through many trials, the United States of America has marched gradually onward in the paths of glory. Her acquisitions of territory have been immense. In 1803, our Government purchased of France, for $15,000,000, Louisiana and all her claims to the country west of the Mississippi. Thus we acquired not only perfect property in the whole length of that great river, but the very heart of the continent, and even passed the Rocky Mountains and planted our banner upon the coast of the Pacific Ocean. In 1819, Spain ceded Florida to us, thus rounding our possessions on the Gulf. After a long interval, Texas was annexed, war with Mexico followed, and New Mexico and Californis were added to our country.

I am proud of the laurels won by my country in her wars; but, thank Heaven she has far worthier claims upon our admiration and respect. I care not to inquire whether her independence was confirmed and her dignity vindicated by the war of 1812. It is enough to say, that, despite some disaster her triumphs upon both land and sea were worthy of our intrepid people, and of all those victories I can recall none that was more glorious and complete than that which Perry won upon the lovely lake that laves the feet at Buffalo.

Would, my friends! that I could, with justice to this occasion, permit the recent past to be buried in oblivion, and omit all reference to the Rebellion—that awful war, the memory of which renews my anguish and recalls my fear of something worse than death—the ruin of my country. My voice was one of the first that demanded war in preference to disunion, though I well knew what tremendous evils must come from war however thoroughly successful. War came, and there was great bitterness in being compelled by sacred duty to counsel battle to the death for the Union and for liberty, while I was debarred from sharing the dangers and privations of our soldiers. The South, under the influence of slavery, was a mere aristocracy—a noble aristocracy, if you please; but base is the noblest. The North and West, with an ineradicable hatred of slavery, had been induced to accede to the demands of the South and extend its area. One is ashamed to note the ease with which public men were swayed by promises and threats of sophistry. This cancer, hated as it was by all, or nearly all, the framers of the constitution was placed under the protection of the constitution and permitted to spread. The slave holding States became arrogant. The gods made them mad. Cotton was king.

They resolved to repudiate the constitution, to recede and form a nation, a Republic, by themselves. No wonder that the politicians of the South hated the constitution that had so long protected them and despised the freemen of the North, who were proud to live by their own labor. They could not read the Declaration of Independence without a denial of the truths for the maintenance of which their fathers and our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. "We hold

these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Athens, Sparta, all the so-called free States of Greece, and the Roman Republic itself were all debased, corrupted and ruined by slavery. To make liberty stand firm, erect and fair upon the bleeding back of slavery is not possible. And yet these men, in imitation of the miserable Spartans, proposed to have their Helots and worship freedom. In their madness they would have compassed our ruin and their own, and blighted every germ of liberty in Europe. We resisted for our lives: we fought for them and for their children as well as for ourselves and for our children. Thank God! we beat them down, and kept them from self-murder.

We retrieved our national honor. We purified the constitution and made it the guaranty of freedom and equality throughout our glorious country. Our warfare was in a holy cause, and so far as our deep wrongs would permit, was waged without enmity. When peace returned, I was among the first to say, to a portion of the public, that our duty and the common interest demanded that we should take ample security for the future and grant full amnesty to all who had participated in the rebellion. I spoke in a corner. I was not heard. I hardly expected to be heard or heeded, but I satisfied my conscience. We suffer at the south as well as here and everywhere the evil consequences of the war of the rebellion. We have an immense debt and a depreciated currency; but our chiefest suffering has flowed from the demoralization which always dogs the heels of war. Truly, we have paid a tremendous price for victory, but the victory was worth it a million times.

In the history of the last century, is it not very clear that God has been most gracious to us? He gave us honorable success in all our wars. He made the passions and the wants of transatlantic powers conduce to the extension of our country. He gives us nearly the whole of North America to hold in trust for Freedom and for Virtue and as an asylum for the oppressed of the world.

When the expansion of our territory threatened to weaken the ties of our nationality, new modes and means of intercourse by sea and land—steamboats, canals, railroads, ocean steamers, and the magnetic telegraph—arose in good time to counterpoise the disadvantages of distance and avert the danger. In point of time New York is much nearer now to San Francisco, than it was to New Orleans less than half a century ago. Free institutions—the same in substance—prevail throughout our land. Free commerce throughout the immense expanse cements our union, and free intercourse and an equal love of liberty mould us into one peculiar people. There is not and never has, been in all the world a prouder title than "citizen of the United States."

If there be any portion of our country for whose future I fear it is the South. It is said, I hope untruly, that there disorder to some extent prevails, and that politicians still talk of "the lost cause," and seek to rise upon the dying passions of the past. But I will not fear. The most loyal men of the South are the brave confederates who fought so gallantly against us. The reconstructed States must take care of themselves and their own interests and honor. If they will destroy themselves, so it must be. But surely their wise, good men will counsel their people, as ours do us, to submit to the inevitable, and to seek prosperity, and happiness, and honor, where alone they are to be found—in the firm maintenance of impartial law and the pursuits of industry.

What wonderful changes in the condition of the world the past century has witnessed! How petty are the evils we complain of when compared with those under which the whole earth groaned a century ago! When the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, Holland and Switzerland were the only Republics in the world, and whether toleration was correctly understood and practiced in them is not clear. Elsewhere, throughout Europe, Africa, Asia and all the islands of the great deep, bigotry reigned, and the many were subservient to the few. The people were divided into orders, ranks and castes, and the lowest were trodden under foot. Persecution for opinion's sake was everywhere indulged, and, in general it was

cruel, fierce and bloody. Rulers and ruled were alike selfish and inhuman. England, from whose law and history our ancestors drew their love of freedom, while boasting of Liberty, oppressed Ireland and filled her colonies with slaves. There was not in the whole world a country so pure, enlightened, tolerant and happy as was each and every one of the thirteen colonies who jeoparded everything for perfect freedom and the rights of man, and gave birth to our country. What glories cluster around the country's history! How firm and strong she is—how pure and lovely—the example of the world, its glory and its hope! Surely our God looks down upon it with approbation and will bless it. We may well believe that by it He will encourage humanity and make the round earth happy, tolerant and free.

Everywhere there has been progress in the arts, in science, in government, in everything that elevates the intellect, improves the heart and favors freedom. In our land intolerance has no existence, and in almost every other country she seems languishing or dead. Good men of all Christian sects have learned to love each other, and to forget their differences in the unity of their good works and worship. Childhood is more and more dear, women is more elevated and influential, and her refining influence is more widely felt. The rights of inferior beings are more justly estimated, and the brutes, whether they labor for us or not, and the birds that help and cheer us are under the protection of the law. The elective franchise now rests upon mere manhood, and not upon the accidents of property. The weapons and the implements of war are now so destructive and so costly, that invasion seems impossible, and wars, when they come, must certainly be brief.

This Centennial year has been marked by many happy events. Let me refer to a few of them. The people everywhere have evinced a hatred of private and political corruption. It has witnessed the detection—may it witness the condign punishment—of men who have made the public a prey, and the temple of liberty a den of thieves. Everywhere in our land great enterprises have been commenced or brought to a successful end. In our own dear Buffalo, we may point with just pride to our

noble City and County Hall, and to the numerous new buildings which add beauty to our city, and prove its prosperity and power. This year, too, is made famous, by the wonderful International exhibition at Philadelphia. There, all the nations exhibit and compare their natural, industrial, artistic and scientific products, and learn to know and respect each other, and to appreciate the inestimable blessings of peace and untrammeled intercourse.

How, my friends, shall we confirm our blessings and manifest our gratitude to Heaven? To Heaven, what can be more grateful than works of piety and love? Our liberties are very strongly rooted, but "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." "How true it is that "Power is continually stealing from the many to the few!" Would that every citizen would rouse himself to a deep sense of the dignity and responsibility of citizenship! Ignorance is the ready tool of mean ambition. She longs for license and cannot consort in peace with loving Liberty. She may be the parent of dangerous riot or bloody revolution, but she cannot found a State nor maintain her lawless freedom. Her triumphs are brief, and she always falls, by craft or force, under the foot of despotism. I say, with Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, "above all things educate the people." We have obeyed, and will forever obey the precept. And for our obedience have we not a precious reward in these one thousand children who sing so charmingly the hymns of liberty; Do they not give us the strongest possible assurance that our country and its institutions are secure? God bless you, my good children! You are the richest jewels of Buffalo—the future defenders of purity, liberty and union.

May our people grow in magnanimity as in every other virtue. There is a noble, self-denying economy. There is a mean, purblind shabbiness which sometimes seeks to commend itself under that honorable name. All honest labor is honorable.

The day laborer and the smutched artificer may be as good as anybody, though they have less power to serve the community than those on whom fortune smiles. They are often proud and would scorn a life of inglorious ease. Hundreds of poor men, in our city, proved their worth last winter by eagerly ac-

cepting public work in lieu of public charity. I am no leveller—no agrarian. It is not the duty of any government to provide work for all who desire to work; but it is the duty of every government to encourage industry and promote happiness, directly or indirectly, whenever it can do so.

The general and state governments require a vast variety and amount of manual and mechanical labor. In times of monetary depression, dearth and panic, it is the duty of government to set an example to capitalists maintaining and even increasing its average expenditures for labor. Shame on the miserable demagogue, who preaches as economy a meanness which strikes down and disheartens honest laborers.

I pray you, when economy is preached, see to it that it is just and worthy of a great-hearted people!

My friends, I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have given me to-day, not only by your kindness to myself, but by the sight of your own happy, animated faces, and by your magnificent procession. The demonstrations of the day are indeed sublime. Here is patriotism as pure as the sky above us, and irresistible as the surging ocean. The sounds of innumerable feet upon the march, the martial music, the intermitting murmurs of great multitudes, with its attempt at silence, are like the multitudinous voices of the sea, but grander, far grander. The sluggish sea has no soul nor life in its motion and its utterances; but the movements and the voices of this vast assembly are replete with intelligence and soul.

With so grand a spectacle in view how can we doubt the stability of our country and our liberties? Talk of "the spirit of 1776," and of "the times that tried men's souls!" The spirit of 1876 animates you, and your souls would, I doubt not, issue gloriously from trials as bitter and severe as those through which the heroes of the Revolution passed triumphantly. Then, too, our procession, as did the army of the Revolution, embraces men of every race and country—native-born Americans, Germans, Irish, English, Scotch, Poles, Frenchmen. But who cares where they were born? They are all Americans, lovers of the Constitution and the Union, of liberty and law. It is hardly fanciful to say that here, in our country, sacred to

liberty, the reunion of these races may result in the restoration of the primeval type of manhood.

My countrymen, I ought to stop here, but I cannot cease without alluding to the highest enjoyment, the most gracious and honorable duty of the day. The Ladies Union Monument Association, in conjunction with the Grand Army of the Republic, have, we trust, made this day forever memorable by breaking ground for our Soldier's Monument. It is well that they who suffered and died for the perpetuation of the Constitution and the Union should be honored equally with the soldiers of the Revolution.

The monument should be a triumphal arch, an ornament of this proud city, a praise to the noble women who have labored so faithfully for and now insist upon its erection, a fit memorial of soldierly and patriotic virtue, an everlasting instance of the sublime union of public gratitude and heroic valor ; and we are confident that, in due time, the patriotic people of Buffalo will provide for the completion of the holy work this day commenced.

THE EXPERINENT OF A FREE GOVERNMENT--A SUCCESS.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. ARTHUR T. CHESTER, D.D.

DELIVERED AT BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

The nation itself, on this glorious day, the hundreth anniversary of its Declaration of Independence—the nation established, matured, honored—is the most fitting monument to the memory of the men who have founded, developed and defended it. We say to them all, amid this tumult of joy, as we point to our free and happy country, "Behold your work;" and we declare that they shall be remembered with gratitude in all the years and centuries of the coming time.

Ye pioneers of liberty, the eloquent speakers and writers preceding the revolution, who, with a daring amounting to audacity, stirred up the people till they cried out, "We will be free!"—ye heroes of the bloody struggle for liberty, attained by victories on the battle-field, when England's strength and pride, represented by the best trained troops of the world, were conquered by a yeoman soldiery;—ye brave men who resisted to the death when, three score years ago, our land was invaded, and the very spot on which we stand was the scene of conflagration and bloodshed;—ye patriots of the later time, who, to save your country from dismemberment and destruction, left your various pursuits of peace for the battle's front, and there gave your lives, or returned wounded and maimed, or if unhurt, the stronger to resist other dangers to which your land may be exposed; ye noble men and women, of the first years and of the last years of the century, who have counseled and labored and fought and suffered and sacrificed and died for the Republic; ye living and dead patriots and soldiers, behold your work!

This nation, free and independent, enjoying for itself the richest blessings of liberty, and exerting its benign influence upon all the nations of the earth, this American nation, these United

States, this confederation of forty millions of rejoicing citizens, as the light of this memorable day dawns upon us, this is your monument! You shall not be forgotten as long as the lakes and the gulf and the two oceans enclose the favored inhabitants of this free and prosperous Republic.

The world admires the force and beauty of the inscription to the memory of the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, who is buried in its crypt—"*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" We use this language to-day, of the three generations, most of whom are buried in this toil; who with infinite labor have laid the foundations of this great commonwealth; who have carried up the structure at such cost of life and treasure; who have set the top stone to-day amid the shouts of a grateful people; who have built not a cathedral to vie with the world's proudest structures, but have raised up a nation, the peer of all the nations of the earth, though these may have been a thousand years in building, and this but a hundred; we say of all these to-day, and with what added emphasis, "If you ask for their monument, look around you!"

This monument is now completed. It has often been asked, especially at gatherings on the Fourth of July, whether this government would stand. It has been regarded as an experiment. The dangers to which it is exposed have been magnified, and fears expressed that it might prove a failure. Let us hear no more of this. The question is settled; the Republic is a success. This day, that with its morning beams marks the beginning of its hundreth year of life and growth and prosperity, this day makes it of age, and is the full assurance that it shall continue in the coming years, by the favor of the God of nations, and advance in everything that can add to national glory and honor.

What though we look with a degree of sorrow and shame upon the incomplete shaft at our capital, commenced many years ago in honor of the father of his country—what though the patriotic American in Paris, who would pay his respects to the memory of La Fayette, that unselfish apostle of our liberties, must traverse an unfashionable part of the city, and find the mortal remains of the hero in a remote corner of an obscure

church-yard, covered only by a plain slab large enough to shade his coffin, yet have we a completed, a noble monument to these and all the heroes of the past, in the very existence and in the character of this American nation. Let us hear no language to-day but that of praise. We need not use exaggerated terms of boastful pride, but we may proclaim facts. Shame to us, if we do not to-day, rejoice in everything that distinguishes us as a nation, and gives us prominence among the nations of the earth. What then is the government of these United States in which with glad hearts we rejoice? It is essentially a democracy, as has been well said, a government of the people, and for the people, but such a government would be the worst in the world —less stable and more dangerous than any form of despotism, unless the great mass of the inhabitants were under the control of intelligence, virtue and religion.

There must be general knowledge—a development and expansion of that part of man's nature by which he is lifted out of the domain of the animal and into the reasonable ; then there must be a prevalence of the principles of common justice, and a proper regard for the rights of others ; and there must be, in some form, a recognition of a sovereign God and His claims as related to the issues of eternity, or, the people can only make up a lawless, ignorant mob, unable to take care of themselves and sure to bring ruin upon all around them.

We claim, that as a people we always have been and still are under the controlling influence of these great principles. We foster universal education that we may remain intelligent. We furnish at public cost that culture for the masses which is needful that each succeeding generation may be wise in the knowledge of important truth, the influence of which is felt in the general welfare. We inculcate and enforce a respect for wholesome laws, so that it is the aim of all to secure for themselves and to administer to others that justice which ensures equal rights, and in this respect makes a beggar equal to a President. We adopt some form of faith, some mode of worship, that expresses a belief in our higher nature and in a Supreme Being, to whom we are responsible. Upon this triple foundation, general intelligence, reverence for law and faith in God, the Re-

public has been established; upon these it has been built up; by these it must be perpetuated. And these have been, are, and must be, the characteristics of this people. These mark us as distinct among the nations.

In the possession of these, or at least in their harmonious combination and general diffusion, we take rank with the most favored and exalted people. We acknowledge none to be superior—we take precedence of most. We may point to-day with becoming pride to our educational institutions, adapted to all classes of our citizens, furnishing the highest culture to those who desire it, and giving to all, the poorest and the humblest, the means of attaining to intelligent citizenship. We have free schools, a free press, and freedom of opinion and of speech, in such a degree as to make us the admiration and the envy of the people of the civilized world.

We have such laws and statutes all over the land, State and municipal, and such organized courts of various grades as to secure the surest and most rapid administration of justice, that which is so essential in a community, the basis of which is equal rights.

And we have absolute freedom of religious faith and worship—a freedom which has not led to infidelity and atheism. All over the land, in city and hamlet, we see the spires of Christian churches pointing heavenward; and we hear the solemn call of the church bells as the people are summoned every Sabbath to worship in the sanctuary. We have it written in our national song. "In God is our trust;" and when in our last great struggle this sentiment stamped itself upon the anxious heart of the nation, we put it upon our large coins, and there it is to-day, by special enactment, "In God we trust."

We are a self-governed, intelligent, law-abiding Christian nation. This is the monument upon which our eyes now rest rising in its symmetry and beauty in commemoration of the patriotic spirit, the wise counsels and the heroic deeds of all the founders and defenders of the Union. We can no more think or speak to-day of defects and blemishes, of open or concealed dangers, than of the spots on the sun's disc, when that glorious luminary breaks anew upon the darkened earth and is bathing all nature in its golden light.

With most commendable and characteristic zeal, the ladies of Buffalo and vicinity have determined to give outward form and expression to the reverence and gratitude we all feel toward the "founders and defenders of the Union." They have chosen a plan of a lofty massive arch, to stand in the most public square of our city, spanning our most beautiful avenue. They have laid, with great industry, the foundation of a fund to pay the cost of the structure, and have invited the citizens of Buffalo to join them to-day in beginning the work. What can be more appropriate than that on this day, when the gratitude of the people has been swelling for a hundred years, it should find an outlet, if only so far as to mark the spot, by breaking the round where shall be laid at once the deep and wide foundation of the graceful and imposing pile to be erected upon it. It shall always be one of the most interesting features of the edifice, as it tells its story of its patriotism and bravery of the heroes whose names it bears, and gives its testimony in the coming years to the gratitude of the entire people, that it was begun on the Fourth of July, 1876.

And what can be more appropriate than that the women of the land should engage in this enterprise. They gave their fathers and husbands and sons and brothers and lovers with a heroism equal to that of the soldiers who were thus given as martyrs for liberty, While war was raging they were most industrious in preparing clothing for the soldiers, in scraping lint for the wounded, in supplying delicacies for sick. They were found on the field and in the hospitals, overcoming the shrinkage sensitiveness of their nature, accustoming themselves to the sight of gaping wounds and learning to bear without dismay the groans of the suffering, in their purpose to be ministering angels to the wounded and the dying. What more appropriate now that the clamor of war has ceased and the sweet voice of peace is heard in all our border, than that these gentle, generous spirits. Anxious to show their patriotism in some womanly way at this centennial, should enter upon a work like this? May not the fair honor the brave? And will not every man who has a spark of patriotism—who has any sense of what liberty is worth—who can make any estimate of what the nation's life has cost for a hundred years.

be ready to respond most cheerfully and generously when these zealous women ask for aid? Let us cry out in earnest encouragement: Go on, wives, mothers, sisters! It is a noble work you have undertaken. Here is our offering, before you ask it. What if the times are hard, there would have been no times at all but for the labor, the sacrifice, the heroism of those whose deeds you commemorate.

Lay the foundations, build up the arch, crown the completed work. You shall not want for means. Every American shall furnish at least one stone for the beautiful structure, and our adopted citizens will take pleasure in expressing in the same way to the heroic men who have prepared such a home for them upon the western shores. Shame on the citizen—he is not worthy of the name, native or foreign—who, in this year so fraught with sacred memories, so full of burning appeals to patriotism, and at the call of his fair countrywomen, can refuse to make a contribution to such a cause as this; when, if each man and boy in our city alone would give but a dollar, the structure would rise rapidly and without interruption, and we should soon be gazing upon its majestic beauty.

A few months ago I stood upon the top of the most magnificent arch in the world—the Arch of Triumph in Paris. It is as high as our medium church steeples, and commands a splendid view of that most beautiful of all cities. But, it was erected to celebrate the victories of the Emperor, who made war for its own sake, who sought to build up France at the expense or utter ruin of other nationalities, who allowed ambition to goad him on to a bitter exile and the death of a prisoner. It looks out upon a land whose history dates back more than a thousand years, but whose government is yet unsettled, because the masses are too spirited and liberty-loving to submit quietly to the rule of monarchy, and yet are too fickle and unintelligent to cultivate a stable republic.

Our arch—I see it rising in its beauty—its summit towering above these lofty trees. I stand upon its eminence and look around. It has been erected, not by forced contributions to celebrate the bloody victories of a despot who for his selfish ends could devastate the inoffensive nations of his day, not only in Europe but in the East. It has been built by the free gifts

of a generous and grateful people to keep in memory the brave deeds and wise counsels of the founders and defenders of the Union, and it overlooks a free republic, tells of victories won over foreign enemies and over intestine foes, not for the injury of others, but only for the existence and safety of the country itself. It tells of progress and growth in mechanism, in art, until we could invite the world to our shores and force them to confess that we had outdone all the nations in our Centennial Exposition.

It tells of a contest, carried on peacefully in the presence of these foreign visitors, when it is settled in a peaceful convention of each great political party that one of two men, out of forty millions, shall be the next President, and both men so able, so learned, so good, that, party considerations aside, we do not care which shall be successful at the election.

It tells of freedom for all the inhabitants of the land. We could not have come to our Centennial with such joy unless that dark cloud of slavery had been dispelled, though at such a cost.

The arch looks North and South, to tell our near neigbors of another nationality, and through them all the nations, that this is the home of the free, and to tell our brethern in the opposite direction that we are and must be one people. It is an open arch, not a closed barrier. It invites all to come and dwell among us, and enjoy in full measure the immunities and privileges of American cltizenship.

There it shall stand till another century shall come to an end, and then, the dear old flag waving over it, its stars doubled, nineteen hundred and seventy-six, showing seventy-six shining points on its azure field—then our children's children shall tell what a noble work of patriotism and loyalty we commenced and finished a hundred years before.

In this faith we now break the surface for the foundation of the structure, believing that there is power enough in patriotic impulses and in women's pleadings to secure what is necessary to complete it, so that by another national anniversary we may be summoned to rejoice together in its beauty and grandeur, as it declares in plainer language than by an inscription on its walls, that at last it has been shown that this republic is not ungrateful.

CENTENNIAL HYMN,

BY J. W. BARKER.

SUNG AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

All hail this day immortal
  Upon the scroll of Time!
We crowd the shining portal
  Of Freedom's hallowed shrine,
We come, a ransomed nation,
  With songs of lofty cheer,
To greet with adoration
  Our first Centennial year.

Through trial and thro' conflict,
  From danger's darkest night,
We tread the glowing summit
  Of Freedom's towering height;
While in the sky of azure
  The stars of peace appear,
To crown with rising glory
  Columbia's hundredth year.

Great Ruler of the Nations,
  Thy majesty we own;
With songs of glad thanksgiving,
  We bow before Thy throne;
Thy wealth of peace possessing,
  So dear to every home,
We crave our Father's blessing,
  The hundred years to come.

OUR LAND.—A CENTENNIAL HYMN,

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

SUNG AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, JULY 4TH, 1876.

On our Centennial Height
Warm love and proud delight
Fill every breast!
Blessings, all round, we meet;
Praise! with thy anthems, greet!
North to the South repeat!
East to the West!

Where spreads the Peopled earth.
Foreboding Freedom's birth,
Our bright flag glows.
Red, for our Battle-sign;
White, for our Peace benign;
Stars, for our States in Twine;
Stripes, for our foes.

Broad smiles our lofty Land,
Each side an ocean grand;
Snows linked to flowers.
As our flag blends its dyes,
So, sons of differing skies
Find a fixed home to prize,
In our free bowers.

To HIM, all bend the knee!
Shall not the future see
Greater our clime?
Vaster our living tide,
Harvests and homes allied,
Knowledge spread far and wide,
'Till latest time.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE REPUBLIC.

AN ORATION BY HON. THEODORE BACON, OF ROCHESTER,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PALMYRA, N. Y., JULY 4TH, 1876.

THE occasion which we commemorate to-day, familiar as it is to us by its annual recurrence—fixed as it is in our national life—is in its very conception distinctive and American. It is not the birth-day of a reigning prince, however beloved; it is not the holiday of a patron saint, however revered; it is simply the the festival of our national existence. Unimaginative as we are, we have impersonated an idea—the idea of nationality; and the festival of that idea, instead of a man or a demi-god, we celebrate to-day.

And we do right to celebrate it. The *fact* of this national existence is a great fact. The act which first declared the nation's right to exist was a great act—a brave act. If it was not indeed, as we have been ready enough to assert, a pivotal epoch in the world's history, it was beyond question a decisive event in our own history. If it was not the birth-day of the nation—for the nation was born long before—it was the day the still-growing youth became conscious of its young maturity, asserted its personality, and entered on equal terms into the community of nations. And whatever errors there may have been in our methods—whatever follies of mere deafening or nerve-distracting noise—whatever mad recklessness with deadly explosives, such as will make to-morrow's newspapers like the returns of a great battle—whatever flatulence of vain glorious boasting from ten thousand platforms such as this—it is none the less a goodly and an honorable thing, that the one universal festival of this great nation should be the festival of its *nationality* alone. This, and this only, is the meaning of our being together to-day; that we are glad, and joyful, and grateful, that we are a nation; and that in unison with more

than two-score millions of people, throughout the vast expanse of our imperial domains, we may give utterance to the joyful and thankful thought, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

It is well then, to celebrate and rejoice. The many reasons we have for joy and pride are familiar enough to you. If there were any danger of your forgetting them, they are recalled annually to your remembrance by addresses such as you have honored me by calling on me to deliver here to-day. And in considering how I could best respond to your request, in the few moments which you can spare from your better occupation of the day, I have thought it superfluous to repeat to you those glories of which your minds are already so full, deeming it a better service to you, and worthier of the day, I suggest certain imitations upon national self-laudation.

Let me recount to you summarily, the familiar and ordinary grounds of our boasting on such days as this. Then go over them with me, one by one ; consider them soberly ; and see whether we are in any danger of exalting ourselves unduly by reason of them.

1. We conquered our independence.
2. We govern ourselves.
3. We have enormously multiplied our numbers, and extended our boundaries.
4. We have enormously increased our material wealth, and subdued the forces of nature.
5. Education and intelligence are in an unequaled degree diffused throughout our population.
6. To crown all, we have but just now subdued a gigantic rebellion, and in doing so have incidentally suppressed the great national shame of human slavery.

Consider them :

1. We conquered our independence.

Beyond doubt, this was a grand thing to do, even in view of all the advantages that aided our fathers, and of all the difficulties that burdened their enemies. It was not, indeed, except in a certain limited and qualified sense, what it is commonly misnamed, a *revolution*. It was rather a movement of

conservatism—of resistance to an innovating despotism, seeking to impose the bonds of distant authority on those who were free-born, and who had always governed themselves. This resistance to ministerial novelties was in the interest of all Englishmen, and, until this very day one hundred years ago, was in the name of King George himself, whom we still recognized as our rightful monarch, after more than a year of flagrant war against his troops. It was (do not forget) war of defence, against an invader from the paralyzing distance of 3,000 miles; yet that invader was the most powerful nation in Europe. It enlisted (remember) the active alliance of France, and stirred up Spain and Holland to separate wars against our enemy; yet even with these great helps, the persistency of the struggle, the hardships and discouragements through which it was maintained to its final success, were enough to justify the honor in which we hold the assertors of our national independence.

2. We have inherited, it is true, by a descent through many generations, certain principles of government which recognize the people as the source of authority over the people. Yet not even the founders of this federal republic—far less ourselves, their century remote descendants, could claim the glory either of inventing these eternal principles or of first applying them in practice. Before Jefferson were Plato, and Milton, and Locke, and Rousseau. Before Philadelphia were Athens, and pre-Augustan Rome; Florence and Geneva; Ghent and Leydon; the Swiss Republics and the Commonwealth of England. Before the United States of America were the Achæan League, the Hanseatic League, and—closest pattern and exemplar—the United Provinces of the Low Countries. Beyond doubt, however, it is something to be glad of that our ancestors began the century which closes to-day, upon the solid foundations of a faith in the right of self-government, when so many other nations of the earth were to be compelled to labor and study toward the acceptance of that faith, or to legislate and fight and revolutionize toward the embodiment of it in institutions. But whether that prodigious advantage with which we began the century should be now the occasion of pride or of some different emotion, might depend on other questions: Whether, for ex-

ample, that advantage has enabled us to maintain to this day the pre-eminence over other nations which it gave us a hundred years ago ; whether, as they have advanced, we have only held our own, or gone backward ; whether our ten talents, the magnificent capital with which we were entrusted, have been hid in a napkin and buried, while the one poor talent of another has been multiplied a hundred fold by diligence and skill. It is a great thing, no doubt, for a nation to govern itself, whether well or ill ; but it is a thing to be proud of only when its self-government is capable and just. Let us look for a moment at the relative positions in this respect of our own and other nations a hundred years ago, and now.

A century since, the idea of parliamentary or representative government, primitive as that idea had been in the earliest Teutonic communities, and embalmed as it might still be in the reveries of philosophers, had no living form outside of these colonies, and of that fatherland from which their institutions were derived, and with which they were at war. In Great Britain itself, a sodden conservatism, refusing to adapt institutions to changing circumstances, had suffered them to become distorted with inequalities ; so that the House of Commons, while it still stood for the English People, and was already beginning to feel the strength which has now made it the supreme power in the nation, was so befouled with rotten boroughs and pocket boroughs, that ministers easily managed it with places, and pensions, and money. The whole continent of Western Europe was subjected to great or little autocrats, claiming to rule by divine right, uttering by decrees their sovereign wills for laws, despising even the pretense of asking the concurrence of the governed. In France, an absolute despot, a brilliant court, a gorgeous and vicious civilization of the few, were superposed upon a wretched, naked, underfed peasantry ; tithe-oppressed, tax-ridden ; crushed with feudal burdens upon the soil, or dragged from it to be slaughtered in foreign wars for matters they never heard of. Germany was either parcelled out, like Italy, among countless princelings, maintaining every one his disproportionate army, and court, and harem, and squeezing out taxes and blood from his people ut-

terly without responsibility; or was crushed beneath the iron despotism of the Great Frederick in the North, or of the less capable Empire in the South. To the East, the great plains of Russia were an unknown darkness, where a shameless fury maintained an Asiatic reign of force and terror. Here and there a philosophical recluse was evolving from his books and his invention, systems of government which denied and antagonized the claims of divine right on which every dynasty in Europe was founded; yet so remote from any practical application did these speculations seem that the most absolute monarchs took pride in sharing them and fostering them. There were, indeed, things called "republics;" there were the despotic aristocracies of Venice and Genoa; there were their High Mightinesses, the estates of the United Provinces; there were the confederated cantons of Switzerland, fenced in their mountain strongholds, but without influence upon European thoughts or institutions.

Over against that Europe of 1776, set the Europe of to-day. Nation after nation—call off their names: observe their systems of government, and say, when you have completed the tale, how many sovereigns there are who rest their title to supremacy upon divine right by inheritance; how many governments there are whose daily continuance—how many whose very birth and origin, are derived avowedly from no other source than "the consent of the governed." There are indeed crowned heads to-day; heads wearing crowns which have descended by but two or three degrees from the most confident assertors of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;"—right royal men and women—nay more, right manly men and right womanly women: yet of all these there is hardly one who pretends to be more than the mere executive of the national will, expressed through a representative legislature. The England which our fathers denounced as tyrant, and foe of freedom—let us not commit the anachronism of confounding her with the England of to-day. Ruled by a National Assembly chosen by a suffrage little short of universal, exercising final and absolute legislative authority, with the merest advisory concurrence of an hereditary Senate; its executive body little more than a standing committee of the

House of Commons, removable in an instant by a mere expression of the will of the House ; and all under the nominal presidency of a quiet matron, to whom even the external ceremonies of her position are irksome ; with a system of local and municipal administration, which, however its defects, may well invite our admiration and study ; the sturdiest proclaimer of the doctrines of our "Declaration" could hardly have figured to himself a future America which should more fully embody those doctrines than the realm of George the Third has come to embody them under his granddaughter. If we look across the channel, we find all Western Europe, from the Polar Sea to the Mediterranean, the undisputed domain of constitutional representative, elective government. If the name and state of King or Emperor are maintained, it is in effect but as a convenient instrument for the performance of necessary functions in the great public organism, and with a tacit, or even an express acknowledgement on the part of the crown that "the consent of the governed" is the true source of its own authority. Over the feudal France which I have but just now pictured to you, has swept a flood which not only destroyed institutions, but extirpated their immemorial foundations ; which not only leveled the hideous inequalities of madiævalism, but leveled *upward* the Gallic mind itself ; so that hardly less than the American citizen—far more than the British subject—is the Frenchman of to-day penetrated by the consciousness of the equal rights of all men before the law. His form of supreme administration may vary from time to time, in name, or even in substance ; but for fifty years it has stood upon the basis of the public consent, or, when it has failed so to stand, has fallen. The France of Richelieu—the France of that Louis XIV who dared to say of the State, "It is *I*," is the France whose latest king called himself no longer King of *France*, but King of *the French ;* whose latest Emperor claimed no right to rule but from a popular election by universal suffrage—boasted of being "*The Elect* of seven millions"—and styled himself in the most solemn instruments, "By the Grace of God and the *Will of the People*, Emperor of the French ;" and which now, dispensing with even the fiction of a Sovereign, administers its affairs with

a prudence, wisdom and economy which have drawn the admiration of neighboring nations. In United Italy—in the two great empires which share between them Germany and Hungary—in the Scandinavian Kingdoms—and at last even in Spain, so long the distracted prey of hierarchy and absolutism, the autocracy of an hereditary monarch has given way to parliamentary government and ministerial responsibility. The successor of Catharine the Second, by conferring spontaneously upon the half-civilized subjects of his vast empire not only personal freedom, but such local autonomy as they are capable of, is educating them toward a higher participation in affairs. And now, most marvelous testimony to the prevalence of those opinions upon which our own institutions are based, the world has seen within a month, a new Sultan, a new chief of Islam, announced to Europe as succeeding to the chair and the sword of Mahomet, "by the unanimous will of the Turkish people!"

Let us be quite sure, my fellow-citizens, before we boast ourselves immeasurably above other nations by reason of the excellence of our political institutions, not only that they are better than all others in the world, but that we have done something in these hundred years towards making them better; or at least that we have not suffered ours to become debased and corrupt, while those of other nations have been growing better and purer. Is our law-making and our conduct of affairs —national, state, and local—abler and honester now than then? Is the ballot-box cleaner, and a surer reflection of the public mind upon public men and measures? Or are we still in some small degree hampered by the tricks of politicians, so that we find ourselves voting into offices men whom we despise—giving support to measures which we abominate? Has public opinion grown so in that sensitive honor "which feels a stain like a wound," that it compels public men to be not only above reproach, but above suspicion? Or has it rather come to content itself with weighing evidence, and balancing probabilities, and continuing its favor to any against whom the proofs may fall short of absolute conviction of felony? Is the vast organization of our public business contrived and controlled, as it is in every other civilized country, and as in every successful

private business it must be, for the sole end of doing that business efficiently and cheaply? Or has it become a vast system for the reward of party services by public moneys—a vast mechanism for the perpetuation of party power by suppressing the popular will—with the secondary purpose of doing the public work as well as may be consistent with the main design? Have we, through dullness or feebleness, suffered methods to become customary in our public service, which if, attempted in the British post-office or custom-house, would overthrow a ministry in a fortnight—if in the French, might bring on a revolution? My fellow-citizens, I offer you no answers to these questions. I only ask them; and leave unasked many others which these might suggest. But when we have found answers to our satisfaction, we shall know better how far to exalt ourselves above the other nations of the earth.

3. A more indisputable support for national pride may be found, perhaps in our unquestioned and enormous multiplication of numbers and expansion of territory.

These have certainly been marvelous: perhaps unparalleled. It is a great thing that four millions of human beings, occupying in 1776 a certain expanse of territory, should be succeeded in 1876 by forty millions, occupying ten times that expanse. But let us be quite sure how much the increase of numbers is a necessary result of natural laws of propagation, working unrestrained in a land of amazing productiveness, unscourged by famine or pestilence, and burdened by but one great war during three generations of men; how much to the prodigious importation of involuntary immigrants from Africa during the last century, and of voluntary colonists, induced by high rewards for labor and enterprise, during this; and how much to any special virtue in our ancestors or ourselves. Let us be sure what degree and quality of glory it may be which a nation lays claim to for the extension of boundaries by mere mercantile bargain and purchase, or by strong armed conquest from its weaker neighbors. Let us remember, withal, that great as has been our growth in population and extent over this vacant continent which offered such unlimited scope for enlargement, other nations have not stood still. A century ago there was a little

sub-alpine monarchy of two or three million subjects, which within these twenty years has so expanded itself by honorable warfare and the voluntary accession of neighboring provinces, that it now comprehends all the twenty-five millions of the Italian people. A century ago there was a little Prussian monarchy of three or four million subjects, which, sparing to us meanwhile millions of its increasing numbers, has grown until it has become the vast and powerful German Empire of forty millions. And, while we take a just pride in the marvelous growth of New York and Philadelphia, and the meteoric rise of Chicago and St. Louis, it is well not to forget that within the same century London has added three millions to its numbers; Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, have sprung from insignificance into the second rank of cities; and that dull Prussian town, which, as the Great Frederick's capital, boasted but 100,000 inhabitants, has become a vast metropolis of nearly a million people, doubling its numbers in the last quarter of that period. If our own increase of population has indeed surpassed these marvelous examples—if our territorial expansion has in fact been larger and swifter than that of the Russian Empire in Europe and Asia, or of the British Empire in India, America and Australia, then the more are we justified in that manner of pride which is natural to the youth grown to a healthy maturity of strength and stature.

4. Thus also, if we have not greatly surpassed the rest of the world in our growth in material wealth, and in our subjugation of natural forces to human use, we may fairly claim at least to have kept in the van of progress. Yet here, too, while we have great and just cause for pride, let us not err by confounding the positive merits of our nation with the adventitious advantages which have stimulated or created its successes. It has been a different task, though perhaps not an easier one, to take from the fresh fields and virgin soil of this vast continent, fruitful in all that is most useful for human food and raiment, the wealth that has been the sure reward of steadfast industry—from the task of stimulating the productive powers of lands exhausted by thousands of years of crop-bearing, up to that exquisite fertility that makes an English

wheat-field an astonishment even to a Western New York farmer. It is indeed a singular fortune which ours has been that every decade of years has revealed beneath our feet some new surprise of mineral wealth ; the iron everywhere ; the anthracite of Pennsylvania ; the copper of Lake Superior ; the gold of California ; the bituminous coal of the western coal fields ; the petroleum which now illuminates the world ; and finally, the silver which has deluged and deranged the trade of the Orient. Let us not be slow to remember that such natural advantages impose obligations, rather than justify pride in comparison with those old countries where nature has spoken long ago her last word of discovery, and where labor and science can but glean in the fields already harvested. And when we look with wonder upon the vast public works, not disproportionate to the vastness of our territory, which the last half-century especially has seen constructed, let us not forget that the industry and frugality which gathered the capital that built our railroad system—not all of which certainly, was American capital—the trained intellect of the engineers who designed and constructed its countless parts—are a greater honor to any people than 70,000 miles of track : that the patient ingenuity of Fitch and Fulton are more to be boasted of than the ownership of the steam navies of the world : the scientific culture and genius of Morse, than 200,000 miles of telegraphic wire.

5. If I have thought it needless to enlarge upon other subjects, familiar upon such occasions, for public congratulation, especially will it be superfluous to remind such an audience as this how broad and general is the diffusion of intelligence and education through large portions of our country. But let us not be so dazzled by the sunlight which irradiates us here in New York, as to forget the darkness of illiteracy which overwhelms vast regions of our common country ; that if New York, and Massachusetts, and Ohio, offer to all their children opportunities of learning, there exists in many states a numerous peasantry, both white and black, of besotted ignorance, and struggling but feebly, almost without aid or opportunity, toward some small enlightenment. Let us not overlook the fact, in our complacency, that while we, in these favored communities,

content ourselves with offering education to those whom we leave free to become sovereign citizens in abject ignorance, other nations have gone beyond us in enforcing universal education; in not only throwing open the feast of reason, but in going into the highways and hedges, and *compelling* them to come in.

6. Coming to the last of the familiar sources of national pride which I have suggested, we may fairly say that the emotions with which a patriot looks back upon the conclusions of the period beginning in 1860 must be of a most varied and conflicting sort. The glory of successful war must be tempered by shame that red-handed rebellion should ever have raised its head in a constitutional nation. If it was not permitted to a Roman general, so it is not becoming to us, to triumph over conquered fellow-citizens. If we rejoice, as the whole world does rejoice, that the conflict which for four years distracted us, ended in the restoration of four million slaves to the rights of free manhood, the remembrance that neither our national conscience nor our statesmanship had found a better way out of the bondage of Egypt than through a Red Sea of blood, may well qualify our reasonable pride; the question, how these millions and their masters are yet to be lifted up into fitness for their new sovereignty over themselves and over us, may well sober our exultation.

If I have departed from the common usage of this occasion, in assuming that you know, quite as well as I do, the infinite causes that exist for pride, and joy, and common congratulation in being American citizens, I beg leave before I close to suggest one further reason for the emotions which are natural to all our hearts to-day. It has been common to us and to other nations, —to our friends alike and our detractors,—to speak of the institutions under which we live, as new, experimental, and of questionable permanency. Fellow-citizens, if we can learn nothing else from the comparative view of other nations to which I have been hastily recommending you, this fact at least presses itself home upon us: that of all the nations of the earth which are under the light of Christian and European civilization, the institutions of America are those which the vicissitudes of a century have left most unchanged; that, tested by the history of

those hundred years, and by the experience of every such nation, republican democracy, means permanency, not revolution ; wise conservatism, not destruction ; and that all other institutions are as unstable as water in comparison.

I believe that to-day this American "experiment" is the most ancient system in Christendom. Not a constitution in Europe but exists by grace of a revolution of far later date than the framing of our constitution, which stands now, immortal monument to the wisdom of its founders, almost unchanged from its pristine shape and substance. If the stable British monarchy seems to you an exception, reflect upon the silent revolution which in that time has annulled the power of the crown, and almost subverted its influence ; remember the suppression of the Irish Parliament, the removal of the Catholic disabilities which for a century and a half had been a foundation stone of the constitution ; remember the Reform Bill which prostrated the power of the aristocracy; the repeal of the Corn Laws, which reversed the economic policy of a thousand years ; look at the audacious legislation which within two years has destroyed even the names of that judicial system which is identified with English monarchy—at that which within a few weeks has dared to add a flimsy glitter to the immemorial title of the sovereign herself—and you may well be proud of the solidity and permanence of our institutions compared with the swift-dissolving forms of European systems.

We know, however, that institutions, even the best of them, cannot long exist without change. As in physical life, there must be either growth or decay ; when growth has ceased, decay cannot long be postponed. How shall it be with those institutions which a noble ancestry has bequeathed to us, and in which we rejoice to-day ? Let us not forget that the day is the beginning of a new century, as well, as the close of an old one. Not one of us is to see the close of the coming age, as none of us saw the opening of the last. And while it is given to none to discern the future, we know well that institutions, whether civil or social, cannot long continue better than the people who enjoy them. Be it ours, therefore, so far as lies in us, to perpetuate for our remote offspring the benefits which have come

down from our ancestors. Let us cultivate in ourselves—let us teach to our children—those virtues which alone make our free institutions possible or desirable. Thus, and only thus, shall we make this day not merely the commemoration of departed glories, but the portal to that Golden Age which has been the dream of poets and the promise of prophets, and toward which, as we dare to hope, the event which we now celebrate has so mightily impelled mankind. Our eyes shall not behold it; but woe to us if we cease to hope for it and to labor towards it It may be hard—it is hard—for us, surrounded by the green graves and the desolated homes which within a dozen years a ghastly civil war has made in this religious and enlightened nation,—for us here, in the very presence of the tattered yet venerated symbols of that strife,* to believe that the day can ever shine upon the earth

> When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the parliament of man, the federation of the world:
> When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

The reign of "Peace on Earth—Good Will towards Men"—the dominion of Reason and Justice over Force and Fraud—it may be far off, but it shall surely come.

> Down the dark future, through long generations,
> The sounds of strife grow fainter, and then cease;
> And like a bell, in solemn, sweet vibrations,
> I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
> Peace! and no longer from its 'brazen portals,
> The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies:
> But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
> The holy melodies of Love arise.

* The worn-out regimental colors of the 33d New York Volunteers, a regiment which went to the war from Wayne County, were carried in the procession and set up in front of the speaker's stand.

FOR UNION AND RECONCILIATION.

AN ORATION BY HON. EDWARD CANTWELL,

DELIVERED AT MOORE'S CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 4TH, 1876.

As once, Simeon the Prophet, in the Temple at Jerusalem, with outstretched hands and streaming eyes beheld a Saviour's advent, and a light which should lighten the Gentiles and be the glory of his own people, so, standing here on the Fourth day of July, at the foot of this North Carolina monument, I see the gate of another Temple open; I behold another light streaming by in the thick darkness; and as the gladsome rays penetrate the gloom, the very sands beneath my feet, appear to awaken and reverberate with celestial harmonies, which fill the air and float on every breeze. This is the centennial year of the American Republic. We are to-day celebrating the first centennial in the centennial year of the national existence. No prouder glow of patriotic exaltation inspired the last Prophet of Judea than now swells the breast of every North Carolinian.

Jutting far out to sea, the eastern coasts of North Carolina are the first to greet the sun in his daily course of glory and of empire. Here, on the fourth day of July, 1584, Philip Amidas, and Arthur Barlowe arrived and established the first English colony in America, bequeathing to posterity the priceless legacy of Anglo-Saxon liberty, and therefore, appropriately here in North Carolina, begin the celebrations of the centennial anniversary. Here, where the grand and unfulfilled vow of a colossal continental America for a country; the refuge of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed, was first conceived and recorded. Here, where the peal of its signal gun first broke the stillness of the morning air; at Moore's Creek, where its first victory was won; where the first North Carolina blood was shed, and upon the spot where the bones of John Grady of Duplin, her first martyred offering to liberty, lie buried.

Far from you and me, my friends, this day, be any sentiment

which shall make us, cold or indifferent, or stand here serene, and unmoved. This glorious spot is our own soil. These associations belong to us and to it and to the hour. We are Americans, but we are also Carolinians. We are the countrymen of Adams, and of Hamilton, and Greene, and we are also the countrymen of Washington, of Caswell, of Harnett, and Jefferson, and we are proud of all these names. We glory in their achievements. We emulate their virtues; we inherit and control that whole America they loved and that same great Republic they founded, and we propose to-day with the blessing and by the favor of Almighty God, to transmit this vast territory, these boundless liberties; the birthright and inheritance of the whole American people; unshorn, undiminished and unimpaired to our remotest posterity.

Fellow-citizens, one hundred years ago on the brow of this same hill there was an entrenchment occupied on the night of the twenty-sixth of February, A. D. 1776, by Col. Alexander Lillington, of the sixth regiment New Hanover militia, with a battalion of minute men of that command. During the night Colonel Richard Caswell of Dobbs county arrived with one thousand militiamen from the counties of Craven, Duplin, Johnston and Wake. This constituted the American or patriot force. The tories, estimated at three thousand men, under Generals McDonald and McLeod, were encamped on the other side of the bridge.

They came this way going to old Brunswick to join Lord Campbell, the Royal Governor of South Carolina, and the third brother of the Duke Argyle, who, with Sir Henry Clinton and a British army and the Royal Governor of North Carolina, Martin, were coming up the Cape Fear river from Smithville, then called Fort Johnson, to meet them. Colonel James Moore of the Continental army with several hundred men, was approaching by forced marches from the Bladen side. Lillington and Caswell, as I have said, were here in their front.. Their situation was critical in the extreme. They could not wait a moment. They had to fight, and by daybreak of the morning of the 27th the action began. The tories led by McLeod himself, attempted to cross the bridge; but during the night the planks

had been removed and the heavy timbers greased. As they approached the American rifles opened a deadly fire, and their ranks were decimated by volleys of broken skillets and crockery, discharged into them from a small field-piece stationed about where I stand. General McLeod fell mortally wounded, Campbell and a number of others were killed outright, and thus the advance was thrown into confusion. In the meanwhile Captain Ezekiel Slocumb of Wayne, the husband of Mary, "bloody as a butcher and muddy as a ditcher" forded the creek and the swamp, and fell on their rear. The route was complete. Colonel Moore came up after the fight. Mrs. Slocumb, disturbed by a dream, and riding all night to see her husband, guided by the sound of the guns, got here soon after the fighting began. She remained on the field attending the wounded. That night she returned to her baby, spreading everywhere she went the glorious news. That day, in these western wilds history and liberty found a new Thermopylæ. Another name was added to those that will never die. The American rebellion organized and concerted at Hilton near Wilmington, North Carolina, on the 17th March (Patrick's Day), 1773 between Josiah Quincy, Cornelius Harnett, and Robert Howe of Brunswick, thence forward became a Revolution.

We are here then face to face as it were, with one of those great events which make up what is called history. We stand at the shrine of a martyr. These sands at our feet were once soaked with gore. Here Grady fell and his was the only life lost on the patriot side. From his expiring heart liberty drew its last libation. He perished let us remember in a great national cause and in no private quarrel; for an idea and not for lucre or in the way of business; for the continent which gave him birth, as well as for North Carolina and "the cause of Boston;" for human rights and humanity's sake as swell as in obedience to his country's laws. He was more than a Spartan, for he died for the world—for eternity and not for time.—Young men of Duplin and Pender, this monument on which you gaze, whereon his name is inscribed rises from the death-bed of a plain North Carolina boy. It aspires to the skies near one of your own obscurest creeks. There were millions of such timbers

as those in yon bridge unhewn in the forest then, and there are millions of them unhewn now. There are a thousand such creeks. But those planks on which Grady looked a hundred years ago, are still in one sense undecayed by time, still arch the stream from bank to bank.—The solid materials may perish ; the deep sluggish stream may shrink beneath its bed ; nay, the earth itself shall melt and pass away, or roll itself up like a scroll, but the name of a hero like this, is immortal. Another hundred years may elapse and the purpose of his sacrifice remain unfulfilled, but that purpose will survive this monument, yes, the Republic itself. That "continental" army whose triumphs here began shall yet, by your aid, master the continent. It has marched under your fathers over mountain and valley. It buckles with hooks of steel the Atlantic and Pacific slopes; and it will continue to march on and on after we are dead, until the dream of the fathers shall be your reality, every American a continental, and the American continent with all its coasts and seas, and lands and islands, the snow-covered peaks of Alaska, in the region of perpetual winter, and the purple blooms of the Antilles, and the sweet scented gales of the Carribean equator, all, all shall become what God and nature formed them to be, the entire, absolute and exclusive property of a United and American people.

I might ignore allusion to the civil conflict between and among the American people and States, which for the last ten and fifteen years has so plainly checked the national prosperity. But the subject is one which cannot be ignored to-day. We must learn to speak of it as any other historical event. You are thinking about it now, and it is mere affectation to pretend we can ignore it.

My impression is, that now it is all over ; there are very few of us here, who would have had that conflict result differently. We now see that two republics, both military, with a frontier line of more than three thousand miles each to defend, would contribute very little to the happiness or the progress of the American family. It would have been utterly impossible to have retained even the semblance of political or popular liberty. Slavery, which is necessary in the infancy of great empires, pass-

es away by force or consent with the growth of commerce and the extension of civilization. Wherever this system of labor is suffered, certain political and social organizations attend it which are transient and indefensible. In its absence they disappear like the scenes in a theatre when the curtain drops between the performers and the audience. I have insisted, and I do now insist that the right of secession was recognized in the Constitution. We have, however, voted it away. It exists elsewhere, and I will now say that its exercise in any state or government worthy of the name is utterly improbable and impossible. There are not a thousand men in North Carolina who would take back their slaves or vote for slavery again ; and there never were three hundred secessionists *per se.*

How amusing do the propositions of the South Carolina Commissioners now appear! You remember we offered them free trade and the undisturbed navigation of the Mississippi. To our astonishment they claimed to be the owners of the river. They never comprehended our theories and that we had left the Union. They demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter and the raising of the flag over its blackened and moldering ruins. We advanced our regiments and displayed our colors in sight of the Federal mansion ; we occupied the district and blockaded the Potomac. We offered to pay for the public buildings. We proposed to assume our share of the public debt. Do you remember the response? Like the Roman Senate when their beards were pulled by Alaric, the American Congress continued its session; * * * *

The great departments at Washington transacted business as usual, but a million of men, abandoning home, farm and workshop rushed to the defence of the beleaguered capital. Their blood enriched the soil of every southern State. Their mangled corpses ridged the fields and crimsoned the streams from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. So generous and wealthy a response to the demands of the occasion ; such ardor, pervading all ranks of the northern population was never before seen, except when under Peter the Hermit, Europe precipitated herself upon the East and with fiery zeal, wrested the holy places from the grasp of the Infidel. In vain, and again in vain, the south-

ern legions, marshalled with matchless skill; inflamed with all the ardor of their climate; the examples of valor; hereditary bravery; the love of fame, the smiles of beauty and the sympathies of half the world, aroused by the spectacle of such sufferings and such dauntless fortitude; dashed themselves with frantic valor against those solid walls; those long, impenetrable lines of cold and glittering steel.

And day by day the Federal grip became tighter, and the Federal lines nearer, and never went back. Through the silent watches of long and starless nights, the bitter cold of the prisons in Lake Erie, and long, cruel marches, day and night, along the Potomac, step by step, and hour by hour, as these grim veterans trudged the sloppy roads and scaled the difficult mountains, they began to see stalking at their head, instead of Stonewall Jackson, and Polk, and Johnston, and A. P. Hill, who had fallen on the battle field, a spectre, a skeleton in armor, to which men afterwards gave shape and called the great collapse. The gordian knot was cut; a problem was solved which had baffled statesmanship. The Union was saved by the very instrumentality which had imperilled its existence.

Foiled in every effort, weak with exertion, bleeding at every pore, we laid down our arms and withdrew from the contest when our lines were no longer of sufficient strength to enclose the captures we made; our means did not suffice to keep us and our prisoners from starvation. A more sudden and complete disintegration of a terribly effective military power was never before, and only once since, seen in history.

We were like poor, betrayed and bleeding France at Sedan, with her cartridges filled with sawdust and her gun-carriages honeycombed by treachery; but there was this difference. It was one which made this combat most remarkable and this civil war unexampled. There was no treachery here. General Monk, in England, betrayed the Republic he might have re-created; Wallenstein, in Germany, allowed his regiments to tear down the emblems of his master and replace them with his own. Arnold sacrificed himself, and betrayed his country; Maximilian was tricked to death by men of his own command; and Georgey, in the Hungarian struggle, preferred life and

chains to death and liberty. At the close of this war a few of the baser sort took the "iron clad" oath; but no traitor's hand smutched the banners of the great rebellion ; no treason hatched discord in the Union camp. Had the United States been destroyed, they would have gone down like the frigate Cumberland at Hampton Roads, in fifty feet water, but in open fight ; the ocean pouring in over her bows and flooding the deadly breach, but not one single drop coming up from any leak ; her crew standing undismayed, beside their shotted guns; their flag at the mizzen; no puling murmur mingling with the murmurs of the green sea weed and the pitiless waves; no human groans breaking the defiant thunders of her last artillery.

The great silent chieftain of our confederacy made but one speech after Appomattox. " Soldiers," said he, " we have done our duty ; now let us go home and be good citizens. Let the dead past bury its dead." There is a beautiful story in Tennyson, how when Elaine felt the cold hand of death approaching, she called for writing materials and composed a letter to her Lancelot. And she made them promise her that when she died, they would place her on a barge and crown her with flowers, and they would put the same letter in her own hand, and the old dumb servitor of the castle should steer her dead body to the feet of her lover. The Confederate States Republic is dead, and best guided and guarded by the councils of Lee, is floating to her resting place upon the Appomattox. The dead steered by the dumb, crowned with flowers, and dressed in a gemmed and regal robe. Like Elaine, let her cling with undying grasp to the emblems of her purity. Like Elaine, let her carry herself, her sealed and spotless record ; let her wear her crown, put on her by the hands of her soldiers.

I cannot proceed in this strain. I feel that I tread where the ashes are yet hot, and fire coals still glow; but them I do not fear. There are belligerents more terrible to me than the missiles of death, or an army with banners. Tongues of serpents and faces of brass, more hostile and more venemous than the combined Union and Confederate hosts. Veterans of the quill and umbrella brigade, who were not remarkable for

their prowess till the war was over, and with whom the fighting is not yet done. Confederates who were "not whipped." Union men whose valor was conspicuous at a distance from the seat of war, heroically suffering in the loss of their substitutes. Spectators in the amphitheater through which heroes were driven; particles of dust glittering with borrowed lustre above the chariot wheels of fiery strife, lingering in the air, reluctant to descend and mix again with common mold. The passions and prejudices of this moment will, however, one day subside. This dust will surely sometime be laid. Tears of grateful sympathy for heroic deeds shall yet deck your cheeks. When at last all the survivors of those terrible combats shall be covered by the clods for whose possession they struggled, if not before, there will come a day, and it may come around this monument, when the recollections of the past shall be invoked only to prevent its recurrence, and the victories on either side will be celebrated by the vanquished.

Fellow-citizens, nations are subject to the same accidents and diseases as individuals. They traverse and complete the same circle. Some scarcely survive the casualties of infancy, and some die of old age. Never was there one which in an hundred years had collected so many elements of vitality as this and then suddenly go down. I verily believe this nation has a destiny and a history yet to be. I think it probable it is a favored nation and a chosen people. As the Egyptians were once a chosen people, and the Hebrews after them a favored nation. I think we are bound to attain the maximum of our power. No human hand has led us hither, and no human hand can curb that destiny or arrest its progress. In the morning of youth the American Hercules has strangled the serpents which assailed his cradle! As his strength matures, other and more successful labors invite his imperial glance and arms. The haughty capital of Rome is already rivaled by a more splendid edifice on the Potomac; our population resembles that of the ancient mistress of the world in its admixture of all peoples, derived from every clime, and mingling in the same fierce current the restless elements of the globe. Boundless in its ambition, reckless of dangers and impatient of control, sustained in all its trials and

wonderful progress by an omnipotent hand which has been more than once visibly interposed, the vast political system of which America is at once the centre and a nucleus, rises grandly up to the utmost of our hopes, moves forward with resistless sweep, as if it were, indeed, a part of the Celestial Economies. Like the Colossus at Rhodes, between whose feet once floated the commerce of the world, it holds a beacon in one hand and an arrow in the other, towers to the zenith with unflinching gaze. Heaven's lightnings crest her head. The live thunders sleep among her purple hights and sun crowned crags. Beaming down with a starry, mild and planetary light, the well-known forms of her Northern States and seas, no longer cast across this Southern hemisphere, dark and doubtful shadows. They climb up with us together and between the older constellations, walking among them and by them, with majestic port and pride ; as though the other planets only marked our footprints on the skies, and the universe was our throne.

OUR REPUBLIC.

AN ORATION BY REV. JEREMIAH TAYLOR, D. D.,

DELIVERED AT PROVIDENCE, R. I., JULY 4TH, 1876, AT THE PLANTING OF A CENTENNIAL TREE IN ROGER WILLIAM'S PARK.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, GENTLEMEN, YOUTH AND CHILDREN: A German schoolmaster once said, "Whenever I enter my schoolroom, I remove my hat and bow with reverence, for there I meet the future dignitaries of my country." Standing as we do this hour upon the high places of national prosperity and joining with the forty millions of people, the inhabitants of our proud and grateful country in this centennial celebration, the future outlook is awe-inspiring. To us as to him of old, who beheld the bush burning, yet not consumed, there comes the admonition, that we are standing in the presence of the high and the holy. In the order of the exercises which the committee have arranged for this day's work among us, I am impressed that each department illustrates well some grand historic fact, or enunciates some underlieing principle which has built and which must conserve this Republic.

You will have observed that the celebration began by a military and civic procession which, after winding through some of the principal streets of the city, brought up at the venerable "meeting house," which is older than the nation, and has stood all these years blessing the people, and there combined with the services of religion and the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the address of eloquence.

What better picture of the state of things one hundred years ago, when stirred with eloquence as the fire of patriotism burned bright and all consuming, men rushed to their altars for divine guidance, and then to their implements of war, to conquer or die. "A civic and military procession!" just that was the army of the Revolution springing up from field and workshop and all trades and professions wherever a hero might be found and the

sacred cause moved him. Next in order to-day came the grand Trades Procession ; symbolizing the prosperity of the country during a century of life and industry, and what nation under the whole heaven, can exhibit such a growth in a century as we do to-day, in all these things which constitute the strength and glory of a free people ?

The third act in the scene of this pageantry is the one passing here, in which the children and the youth are so largely represented ; from whose ranks are to arise the men and the women of the future. Yes, here we stand in the presence of the nation that is to be. There is a meaning, too, in the regatta appointed for the silent hours of incoming evening upon the quiet waters of the Seekonk. That old stream that has played so important a part in ages gone as well as now ; that yielded her bosom just as readily when furrowed by the canoe of the red man before civilized life began, as now it endures all the wantoness and sport of the trained sons of Brown. For shall we not see in the struggles of the boat race the intensified energy and stimulated purpose exemplified which must constitute the warp and woof in the great business life of the future ?

That nation only has a future among the centuries that shall be worthy of record, which employs all her skill and well-directed enterprise to keep fully abreast of all the questions that bear upon human weal, and, when rightly solved, bless mankind to the last degree. We want the bone, the muscle, the sinew capable of hardly endurance, not less than the well-trained thought and sterling virtue for future use. The old Republic, weakened by effeminacy, perished. May God save us from such an unhonored grave!

It will be seen then from this run along the line of the procession that the morning service had a more special reference to the past ; was largely puritanic while this of the afternoon and evening contemplate the future, and are mainly prophetic. Let us catch the inspiration that ought to move us even here and now. I have said this service is future in its bearings. But lest the muse of history should turn away in sorrow, stop a moment before we proceed with that idea. Let us not forget this place is hallowed ground. Go up into the old house which

has crowned the brow of the hill for the century past, and which has just been "fixed up" for the century to come. Then walk down to the well of whose pure waters, the Williams family drank from generation to generation, and which when mixed with tea gave such zest to the evening hours in the life of Betsey, to whose noble benefaction it is due we are here in such joyous mood, feeling that we are part owners of these twenty acres, if we hold not a foot of soil outside the Park. Then pass down into the sacred enclosure where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and read the quaintly lettered story of their life and death. We are sorry that you cannot look upon the face of old Roger himself, the patron saint of all these domains, and whose statue with a face as he ought to have looked when living, will one day appear ready to defy the storms of the open heavens as they may here sweep over the plain. But in the absence of that costly embellishment, walk across yon rustic bridge where you will find the apple tree and Roger Williams in it. But to our theme,—With these children from our public schools, and you, Mr. President representing the Board of Education, before me, how natural to say a few things in regard to education and government. And thus we shall see what the children must be and do to render the future grand—enduring. I have just read the story of the "Blue-eyed Boy," who peered through the key-hole into the Hall of Independence, saw the venerable men sign the Declaration of Independence, then of his own accord shouted to the bellman to ring forth the joyful tidings, then leaping upon the back of his pony, self-appointed, rode night and day to the camp of General Washington, located in New York, and communicated to him what had been done in Congress, and this two days before the commander-in-chief received his dispatches from the proper authorities. Like that patriotic, heroic boy, we want the children of to-day to herald down the coming ages the great facts and principles of our nation's life and glory. How can they do it?

We have planted our centennial tree; whether it survives and flourishes, or dies after a few months, depends upon certain established laws in nature. Soil, climate, sunshine and storm are to tell in the one direction or the other. The Republic of

of the United States, which to-day wears a matronly brow and bears the wreath of a century, is to abide in honor and flourish in prosperity, or to perish from being a nation under the operation of laws no less fixed and obvious.

We are probably now passing through the test period of our existence. We have seen the sword cannot devour. The world knows, we know, that our arm of power is strong in defence and protection. The adverse elements which, during the century gone, have at times appeared so fierce and destructive, have only reduced elements of strength. Prosperity is often more dangerous than adversity. When Moab could not conquer ancient Israel on the field of battle, she did so spread her net of enticement as to decoy and imperil her. If we have come through the scourge of the sword strong, who can say that corruption and loss of public virtue shall not mark our ruin? We must educate the young aright, if we are to conserve what we have received and now hold. It has been said, "the chief concern of a State is the education of her children." As a prime element in this education, we have need to inculcate American ideas of government. This may be quite easy to do with that portion of the young that are born here, and whose blood is Anglo Saxon; without other ingredients, the blood and the birth place both have an important bearing. The Englishman, reared on the other side of the Atlantic, does not easily comprehend the genius of our free institutions, and there noticeably are duller scholars still. The government here is through the people, and of course belongs to the people. I am a part of the nation, and am to my measure of ability responsible for what the national life is. This idea of being a factor in the Republic becomes one of the most potent influences for good; one of the most powerful educators in the land. It was this idea that brought to the field of battle such vast armies to save the government in its last scene of danger, and rendered them so tractable, wise, enduring, brave, where no standing armies existed before. Now whether a man came from China or Ireland, Japan or Germany, the north pole or the south pole, let him understand at the earliest possible period, that he is one of us and owes allegiance to no government but what he helps to consti-

tute. It has been said many a time, that the English debt makes the English government strong—because so many of the people are creditors. Our own government in the late war made the people largely its creditors for a like reason. But the bond of our union is deeper, broader than this, more binding, more sure. It is this, that not only the money is ours, but the honor and prosperity, and the very being of the nation belongs to the people. And allow me to say that our system of popular education is one of the best agencies that can be employed to inculcate, foster and strengthen this idea. Every school in our land made up of a distinct nationality, on a fundamental principle of religion or politics, is fostering a spirit anti-Republican, and fraught with evil to our free institutions.

If any people are so purblind as not to see that we offer to them through our public institutions better educational opportunities than they can transplant here from the Old World, then we beg they will abide under their own vine and fig tree and leave to us and ours what we so highly prize, and propose to perpetuate. We shall not submit to any foreign domination, whether it be political or ecclesiastical.

There will naturally be connected with this American idea of government, as a second educational element, patriotic fervor. One of the weakest things in the old Ottoman power so shaken just now that indicates its near ruin is a lack of patriotism. Such an emotion as love of country is not found there. The Turk may fight because he is forced to, not because his home, family and native land are dearer to him than life.

It was this patriotic fervor that brought our nation into being, and this must be an important instrumentality in its continuance. Read the closing sentence in that immortal document which one hundred years ago this very day so fired and nerved the people in their great struggle for liberty: "And for the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." Those words were no mere rhetorical flourish, when published. They included all the language could express, and infinitely more than such a declaration ever contained before.

It may be quite easy to frame resolutions and give pledges in times of peace; but the hour when the framers of the Declaration of Independence spoke so boldly and meaningly was when war was at the door and the hand of a most powerful nation was upon the throat of her feebler Colonies.

To pledge life, property, sacred honor then was to have them put in immediate requisition for the imperilled cause.

It meant, as Benjamin Franklin said to John Hancock, as he wrote his bold name and remarked, "We must all hang together. Yes, we must indeed hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang seperately." That high-toned sentiment, fearlessly uttered was sustained by sacrifice and intense endurance. Republics are made of youth and let there arise generation after generation of youth, so infused, men of such devotion to the good of the country, and we are safe for the centuryto come, for all future years while the world standeth; for:

> "Our country first, their glory and their pride,
> Land of their hopes, land where their fathers died,
> When in the right they'll keep her honor bright,
> Where in the wrong they'll die to set it right."

It was a painful feature of our American life made prominent before the late rebellion, that so many eminent in positions at home, or travelling abroad, affected to despise their birth-right, were ashamed of their country. They claimed to be English rather than Americans, when in foreign lands. And when here on our soil, fostered, honored, had nothing of the national life and spirit about them.

In such an ignoble spirit the rebellion was matured. They were ever decrying their home blessings, and extolling the beauty and bounty of institutions far away. We are thankful that spirit, so vain and silly, so unnatural and obsequious, has been so thoroughly flogged out of the nation. I do not think so big a fool can be found in the entire land, in this day of grace, July 4, 1876, as a man who chanced to be born in our famed country, wishing the lines of life in the beginning had fallen to him in some other place. American citizenship has passed the period of reproach. It challenges the homage of the world. It is set in gems of beauty. It is royal diadem.

In studying the character of the men who became the found-

ers and framers of this Republic, we find they were distinguished for sterling integrity, and so we must see to it that the young, rising up around us, are possessed of the same element of character, if our institutions are to be perpetuated. What we want to-day in our country is men who can be trusted. They are here, no doubt, and will appear and take their place when called for. Gold is good, and we want that, but men more. We have had a decade of sordid sentiment and base practice.

Such a state of things is not unusual after a season of war. Competition was widespread after the Revolution.

The vile mercenary spirit has invaded all departments of life and influences. The greed of gain, inflamed by a desire for personal gratification, has been too strong for the ordinary barriers of virtue and fair dealing, and what wrecks of character, fortune and life even have appeared as a consequence upon the surface of society. Men who have become insane through lust and gain scruple not at the use of any means which may accomplish their purpose. And so we distrust one another, and wonder if we shall find at the Centennial Exhibition even that noblest work of God, "an honest man." It is thought by many that the evil is self-corrective, that the appalling depths of iniquity which have been revealed will frighten and compel a hasty retreat on the part of those who have ventured on the perilous extreme. That is not the ordinary law of reform. Reeking corruption does not of itself become a scene of sweetness and beauty. Let us trust in no such vain hope. Rather let the education of the young be the source of cheerful expectation. Train up the children in the ways of integrity. Let it be engraven upon their hearts in the deep-bedded lines of ineffaceable conviction, that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways though he be rich.

> "Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Another important lesson to be taught our youth is that wealth is not the end, but the means, and so our life ought to be one of well-appointed industry and careful husbandry, whether we be rich or poor.

Harriet Martineau, who has just died at her home in England, after traveling through this country and observing the working of our free institutions, recorded as her deliberate opinion that no calamity could befall an American youth more serious in results than to inherit a large patrimony.

The idea has been so wide spread, that if a man has riches he has attained already the chief end of his being, that an over-indulged, useless life, is almost a sure concomitant of inherited wealth ; more diligence, less extravagance, should be the watch-words with which to start on the new century. With the very fair show which the benevolent department of the country may make as to-day she unrolls her record of church work at home and abroad, her educational work, with endowed colleges and public libraries, her charities to the poor and the unfortunate, it must yet be apparent that as a people we have not learned how to use wealth aright.

The great industries of the land are depressed. The hands of the laborer are seeking in vain for something to do, and the rich are becoming poor, as a consequence of the recklessness of habits in the modes of earning and spending in the past. The same is true of a liberal education, as of wealth. The youth who, blessed with opportunities for a higher education, must be made to feel that they are carried through the schools, not to be drones in society, fancy men, but that they may contribute to the wisdom, integrity and every virtue in the high places of state and nation.

It is sometimes said that higher education unfits some for business. Send a boy to college and he is good for nothing except in the learned professions. "If this be so, then our educational system needs reorganizing." The old maxim that knowledge is power, is true, and broad as true. A man will be better fitted to fill any occupation in life for a higher education, if he has been educated aright. Out upon any other theory. Let the people everywhere be made to feel this, as the graduates do honor to their privileges, by meeting the just claim that society has upon them and the questions about graded schools and free colleges will fail to be discussed for want of an opponent.

Our country offers the highest prize for every virtue, all trained talent. It is base, it is mean, it is contemptible, not to be true, noble and good when the way to ascend is so easy ; where the people are so ready to crown, and honor him who deserves to wear a crown, and when our free institutions are so deserving of all the support and praise we can bring them.

One word more. This has been a Christian nation during the century past. The great principles of divine truth have been wrought into the foundations and abide in the structure. The word of God has been our sheet anchor in the past ; it must be so in the future. Some one has said " Republicanism and freedom are but mere names for beautiful but impossible abstractions, except in the case of a Christainly, educated people. Keep this thought in the minds of the young, in all their course of education, and they will rise up to bless the land, and possess her fair and large domain. It was De Tocqueville who said, " He who survives the freedom and dignity of his country, has already lived too long."

May none before us, or in the generations following, live thus long. Our Republic to the end of time.

PROVIDENCE, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

ORATION BY HON. SAMUEL G. ARNOLD.

DELIVERED AT PROVIDENCE, R. I., JULY 4TH, 1876.

To trace the causes that led to the American Revolution, to narrate the events of the struggle for independence, or to consider the effect which the establishment of "the great Republic" has had upon the fortunes of the race in other lands—these have been the usual and appropriate themes for discourse upon each return of our national anniversary. And where can we find more exalted or more exalting subjects for reflection? It is not the deed of a day, the events of a year, the changes of a century, that explain the condition of a nation. Else we might date from the 4th of July, 1776, the rise of the American people, and so far as we as a nation are concerned, we might disregard all prior history as completely as we do the years beyond the flood. But this we cannot do, for the primitive Briton, the resistless Roman, the invading Dane, the usurping Saxon, the conquering Norman, have all left their separate and distinguishable stamp upon the England of to-day. As from Cœdmon to Chaucer, from Spenser to Shakspeare, from Milton to Macaulay, we trace the progress of our language and literature from the unintelligible Saxon to the English of our time; so the development of political ideas has its great eras, chiefly written in blood. From the fall of Boadicea to the landing of Hengist, from the death of Harold to the triumph at Runnymede, from the wars of the Roses to the rise of the Reformation, from the fields of Edgehill and Worcester, through the restoration and expulsion of the Stuarts down to the days of George III, we may trace the steady advance of those nations of society and of government which culminated in the act of an American Congress a century ago proclaiming us a united and independent people. When the barons of John assembled on that little islet in the Thames to wrest from their reluctant king

the right of Magna Charta, there were the same spirit, and the same purpose that prevailed nearly six centuries after in the Congress at Philadelphia, and the actors were the same in blood and lineage. The charging cry at Dunbar, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered," rang out a hundred and twenty-five years later from another Puritan camp on Bunker Hill. So history repeats itself in the ever-recurring conflict of ideas, with the difference of time, and place and people, and with this further difference in the result, that while in ancient times the principal characters in the historic drama were the conqueror, the conquered and the victim, these in modern days become the oppressor, the oppressed and the deliverer. Charles Stuart falls beneath Cromwell and Ireton, George III yields to Washington and Greene, serfdom and slavery vanish before Romanoff and Lincoln.

But we must turn from this wide field of history to one of narrower limits, to one so small that it seems insignificant to that class of minds which measures States only by the acre, as cloth by the yard; to those men who, to be consistent, should consider Daniel Lambert a greater man than Napoleon Bonaparte, or the continent of Africa a richer possession than Athens in the days of Pericles. There are many just such men, and the materialistic tendency of our times is adding to their number. It is in vain to remind them that from one of the smallest States of antiquity arose the philosophy and the art that rule the world to-day, Judea should have been an empire and Bethlehem a Babylon to impress such minds with the grandeur of Hebrew poetry or the sublimity of Christian faith. But for those to whom ideas are more than acres, men greater than machinery, and moral worth a mightier influence than material wealth, there is a lesson to be learned from the subject to which the Act of Congress and the Resolutions of the General Assembly limit this discourse. And since what is homely and familiar sometimes receives a higher appreciation from being recognized abroad, hear what the historian of America has said of our little Commonwealth (1), that "had the territory of the State corresponded to the importance and singularity of the principles of its early existence, the world

would have been filled with wonder at the phenomena of its history."

Hear too a less familiar voice from beyond the sea, a German writer of the philosophy of history. Reciting the principles of Roger Williams, their successful establishment in Rhode Island, and their subsequent triumph, he says: "They have given laws to one quarter of the globe, and dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe." (2) It is of our ancestors, people of Providence, that these words were written, and of them and their descendants that I am called to speak.

To condense two hundred and forty years of history within an hour is simply impossible. We can only touch upon a few salient points, and illustrate the progress of Providence by a very few striking statistics. Passing over the disputed causes which led to the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts, we come to the undisputed fact that there existed, at that time, a close alliance between the church and the State in the colony whence he fled, and that he severed that union at once and forever in the city which he founded. Poets had dreamed and philosophers had fancied a state of society where men were free and thought was untrammelled. Sir Thomas More and Sir Philip Sydney had written of such things. Utopias and Arcadias had their place in literature, but nowhere on the broad earth had these ideas assumed a practical form till the father of Providence, the founder of Rhode Island, transferred them from the field of fiction to the domain of fact, and changed them from an improbable fancy to a positive law. It was a transformation in politics—the science of applied philosophy—more complete than that by which Bacon overthrew the system of Aristotle. It was a revolution, the greatest that in the latter days had yet been seen. From out this modern Nazareth, whence no good thing could come, arose a light to enlighten the world. The "Great Apostle of Religious Freedom" here first truly interpreted to those who sat in darkness the teachings of his mighty Master. The independence of the mind had had its assertors, the freedom of the soul here found its champion. We begin then at the settlement of this city, with an

idea that was novel and startling, even amid the philosophical speculations of the seventeenth century, a great original idea, which was to compass a continent, "give laws to one quarter of the globe," and after the lapse of two centuries to become the universal property of the western world by being accepted in its completeness by that neighboring State, to whose persecutions Rhode Island owed its origin. Roger Williams was the incarnation of the idea of soul liberty, the Town of Providence became its organization. This is history enough if there were nought else to relate. Portsmouth, Newport and Warwick soon followed with their antinomian settlers to carry out the same principle of the underived independence of the soul, the accountability of man to his Maker, alone in all religious concerns. After the union of the four original towns into one colony, under the Parliamentary patent of 1643, confirmed and continued by the Royal charter of 1663, the history of the town becomes so included in that of the colony, in all matters of general interest, that it is difficult to divide them. The several towns, occupied chiefly with their own narrow interests, present little to attract in their local administration, but spoke mainly through their representatives in the colonial assembly, upon all subjects of general importance. It is there that we must look for most of the facts that make history, the progress of society, the will of the people expressed in action. To these records we must often refer in sketching the growth of Providence.

It was in June, 1636, that Roger Williams, with five companions (3) crossed the Seekonk to Slate Rock, where he was welcomed by the friendly Indians, and pursuing his way around the headland of Tockwotten, sailed up the Mooshassuck, then a broad stream, skirted by a dense forest on either shore.

Attracted by a natural spring on the eastern bank he landed near what is now the cove, and began the settlement which in gratitude to his Supreme Deliverer he called Providence. He had already purchased a large tract of land from the natives which was at first divided with twelve others "and such as the major part of us shall admit into the same fellowship of vote with us," thus constituting thirteen original proprietors of Providence. (4).

The first division of land was made in 1638, in which fifty-four names appear as the owners of "home lots" extending from Main to Hope streets, besides which each person had a six acre lot assigned him in other parts of the purchase. The granters could not sell their land to any but an inhabitant without consent of the town, and a penalty was imposed upon those who did not improve their lands. The government established by these primitive settlers was an anomely in history. It was a pure democracy, which, for the first time guarded jealously the rights of conscience. The inhabitants, "masters of families" incorporated themselves into a town and made an order that no man should be molested for his conscience. The people met monthly in town meeting and chose a clerk and treasurer at each meeting. The earliest written compact that has been preserved is without date but probably was adopted in 1637. It is signed by thirteen persons (5.) We have not time to draw a picture of these primitive meetings held beneath the shade of some spreading tree where the fathers of Providence, discussed and decided the most delicate and difficult problems of practical politics, and reconciled the requirements of life with principles then unknown in popular legislation. The records are lost and here and there only a fragment has been preserved by unfriendly hands to give a hint of those often stormy assemblies where there were no precedents to guide, and only untried principles to be established by the dictates of common sense. Of these the case of Verin, reported by Winthrop, is well known wherein liberty of conscience and the rights of woman were both involved with a most delicate question of family discipline. It is curious enough that one form of the subject now known under the general name of women's rights, destined more than two centuries later to become a theme of popular agitation, should here be foreshadowed so early in Rhode Island, the source of so many novel ideas and the starting point of so many important movements.

Religious services had no doubt been held from the earliest settlement, but the first organized church was formed in 1638, the first Baptist church in America.

From the earliest days of the colony to the close of the recent

civil strife, the war record of the State has been a brilliant one. As early as 1655, in the Dutch war she did more than the New England Confederacy, from which she had been basely excluded. Her exposed condition, by reason of the Indians, fostered this feeling in the first instance, and long habit cultivated the martial spirit of the people till it became a second nature. Her maratime advantages favored commercial enterprise, and the two combined prepared her for those naval exploits which in after years shed so much glory on the State. The three Indian wars, the three wars with Holland (1652-8, 1667, 1672-4), and the two with France (1667, 1690), in the seventeenth century, the three Spanish(1702–13, 1739–48, 1762–3), and the three French wars (1702–13, 1744–8, 1754–63) of the eighteenth, had trained the American colonies to conflict, and prepared them for the greater struggle about to come. At the outbreak of the fourth intercolonial war, known as the "old French war," this colony with less than forty thousand inhabitants and eighty-three hundred fighting men, sent fifteen hundred of these upon various naval expeditions, besides a regiment of eleven companies of infantry, seven hundred and fifty men under Col Christopher Harris, who marched to the siege of Crown Point. Thus more than one-quarter of the effective force of the colony was at one time, on sea and land, in privateers, in the royal fleets and in the camp, learning that stern lesson which was soon to redeem a continent. Is it surprising then that when the ordeal came the conduct of Rhode Island was prompt and decisive? It is said that small States are always plucky ones, and Rhode Island confirmed the historic truth.

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The passage of the stamp act (Feb. 27, 1765), roused the spirit of resistence through America to fever heat. But amid all the acts of Assemblies, and the resolutions of town meetings, none went so far or spoke so boldly the intentions of the people as those passed in Providence at a special town meeting (August 7, 1765), and adopted unanimously by the General Assembly (Sept 16). They pointed directly to an absolution of allegiance to the British crown, unless the grievances were removed. The day before the fatal one on which the act was to

take effect, the Governors of all the Colonies, but one, took the oath to sustain it. Samuel Ward, "the Governor of Rhode Island stood alone in his patriotic refusal," says Bancroft. Nor was it the last as it was not the first time that Rhode Island stood alone in the van of progress. Non-importation arguments were everywhere made. The repeal of the odious act (Feb. 22, 1766) came too late, coupled as it was with a declaratory act asserting the right of Parliament "to bind the Colonies in all cases." Then came a new development of patriotic fervor instituted by the women of Providence. Eighteen young ladies of leading families of the town met at the house of Dr. Ephraim Bowen (March 4, 1766), and from sunrise till night, employed the time in spining flax. These "Daughters of Liberty," as they were called, resolved to use no more British goods, and to be consistent they omitted *tea* from the evening meal. So rapid was the growth of the association that their next meeting was held at the Court House. The "Sons of Liberty" were associations formed at this time in all the Colonies to resist oppression, but to Providence belongs the exclusive honor of this union of her daughters for the same exalted purpose. This is the second time we have had occasion to notice that women has come conspicuously to the front in the annals of Providence, when great principles were at stake. But we claim nothing more for our women than the same spirit of self-denial and lofty devotion that the sex has everywhere shown in the great crises of history. The first at the cross and the first at the sepulchre, the spirit and the blessing of the Son of God have ever rested in the heart of woman.

Side by side with the struggle for freedom grew the effort for a wider system of education. It was proposed to establish four free public schools. This was voted down by the poorer class of people who would be most benefitted by the movement. Still the measure was partially carried out, and a two story brick building was erected in (1768). The upper story was occupied by a private school, the lower, as a free school. Whipple Hall, which afterwards became the first district school, was at this time chartered as a private school in the north part of the town, and all the schools were placed in charge of a

committee of nine, of whom the Town Council formed a part The next year a great stimulus was given to the educational movement in the town. Two years had passed since Rhode Island College was established at Warren, and the first class of seven students was about to graduate. Commencement day gave rise to the earliest legal holiday in our history. A rivalry among the chief towns of the Colony for the permanent location of what is now Brown University, resulted in its removal two years later (1774) to Providence. This now venerable institution, whose foundation was a protest against sectarianism in education, has become the honored head of a system of public and private schools, which for completeness of design, for perfection of detail, and for thoroughness of work, may safely challenge comparison with any other organized educational system in the world.

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There are some significant facts connected with the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, which serve to show the relative importance of this city in the industrial summary of the country. One is that in the three principal buildings Providence occupies the centre and most conspicious place. We all know the man who commands Presidents and Emperors, and they obey him—who says to Don Pedro "come," and he cometh, and to President Grant "Do this," and he doeth it, and we have seen the mighty engine that from the centre of Machinery Hall moves fourteen acres of the world's most cunning industry. The Corliss engine proudly sustains the supremacy of Providence amid the marvels of both hemispheres. Facing the central area of the main exhibition building, the Gorham Manufacturing Company have their splendid show of silver ware around the most superb specimens of the craftsman's art that has ever adorned any Exposition in modern times. Under the central dome of Agricultural Hall the Rumford Chemical Works present an elaborate and attractive display of their varied and important products, arresting the eye as a prominent object among the exhibits of all the world. And when we visit the Women's Pavilion we shall see that of all the rich embroidery there displayed none surpasses that shown by the Providence Employ-

ment Society, and shall learn that little Rhode Island ranks as the fifth State in the amount of its contributions to the funds of this department, being surpassed only by New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts. A city which occupies these positions in the greatest Exposition of the century has no cause to shun comparison between its past and its present.

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But by far the greatest event of its bearing upon the prosperity of Providence was the introduction of water which, after being four times defeated by popular vote, was finally adopted in 1869. The work commenced the next year, and the water was first introduced from the Pawtuxet river in November, 1871. The question, whether Providence was to become a metropolis of trade and manufactures or to continue as a secondary city, was thus settled in favor of progress. The stimulus given in the right direction was immediate and immense. The overflow of population soon required the city limits to be extended, and the annexation of the Ninth and Tenth Wards caused an increase of forty-six per cent. from the census of 1870 to that of 1875, a showing which no other city in the country can equal.

That the city of Providence has its future in its own hands is apparent. With the vast wealth and accumulated industries of a century at its disposal; with the result which this latest measures of improvement has produced as an encouragement; and with the experience of other less favored seaports as a guide, there would seem to be the ability and the inducement to take the one remaining step necessary to secure the supremacy which nature indicates for the head waters of Narragansett bay. While our northern and western railroad connections are already very large and are rapidly reaching their requisite extension there remains only the improvement of the harbor and adjacent waters of the bay, which can be made at comparatively small expense, to make Providence the commercial emporium of New England. There is no mere fancy in this idea. It is an absolute fact, attested by the history of Glasgow, and foreshadowed by the opinions of those who have thought long and carefully upon the subject. It is a simple question of engineering and of enterprise, and it will be accomplished. When

Providence had twelve thousand inhabitants, as it had within the life time of many of us who do not yet count ourselves as old, had some seer foretold that the centennial of the nation would see the quiet town transformed into the growing city starting upon its second hundred thousand of population, it would have seemed a far more startling statement than this with which we now close the Centennial Address—that the child is already born who will see more than half a million of people within our city, which will then be the commercial metropolis of New England.

A RESUME OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

AN ORATION BY L. A. GOBRIGHT, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON (FORD'S OPERA HOUSE), JULY 4TH, 1876.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS' ASSOCIATION, AND SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812 :— Time was with some of us when on the Fourth of July revolutionary soldiers adorned the platform, and were objects of curiosity, but they have all passed away, leaving their works as our inheritance. At first they fought for their rights as British subjects, but these being denied, the Continental Congress in 1776 meditated a separation from British rule, and on the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, introduced the following resolution :

Resolved that these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

Before the final discussion a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert C. Livingston, was appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence. The Declaration having been reported to Congress by the committee, the resolution itself was taken up and debated on the first day of July, and again on the 2d, on which latter day it was agreed to and adopted. Having thus passed the main resolution, Congress proceeded to consider the reported draft of the Declaration. It was discussed on the second, third, and fourth days of the month, and on the last of those days received the final approbation and sanction of Congress. It was ordered at the same time that copies be sent to the several States, and that it be proclaimed at the head of the army. The Declaration thus published did not bear the names of the members, for as yet it had not been signed by them. It was authenticated, like other papers of the Congress, by the signatures of the President and the Secretary. On the

19th of July, as appears by the Secret Journal, Congress resolved that the Declaration passed on the 4th be fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America," and the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress; and the 2d day of August following, the Declaration being engrossed and compared with the original, was signed by the members.

Absent members afterwards signed as they came in, and it bears the names of some who were not chosen members of Congress until after the 4th of July.

"We must be unanimous," said Hincock; "there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." "Yes." replied Franklin, "we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

On the 9th of July Washington caused the Declaration to be read at the head of each brigade of the army. "The General hopes," he said in his orders, "that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity, as knowing that now the peace and safety of the country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms, and that he is now in the service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit and advance him to the highest honors of a free country."

The people of the City of New York not only indulged themselves in the usual demonstrations of joy by the ringing of bells and the like, but also concluded that the leaden statue of his Majesty, George the Third, in the Bowling Green, might now be turned to good account. They therefore pulled down the statue, and the lead was run into bullets for the good cause.

Everywhere throughout the country the Declaration was hailed with joy. Processions were formed, bells were rung, cannon fired, orations delivered, and in every practicable way the popular approbation was manifested.

The causes which led to the Revolutionary War are sufficiently set forth in the Declaration of Independence, which has just been read in your hearing, and therefore need no elaboration. The result of the conflict is stated in the treaty of peace—1783—

in which his Majesty the King of Great Britain acknowledges the American Colonies as free, sovereign, and independent States; "treats with them as such for himself, his heirs, and successors, and relinquishes all claims to the Government, proprietary and territorial rights of the same, and any part thereof."

After coming through the night of the Revolution,

> Our ancestors, with joy, beheld 'the rays of freedom pour
> O'er every nation race, and clime—on every sea and shore;
> Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,
> He saw, above a ruined world, the bow of promise rise."

With a view of maintaining the Declaration of Independence a resolution was passed making an appropriation to the committee of safety for a supply of gun flints for the troops at New York, and the secret committee were instructed to "order the gun flints belonging to the continent and then at Rhode Island, to the commanding general at New York." An agent was also sent to Orange county, New York, for a supply of flint-stone, and a board was empowered to "employ such number of men as they should think necessary to manufacture flints for the continent."

Additional measures were also taken to arm the militia, provide flying camps, and to procure lead, to build ships, make powder, to manufacture cannon and small arms, and provide generally for vigorous warfare.

Colonel Washington had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the American forces in June, 1775, by the unanimous voice of the colonies. In accepting the trust, he declared, "with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command with which I am honored." His modesty, perhaps, gentlemen, would not suit the fashion of the present time.

It is necessary merely to allude to the present appliances of war in contrast with the means then accessible, namely, the monster cannon; the giant powder, with shot and shell in proportion to the explosive power; the mailed ship, propelled by steam; the perfected rifle, with its percussion caps and longer range than the musket, and no anxiety about a plentiful supply of flints, such as exercised our patriotic sires.

Ever since 1776 the subject of the Declaration has afforded

fourth of July orators an opportunity to glorify the Eagle as the symbol of America.

You have often been told of the victory of this same American eagle over the British Lion, in a kind of allegorical description. But this was more poetic than historic. In the common-sense moments of the youngest as well as of the "oldest inhabitants," we should not think the contest between two such forces exactly equal!

Tobias Smollett, the English novelist, reconciles the Lion with the Eagle thus:

> "Thy spirit Independence let me share,
> Lord of the Lion heart and Eagle eye,
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

The eagle, no matter what may be said of his predatory habits, and of the scriptural expression that "where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together," triumphs. He is seen on the buttons of our warriors, on our coin, and the seal of the United States, the last-named designed by a committee consisting of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Wilson, the American ornithologist, says of the bird: "Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and from the etheral heights from which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, and thence descend at will to the arctic, the abode of eternal cold, or to the torrid regions of the earth."

Gentlemen, our Government has such veneration for the proud bird that it has three fine live specimens in our own Franklin Square, in a cage for public admiration! The eagle is one of our institutions, and therefore has our enforced respect.

The eagle, however, was not the only symbol recognized by our ancestors. The rattlesnake was displayed on many of their

banners. One of the arrangements was a rattlesnake divided in thirteen parts, with the initial letters of the colonies to each, and the motto "Unite or Die!" And another, the rattlesnake, in the act of striking, the motto being, "Don't tread on me!" The rattles were thirteen in number. This device, stranger than that of "Excelsior," was a favorite with the colonists, and was meant to signify retaliation for the wrong upon America:

> The snake was ready with his rattle,
> To warning give of coming battle.

Something may here be said about the American flag, the one that has taken the place of all others. It was not till the 14th of June, 1777, that the design of the flag was formally adopted by the Continental Congress, although it is said a similar flag flew over the headquarters at Cambridge more than a year before that time. The act of Congress thus described it: "The flag of the thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, the Union thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This continued to be the flag until two new States were admitted into the Union, namely, Vermont, in March, 1791, and Kentucky, in June, 1792, when Congress passed an act, June 13, 1794, making an alteration in the flag, which provided that from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States shall be fifteen stripes, with fifteen stars. There seems to have been no further agitation of the subject until 1816, when a bill was introduced making another alteration in the flag. The number of stripes were restored to thirteen, the stars to correspond to the number of States in the Union, a new star to be added to the flag whenever a new State should be admitted, the star to be placed there on the 4th day of July thereafter.

Among the reasons for altering the flag was that "There was a prospect at no distant period that the number of States would be considerably multiplied, and this rendered it highly inexpedient to increase the number of stripes on each flag, which must be limited in size." As a consequence of this arrangement we have now thirty-seven stars, with room for many more on the azure field; and additional brightness will be added this cen-

tennial year to our constellation by the silver beams of Colorado.

> This flag has for a century "braved the battle and the breeze;"
> A blazing light upon the land, a beacon on seas.

It would be a mistake to suppose that our forefathers conquered Great Britain. The question might be put in this way: Great Britain did not conquer them. She found, after experience, that, having to transport, at enormous expense, large bodies of troops across the ocean—three thousand miles, in sailing vessels—was very unprofitable, as they did not accomplish the desired object, namely, the subjugation of the Colonists, who, of determined spirit, and having resolved to be free and independent of British rule, were not to be frightened from their patriotic purpose by coats of red, typical of the fire that boomed from their unfriendly cannon, and, besides, Holland having joined the belligerents against England, and England having been humiliated by the crowning battle of the contest—the surrender of Cornwallis—she departed from our soil, leaving the Colonists in full possession.

It was not until 1789 that the General or Federal Government went into full operation. At that time the population was supposed to be three millions, but in the eighty-seven years past it has, from various causes, increased to forty millions. The American eagle, which could fly over our original country without stopping to drink or to rest, finds that he cannot now without frequent stoppages on his course for refreshments, owing to enlarged limits, accomplish the distance from ocean to ocean without complaining, in his own natural way, of a weary wing.

A hundred years ago the people never thought of railroads, the steam engine and the electric telegraph—those great revolutionizers in everything that pertains to individual and national comfort—or if they did, there is no record of the fact. The traveling was on horseback, in gigs, and wagons, and carryalls, and sailing vessels, and row boats. And think: the time between England and America was from six weeks to two months, the duration of the voyage depending upon the state of the weather and the temper of the sea. Steam now propels the

magnificent steamer across the Atlantic in eight or nine days—3,000 miles—and the same distance is traveled from Washington to the Pacific Ocean, by railroad, in seven days. An experimental trip recently showed that the journey from New York to San Francisco could be made in eighty-three hours and thirty-four minutes, or at the rate of one thousand miles a day! And, instead of waiting for weeks or months to receive intelligence from remote parts of our own country, and the world at large, the path of the subtle fluid, electricity, affords an instantaneous means of intercommunication, and thus annihilates space!

If our Revolutionary sires could reappear on earth, and see these wondrous things, together with the results of inventive genius, and progression in the arts and sciences, their expressions of surprise would be equal to, if they did not exceed, those of the hero of the Kaatskill mountains—but in a more agreeable sense—when he awoke from his long slumber, to be startled by the actual changes which meanwhile had taken place! We ourselves can scarcely realize the growth of the infant Republic, from its cradle in Independence Hall to the present time, when it stands forth in the pride of manhood with unconquerable strength!

It may here be appropriately mentioned that the first voyage across the Atlantic in a steam vessel was performed by the steamship Savannah in 1819. She was built in New York the year previous. On nearing Liverpool she was discerned from a lookout, and, as nothing of that kind had been seen there before, supposing a ship was on fire, one of the King's cruisers was sent to her relief.

An item of the past will not be uninteresting in connection with the subject of locomotion. The Pennsylvania *Gazette*, of Philadelphia, January 3, 1776, had the "latest dates," namely: ten days from Boston, and five days from New York. The "freshest" foreign dates from London were sixty days old, and these contained "an humble address of the House of Commons to the King," in which they say:

"No other use has been made of the moderation and forbearance of your Majesty and your Parliament but to strengthen the preparations of this desperate conspiracy, and that the

rebellious war now levied is become more general, and manifestly carried on for the purpose of establishing an independent empire ; and we hope and trust that we shall, by the blessing of God, put such strength and force into your Majesty's hands as may soon defeat and suppress this rebellion, and enable your Majesty to accomplish your gracious wish of restoring order tranquility, and happiness through all the parts of your united empire."

The King graciously returned his fervent thanks for this loyal address, saying : "I promise myself the most happy consequences from the dutiful and affectionate assurances of the support of my faithful Commons on this great and important conjuncture, and I have a firm confidence that by the blessing of God and the justice of the cause, and by the assistance of my Parliament, I shall be enabled to suppress this dangerous rebellion, and to attain the most desirable end of restoring my subjects in America to the free and happy condition and to the peace and prosperity which they enjoyed in their constitutional dependence before the breaking out of these unhappy disorders."

The King and Commons not being as successful as they anticipated, his Majesty sent to this country Admiral Viscount Howe and General William Howe, general of his Majesty's forces, as a commissioner in the interests of peace, and it is somewhat singular that their flag-ship bore the name of our national symbol the Eagle—off the coast of the Province of Massachusetts. He declared the purpose of the King "to deliver all his subjects from the calamities of war and other oppressions they now undergo, and restore the colonies to peace ;" and he was authorized by the King to "grant his free and general pardon to all those who in the tumult and disorders of the times may have deviated from their first allegiance, and who are willing by a speedy return to their duty to reap the benefits of the royal favor."

But the Colonists or "conspirators" were not desirous of thus "reaping." The seed they had themselves sown was to mature to a more precious harvest. They turned their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears, with the result of a fruitage beneficial to all mankind !

John Quincy Adams, in his oration delivered July 4, 1831, said "Frederick the First of Brunswick constituted himself King of Prussia, by putting a crown upon his own head. Napoleon Bonaparte invested his brows with the crown of Lombardy, and declared himself King of Italy. The Declaration of Independence was the crown with which the people of united America, rising in gigantic stature as one man, encircled their brows, and there it remains. There, long as this globe shall be inhabited by human beings, may it remain a crown of imperishable glory.

My friends, it is a solemn truth that there is not now on earth an intelligent person who lived on the Fourth of July, 1776. We read of the heroic struggles of the Continental army; their want of discipline and poverty, and the scarcity of money with which to purchase the needed supplies, and of the many sacrifices they made in the cause to which the best men that ever lived consecrated their lives and fortunes, and all else they held dear of ease and comfort; men who set the world an example in the struggle for freedom, which they eventually established. Their Constitution and the laws they passed to put it into operation attest their wisdom and the knowledge of the needs of the people in their new condition.

My friends, in what condition will our country be one hundred years hence—the fourth of July, 1976? Will the same form of government we now have be preserved? Will it afford the same protection of personal freedom, property and human rights? Will the proud banner still wave over a united and prosperous people? These are questions to be answered by succeeding generations. If they are true to the teachings and examples of our Revolutionary sires the Republic will endure. If not, then the bright, and we might say this haughty Republic will pass into history with that of Rome, and for similar causes. There can be no republic that is not founded on the virtue, intelligence, and assent of the people. Enforced government belongs to tyranny.

We have additional cause of rejoicing in the fact, that, although national encounters have cursed the world ever since nations have had an existence, there is now no war between any

nations. This is an era of peace. Even the oldest nations, including China and Japan, and others of the East, come with those of Europe to the happy centennial greeting. They bring with them, to exhibit near our own, their useful and ornamental products; all compatible with peace, and calculated to stimulate a beneficial rivalry.

Not far from where we are assembled lie the ashes of one whose character the entire world admires.

His name is seldom heard, excepting when it is uttered to designate the city which he founded. There was a time when it was more publicly honored than it is now; but still his memory is cherished by many patriotic hearts. Whatever may be the mutations in public affairs—whosoever may, for the time being, occupy the larger share of public attention, either as a warrior or as a statesman, the name of Washington, with its patriotic associations, will always be precious to the lover of liberty. But, alas! his teachings are too often disregarded, and we have not yet completed the monument to his memory. We may, however, without a dissenting voice, on this Centennial day, the first that we have seen, and the last that WE shall ever see, recall a few words from his Farewell Address, although it was written eighty years ago. He said:

"The unity of government which constitutes us one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home, and your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize."

And the Father of his Country further advised "his friends and fellow-citizens" to "indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

He counseled: "Towards the preservation of your Government and the permanency of your present happy State, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext."

And again : "It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric. Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

My friends, let us cherish the heavenly principle of "Peace on earth, good will to man," and by word and example endeavor to cultivate in the hearts of those who are taking our places in the active scenes of life a love for law and liberty—a respect for the institutions of others, while preferring our own—and the enforcement of the duty of elevating the best men only to office, those who will see that the Republic suffers no detriment, for the acts of the public agent should be the reflex of the will of the constituency. A few should not plunder the many. To permit such practices is to sanction them. And let all wrongdoers be punished either by public opinion or by the criminal court, and public agents remember that the Government is for the people and not for themselves.

It was said aforetime, "Power is always stealing from the many to the few ;" therefore if we would continue free we must guard against every encroachment on our liberties. And then there can be no doubt the Republic will endure, strengthened in population with the corresponding prosperity, presenting an example to the world at large for emulation, and conferring the richest blessings on the entire human race !

CENTRAL RESERVE

ADDRESS,

BY HON. DANIEL ROBERTS,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BURLINGTON, VT., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :—The citizens of Burlington have invited to this festal gathering the civil authorities of the several towns of the county, with their civic societies and all their people, and they have deputed me, in their behalf, to bid you all welcome to a participation in the appointed doings and appropriate enjoyments of the day.

One hundred years of national life! a hundred years of liberty, guarded by constitution and law ; a cycle completed this day which includes in it the first establishment of the American Union and its later vindication : the first proclamation of universal human freedom and equality, and their later crystalization in an amended constitution, and the consummation in historic fact of the self-evident truths of the Great Declaratin.

As in the first Continental Congress, on the motion of Benjamin Franklin, prayer was offered to Almighty God for guidance and strength for the great work then in hand, so now, having entered into the labors of the fathers, it is befitting the occasion that we lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help —to the good God and Father of us all—and that we offer devout praises and adoration to Him whose kind hand has led us for a hundred years as a nation, and our people always, and has brought us to this day in assured peace, confirmed unity and established liberty—for, of a truth, hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF VERMONT—ITS INFLUENCE UPON POSTERITY.

AN ORATION BY HON. LUCIUS E. CHITTENDEN.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BURLINGTON, VT., JULY 4TH, 1876.

MR. PRESIDENT AND CITIZENS OF CHITTENDEN COUNTY :—An apology seems out of place on such an occasion as the present. But I must excuse myself for the disappointment I am about to cause you, of which I gave your committee timely warning. From their vote and from the published accounts of the preparations for the centennial celebrations throughout the country you had the right to expect from me an address which should present the principal events of the last hundred years in your county in their proper historical succession, in accordance with the suggestion of the President of the United States and of the proprieties of the occasion. Such an address I cannot give you for several reasons. I shall mention only one. Had I been equal to the labor of gathering the facts—of collating and compressing them within the brief hour here allowed me—I should then have threshed a harvest which has been gathered by others ; I should have opened no new field of enquiry, contributed no new fact to the sum of historical knowledge. For be it known that among the other treasures which you have preserved are all the materials for a history of your county, and every township it comprises. So thoroughly has the field been gleaned, that no sheaf has been left for me. That centennial orator who shall stand here after another hundred years will find ready to his hand every fact, circumstance and particular in the history of Chittenden county for the first hundred years which I could have gathered had my time and industry both been unlimited. He will then, I hope, find in every township a public library, such as you have in this city. In each of them there will be new editions of the histories of

Williams, Allen, Hoskins, Thompson, the two Halls, and that wonderful repository of fact and incident, the "Vermont Historical Gazetteer." After he has exhausted these he will never think of hunting in the obscurity of the past for any poor address of mine.

I think earnest students of the early history of Vermont will find one inquiry difficult to answer. It is this: How was it possible that a few scattered settlers, deficient in resources and poor in purse, could accomplish the results which they did accomplish? In 1774 they numbered scarcely more than 1,500 families. They were dispersed from the Winooski and the Great Bend of the Connecticut to the Massachusetts line. They had no means of assessing taxes, no organization which was not purely voluntary. They had already maintained themselves against the Power of New York through a struggle of nearly ten years. They sprang to arms at the summons of revolution. They captured Ticonderago, raised a regiment which made the name of Green Mountain Boys historical, joined in the invasion of Canada, saved the remnant's of Wooster's army, and barred their long frontier against invasion. Relieved for a space from arms, they came into convention to form a constitution. The news of Burgoyne's invasion and St. Clair's retreat, arrested their deliberations. Again they hurried to the frontier, fought the battle of Bennington, raised another regiment and paid its expenses out of Tory property. Again they kept an invading army idle for many months which almost outnumbered their population, and sent them back to the place from whence they came. Once more we find them in convention at Windsor, finishing the first constitution, the most democratic, free and just ever yet adopted in any American State. They adopted it without even the form of a vote, and having launched the independent State of Vermont in defiance of New York, New Hampshire, King George, and I might say of all the evil powers of earth and air, they entered upon that singular struggle with Congress and the other States, which did not end until 1791, when all opposition worn out or overcome, Vermont took her seat at the national board in a Federal Union.

Such is a mere outline of their work. Its details are supplied

by history. Where upon all the earth shall we find any like number of men with the ability to plan, the courage to execute, such an enterprise as they carried out? Surely it will be to our advantage if we can find out the causes of their success. In those causes we may find the secrets of some of our failures. I propose to examine some of these causes, to set before you a few of the prominent traits in the character of our ancestors, through which they secured the inheritance now enjoyed by a fortunate posterity. The subject upon which I shall attempt to address you will be "The Conditions of Success in Civil and Military Life in Vermont One Hundred Years Ago."

Looking back now to the work of our fathers, the first great fact that meets the eye is the ability and skill with which they appropriated individual resources to the common good. *They never wasted a useful man.* They knew how to utilize each other. They improved not only every natural quality or acquired ability, but even personal defects and peculiarities for the cause of the people. In this respect they were far wiser than their posterity, and herein, beyond doubt, lay one of the great secrets of their power. They understood the value of *union*, of united action everywhere, in the family, the community, the township and the state. What union did for them we shall see. A pyramid of granite block with no cementing material topples down. You may build a tower of willows and so bind them together that an earthquake will not overthrow it. Unite a people perfectly and no blow struck from without can injure them, no external enemy overcome them. The power of Spain has not sufficed to suppress an insurrection in a single province of Cuba. Unite the people of the island as Vermonters were united and they might defy the armies and navies of the world.

We cannot organize success because of individual peculiarities. A. and B. are both strong men, but they are so unlike that they repel each other. Bring them in contact and they will fight. Look now at the men whose characters our fathers could assimilate, whose diversities they could make an element of strength. Let us name a few of the leaders, who resembled each other in one respect only—they were all patriots.

There was Ethan Allen, a man of giant frame and iron muscle, in manner rough, but in soul as gentle as a woman, impatient of restraint, intolerant of opposition, his mind undisciplined and in constant revolt against all control, human or Divine.

Ira Allen, his brother, a born diplomatist, smooth and polished in address, equally skilled in concealing his own thoughts and in discovering those of others.

Seth Warner, the soldier, open and generous, into whose soul jealousy or vice of any kind could find no by way to enter, the Bayard of Vermont, without fear and without reproach.

Their First Governor, a plain, simple farmer, but shrewd and far-sighted, whom men could take into their confidence in spite of themselves, whose rule of life it was to make the best of every body, because, to use a rather Irish expression, which he applied daily, "he knew they always turned out better than he thought they would."

The two Fays, Jonas and Joseph, masters of the caucus, so systematic that no convention could be held regular that had not a Fay for its secretary.

The Robinsons, negotiators, pioneers in all missions to other States and powers. Nathanial and Daniel Chipman, educated trained lawyers, slightly aristocratic, faithful servants of the church by law established. Stephen R. Bradley, a democrat by nature, the best political writer of his time. Ebenezer Allen, who could not write a sentence correctly, but who could and did write the first American Emancipation proclamation. Remember Baker, who always doubted which he hated most, a Yorker, a Tory, or an Indian. Cochran, a hunter and guide, a philosopher and a patriot—and I might name a score of others, but these will serve to make leaders enough for all our political parties, for as many sects as ever opposed the Pope—so unlike each other in all things, that you would not suppose they could have sprung from the same race. Had they been like ourselves, they would have all been leaders, but each would have led a different party.

We have to go deeper to find their points of unity. They all came from that iron-souled race of thinkers, who, early in

17th century, burst the fetters of the Church and State, and shook the centres of monarchy to their bases with the proposition, that the powers of government were derived from the people, should be employed for the benefit of the people, that any system of religion which taught the contrary was no true system or religion. For this faith they might be and were broken on the wheel, but from it they would not turn. They were Republicans in religion and in politics. Emigrating from Europe into the free air of this Western World, these principles became a part of themselves, their descendants carried them into Western Connecticut and Massachusetts, and from thence into this wilderness, where they confronted all the dangers and deprivations of a new settlement. They were patriots by birth, by growth and by education. However much they might differ in other affairs, they were all agreed that they would not tolerate any invasion of their rights of person or property. *That* was tyranny, and tyranny was to be resisted to the death. They were taught by their fathers—their lives were perpetual illustrations of the necessity of united action. In their case division was destruction—*union, perfect union* of opinion, resources, characters and powers alone could preserve them.

I now ask your attention to some of the consequences to the person and the community of this Common unity of action and opinion, among those men, who differed so widely among themselves. I need not remind you that in their time the telegraph, the railway and the steamboat had not been invented. There was scarcely a highway upon the Grants. Men went from place to place on foot or on horseback, following Indian trails or lines marked trees. You will scarcely credit the assertion that under such circumstances the full effective strength of the new settlement could be mustered at any given point with nearly as much celerity as now. The statement is almost incredible, but you will hear my proofs before you reject it. I take them from history. It was on the 4th of May, 1775, when Allen summoned his first men to march upon Ticonderoga. He lost a full day waiting for boats on the shore of the lake, and even then captured the fort in the morning twylight of May 10th. There was then a block house near the north end of the bridge at

Winooski. It was called Fort Frederic, garrisoned by men engaged in surveying or clearing the intervales above. They were under the command of Remember Baker. In some way, Allen's summons reached Baker in time to enable him to call in his men, equip them, embark them on a flat-boat, sail down the river to its mouth, row or sail up the lake, capture a boat filled with escaping British soldiers, on the way to Canada, and to reach Crown Point in time to take part in the capture of that fort, before noon of the 10th of May. Could you do much better now?

I find the fact also recorded that in the winter of 1776, an express from Albany brought the news to Bennington that Sir John Johnson, with five hundred Tories and a body of Indians, was marching upon Tyron County, then at the eve of insurrection. The Yorkers—the people who had kidnapped Baker, and declared Allen an outlaw—implored the Green Mountain boys to help them. Did they answer, you are the men who, with strong hand, without right, for more than years have been striving to rob us of our homes? No! no! Within *twelve hours after* the news reached the Grants, that more than ninety Green Mountain boys, armed, equipped and provisioned, were on the march, and every one of these Vermonters was furnished by a single town. They joined Schuyler, marched to Johnstown, and received the surrender of the invading force.

David Wooster, a captain in the French war, had a New York grant of lands in the town of Addison, in 1761, the Vermonters who had expelled Col. Reid from the meadows of the Otter Creek, found Wooster serving writs on the settlers of the lands he claimed. They tied him and his sheriff to a tree, threatened them with the Beech seal, and released them only when they had withdrawn their writs, and promised to go and sin no more.

We next hear of Wooster in midwinter of 1776. Montgomery has fallen. Wooster is in command of a defeated and dispirited army below Montreal, and the smallpox is epidemic among the frozen, starved and wounded patriots, who have traversed the wilds of Maine only to be defeated before Quebec. They are surrounded by an enemy twice their number. He is writing to

Col. Warner. "Our prospect is dubious," he says. "I have sent to General Schuyler, Gen. Washington and to Congress * * * but you know how long it will be before we can have relief from them. You and the valiant Green Mountain Corps are in our neighborhood. * * * You all have arms and ever stand ready to lend a helping hand to your brother in distress." Had I time I would read the whole of this touching letter. He implores Warner to send him help, "Let the men set out at once * * * * by tens, twenties, thirties or fifties. It will have a good effect on the Canadians. *I am confident I shall see you here with your men in a very short time.*"

This letter was written near Montreal on the 6th of January, and on the 22nd, only 16 days later, Schuyler withdrew his request upon Washington for reinforcements, because, as he said, Warner had been so successful in sending men to Wooster's aid. Again the courage and celerity of the Vermonters saved the army. They formed Wooster's rear guard, standing like a wall between him and his pursuers, and fought all the way from the St. Lawrence to the Islands of Lake Champlain. Nor did they relax their watchful care until June, when the last weary, wounded soldier of that army was safely sheltered within the walls of Ticonderoga.

I could give many other illustrations of their promptness in marching to protect a friend or destroy an enemy. Let us now note their conduct in a difficult emergency.

The embryo State never passed through a darker period than that between the advance of Burgoyne and the battle of Bennington. The retreat of St. Clair left the whole western frontier unprotected. Burgoyne scattered his proclamations, setting forth his own strength and offering protection to all who would abandon the patriot cause. All the provisions brought to his camp would be paid for in gold. The defection was frightful. Every wavering man accepted his offers. Even *one member of the council,* to his eternal disgrace be it said, deserted. The people were poor. They had no money or credit. Alarm and confusion everywhere prevailed. A volunteer force must be raised, armed, fed and clothed, or the contest in this quarter was ended. How could it be done?

But there was a little band of men known as the Council of Safety which was neither discouraged nor dismayed. They took account of their resources as coolly as a few weeks before they had discussed the provisions of the new constitution. The prime necessity of the moment was to raise an adequate force of volunteers, and put a stop to these desertions. Both objects were accomplished by a single resolution, conceived, adopted, and its execution provided for in a single session.

Ira Allen, then a statesman 26 years old, was its author. It provided for a committee of sequestration, with power to confiscate the estates of the Tories and out of the proceeds raise and pay the voluteers. It stopped desertions instantly. Volunteers promptly came forward. This resolution was the first and a most fatal blow struck at the army of Burgoyne.

Let me now call your attention to an illustration of the practical common sense which appears to have controlled the actions of our ancestors. I refer you to their first convention to frame a constitution. It convened at Windsor in July, 1777. Half its members came direct from their regiments to the convention. Burgoyne was approaching with an army which twice outnumbered all the men on the Grants able to bear arms. Congress had just declared that the idea of forming a new State here was in substance derogatory to that body and a violation of the rights of New York.

Cool and undismayed the delegates met in convention. Ira Allen has written that "the business being new and of great consequence required serious deliberation." No doubt of that. A draft of the constitution was presented, by whom prepared we do not know. They examined it section by section. In the midst of the debate an express arrived with news of St. Clair's retreat before Burgoyne. The families of the President and many of the members were exposed to the hireling and the savages in his train. Their first impulse was to adjourn and hasten to the defence of their homes. Just then a sudden July storm arose, which their venerable chaplain declared was an indication of the Almighty's will that the constitution should be adopted then and there, and while awaiting its cessation, in the very conflict of the element, the darkened hall illuminated

by the flashes of the lightning, they formed a State. The constitution was read through and virtually adopted. A vote appointing the Committee of Safety followed, an adjournment to December, the storm passed over, and within two hours of the arrival of the express the members were on their way to defend their families and their firesides.

They came together again in December, stirring events had happened meantime in which they had been actors. The battles of Bennington and Hubbardton had been fought; Burgoyne had surrendered, Ticonderoga had been retaken, the frontier had been cleared of the invador, and many of the volunteers had returned to their homes. The convention finished its work without delay. They adopted a preamble and ratified the constitution. They decided that it was not expedient to submit their work to a popular vote. They named the 12th of March for their first election, and sent Ira Allen to Connecticut to have the constitution printed.

We must not assume that wide differences of opinion did not exist among the members of that body in respect of the government they were about establishing. Wide and honest differences did exist—which probably then could not have been satisfactorily adjusted. I make this reference for the single purpose of showing the wisdom which these plain men displayed in dealing with these questions. To-day such questions would be wrangled over in convention, fiercely debated by the press, and after months of acrimonious discussion decided to the satisfaction not of the people, but of a party.

Our fathers recognized the necessity of some kind of a government, established it, and postponed their differences until it had been submitted to the test of experience. Instead of making a permanent Constitution, to be changed only by the weary processes adopted in other States, they provided for a convention to recommend changes every seven years. This provision satisfied everybody. It originated your council of censors, and furnished what experience has shown to be the very best method of amending a constitution.

There was a wise purpose in the omission to submit the question to a popular vote. Vermont was surrounded by watchful

enemies. Congress had just denounced the project of a separate State. New York was using every artifice to divide and distract the people. New Hampshire was intent on the same purpose. It was doubtful whether the popular vote would then have given a majority for any constitution. The convention escaped the danger by not submitting it, and their constituents ratified their decision.

I hold this original constitution, as printed in Hartford, in my hand. In view of the circumstances in which it was made it is a remarkable document. I might well have made it, as I first intended, the exclusive subject of my address to-day, for I declare without reservation that it is in my judgement the wisest, the most liberal, the best State paper to be found in American constitutional history. I can only use it now as an illustration of the wisdom, the patriotism and the unselfish motives which controlled the men who gave it to their posterity.

Let me cite an example of the promptness with which these men in a critical emergency took into their confidence a stranger to their councils, and the very leader of the opposition, when his peculiar ability was required to extricate the State from danger.

The negotiations with the British commander, in Canada, which so long protected the state from invasion and kept an army idle, were known to but few of the leaders of the Vermonters. Had they been made public these leaders would have lost the public confidence and the British must have overrun the State.

The object of Haldimand, the British commander, was to make a separate treaty with the Vermonters, by which the State should be placed under British protection. Ira Allen and Dr. Fay, acting for the Vermonters, insisted that time was necessary to bring the leaders to their views. With this pretext they kept Haldimand quiet through the spring and summer of 1781, but the Legislature was to meet in October, and Haldimand insisted that the matter should then be closed and made public. He would wait no longer. Early in the autumn he sent a powerful army, under St. Leger, up the lake to Crown Point, to threaten the Grants, encourage the Tories, ready to issue his

proclamation at the proper moment. An accident had well nigh made everything public and thrown the State into St. Leger's hands.

Gen. Enos, with Cols. Fletcher and Walbridge, had a small force on the west shore of the lake. Some scouts from the two armies met, fired on each other, and one of the Vermont sergeants was killed. To the surprise of the Vermont officers, who were not in the secret, the next day St. Leger sent the sergeant's body, with his clothing and arms, into their lines, with a note of apology for his death. Enos despatched an express, with St. Leger's note, and his own comments upon it, to the Governor, at Charlestown, where the Legislature was in session. The messenger, on his way, and at Charlestown, made the fact public that the British General had apologized for killing Sergeant Tupper. A crowd gathered, suspicions of treachery were rife, and the excitement was intense. They demanded that the dispatches brought by the messenger should be immediately made public. The situation was most critical. Had the dispatch been read, the negotiations must have been made public, and Vermont would have been lost without substantial resistance.

The prudent Governor quietly announced to the excited people that the dispatches were very important, that he should have to peruse them in private, and would make them public next morning, after consulting the board of war. This satisfied the impatient multitude, and they dispersed.

He called the board of war together. They were in the secret. They acted without hesitation. Then, as now, there were two parties. There was one man, and probably only one man, who could revise hose dispatches, lay them before the people, and send them peacefully away. That man was the leader of the opposition to Chittenden and the Allens. He was a young and able lawyer, who had recently come into the State, who suspected, but was not in the secret of the negotiations with the British. You might suppose they hesitated, lest he might expose their plans, and advance his own party by their ruin. Not for one moment. They sent for him, laid open the whole matter, and asked his aid. And he was true as steel—swept

aside every other consideration, and applied himself to the work in hand as earnestly as if he had been responsible for all the dealing with the emeny. St. Legar's note, the dispatches from Enos and his Colonels, were placed in his hands, and he retired. The next morning these papers were read to the Legislature and the people. There was not a word in them relating to the armistice or the negotiations with Haldiman—not a word upon suspicion could be founded. The excitement ceased. Legislature and people went about their ordinary business. The fall of Cornwallis soon followed. St. Leger and his army went back to the place whence they came, and once more the infant State was out of danger. It is due to history to say that the young lawyer to whom I refer was Nathaniel Chipman.

To my mind there is a nobility in this high confidence between opposing party leaders in the integrity of each other which takes them out of the ranks of party and raises them into the purer atmosphere of patriotism.

I would also refer to some of the principles declared in this first constitution—its declaration 90 years in advance of the nation that "government is for the people, without partiality or prejudice against any particular sect, class or denomination of men whatever"—that "all men are *equally* free—that no person shall be held as a slave—that no man's religious opinions can be controlled by law—that affirms the right to bear arms—the right to trial by jury—the right to hold papers and property sacred from the grasp of the bailiff or the ferret eyes of the detective—that it is the duty of every man to have some profession, trade or farm—that public services deserves compensation, but to where the profits of an office lead many to apply for it they ought to be lessened by the Legislature"—principles for which we have substituted the pernicious doctrines that public office is official spoil, and that there is no personal right too sacred to be invaded to overthrow a political enemy.

But I must not weary your patience, and my case does not require further proof. I have established, fairly I think, that thorough freedom of thought and independence of judgment, perfect unity of action in public affairs, promptness and celerity of action, justice and kindness in dealing with honest errors of

a public servant, were qualities for which our ancestors were distinguished, and by the use of which they attained success.

And they possessed another quality of which I ought to give you some illustrations. You may call it judicious selection, the skill which always selects the right man for a place, the choice of the fittest—or by whatever name you please.

This power of selection is one of the highest which men can exercise—the test of human ability—for no man from the Great Alexander to our own great soldier, who did not possess it, was ever successful. We have a school in physics which declares that the economy of creation is based upon this principle of selection, and it has many able advocates, I have not time to cite cases. I will refer you to history for them.

I will sum up the argument on this point in a single proposition. Whenever they had a public duty to perform, they always selected their best man for that place, and when they had placed him there instead of engaging in petty warfare upon him, they sustained him by their counsel and advice—yes, by their fortunes and their blood. This support of their leaders is one of the noblest traits in their characters. Not more firmly and patiently until the going down of the sun did Aaron and Hur stay up the hands of Moses when they were heavy, than did these men sustain their leaders always, and especially in the dark and despondent hours, when they were most ready to sink under the weight of their burdens.

I have thus given you an imperfect sketch of the leading characteristics of the men who founded Vermont, and whose memories we delight to honor to-day. Imperfect as it is, it will suggest the question to you. Who are the men in our time who have shown themselves to be true heirs of these ancestral glories? Who that lives to-day is to be honored at our next centennial as we honor these men? Has human nature degenerated? Is the race of great men dead? No! I answer a thousand times no!

The fault is with ourselves. We have departed from the ways of our fathers. We no longer act upon the principles through which they achieved success.

No one will deny that as a nation we have departed from the

faith and practice of the founders of Vermont. Not Vermonters alone—perhaps they have offended less in this respect than others—but all the people of all the States. The existing greed for office—that corrupting theory which defines office to be the spoil of the defeated, and the property of the successful politician, the vindictive spirit of party which discovers no virtue in a political opponent, and which strikes by foul means as readily as by fair—which seems to have driven out of our political life all the characteristic traits of the statesman and the gentleman, and to have substituted in their places the vocabulary of the fish market and the morals of the gambling house! which fills the party press with abusive attacks upon private character, and causes newspapers to reek with scandals so foul that we fear to introduce them into our dwellings—these are practices of recent invention for which we shall search in vain the history of the olden times. That they are hurtful, that in these days the greatest danger to our Republic and its perpetuity we know right well. If I can say one word in this respect for reformation, if I can make one Vermonter adopt and practice henceforth the ancient and the better way, my time will not be wholly lost.

That one of the necessary results of this diseased public opinion is to drive from public life a great number of our best men who ought to be there, you well know. It is a sacrifice at best for a citizen to take office, but if when he leaves it he is to be subject to inquisition his patriotism must be higher than the average if it will induce him to enter public life at all. Many are lead in consequence to despair of the Republic, for that is indeed a gloomy condition of public affairs when bad men seek and good men will not accept public employment. We should neither shun these fears nor entertain these anticipations. I do not believe that the public men of either party have suddenly become bad and unprincipled. It is not true that we have entered upon a new era of jobbery, selfishness and fraud, which is to be corrected by the spasmodic virtue of any sect or condition of men. I speak plainly. I denounce without circumlocution or apology the slogan of corruption, peculation and dishonesty which screams out of every morning issue of many of our newspapers. It is a wrong to the name of every American

citizen. Must a foreigner like Goldwin Smith remind us that our character and institutions have just been submitted to the tremendous strain of civil war, and that war always is followed by great disturbances in morals and business? In our case, without preparation, we went from a condition of peace into the very whirl of rebellion. We suppressed it after years of fighting, and after we absorbed our mighty armies again into the pursuits of peace. We have done this with less of change, with less of danger to popular integrity than any other nation ever experienced. In proof of this statement allow me to refer to one or two periods and events in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. I will take first that period of English history which followed the death of Queen Anne and the accession of that very fine and exemplary King, the first George, during which happened those memorable events, the expulsion of James II. and the exclusion of his heirs from the succession. In this period occurred those awful massacres, proscriptions and executions in England and Ireland, which brought the country into the very horrors of revolution. The animosity of spirit which then characterized the two great parties was never equalled before or since. Whig and Tory became personal as well as political enemies. Each made the other odius by attacks which touched the lowest depths of scurrility. A Tory paper was quite moderate which said "to desire the Whigs to forbear lying would be unreasonable. It is their nature and they could not subsist without it." The Whigs replied with equal courtesy. The most abusive pamphlets, ribald and disgusting, yes the foulest caricatures were openly sold in the public streets. "The Art of Billingsgate," and "Robberies of a Jacobite Ministry," were popular publications. Paralysis of business, universal distrust, the Mug House riots, High church mobs, stock jobbing frauds, the Mississippi schemes, the South sea bubble; the debasement of art and literature were followed by the impeachment of an entire ministry at the head of which were Bolingbroke, and Ormond. The excesses of the common people against the dissenters led them to cut off the ears and tail of an ox, to tie squibs and crackers in their places, and having lighted these they drove the tortured animal into a dissenting church and congregation.

All these excesses brought in the reign of libel and of attacks on personal character similar to that we daily read, for England had then traveled for a long distance the road upon which we have just entered. There were then as I trust there are now a few men of both parties who were bold enough to denounce the extremists and to charge them with much of the responsibility for the existing corruption. Among them was Addison. Listen to his utterances on this subject in England in the year 1712 :

"Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister shine in history, and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those arms which he scorned to make use of against his enemies.

"Every one who has in him either the sentiments of a Christian or a gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice, which is so much in use among us at present that it is become a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. Scurrility now passes for wit—and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases, is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By this means the honor of families is ruined ; the highest posts are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people, and the noblest virtues and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our animosities are forgot, should any such a one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of these abominable writings, which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters we should appear."

Is it not remarkable that when in this country there is for the first time in our history an excited and angry fear of corruption

in public life, the press and people of England should gloat over what they profess to consider our downfall, and hold up to view their own purity? Whatever others may say, England is the last country to attack any other on the ground of the immorality of its government or the corruptions of its public men. For every instance of a corrupt American, in which corruption was proven, or even feared, a score of worse cases in England may be produced. Do they charge Americans with the use of money in legislation, they may find a precedent in their own Parliament, when the Speaker distributed the money and bought Parliamentary votes enough to carry through a treaty. But it is undignified to pursue the parallel. I unite with the whole American people in denouncing corruption under all its many forms; I regret that we must admit its existence among us, but with them I demand that, like any other crime, it shall be proven before I admit that it has infected the body of the people, and when they cry of party, and party injustice, shall be heard no more, and all the wrongs committed and passionate conclusions reached in time of excitement are corrected, impartial history will say, that during all the strain to which we have been subjected in the past decade, the heart of the American people was never infected but always pure, that the few exceptions existing only prove the rule, and that the discipline which we now go through will bring us out finally as the first great nation who passed through a mighty war, to conquest and victory, and then absorbed her military strength into herself, leaving no permanent influence upon the public virtue or upon ancient institutions to which posterity cannot point with honor and with pride.

For our future is full of hope. Has not England herself recovered? She was once the country of pocket purchasable boroughs, the very sinks of electoral corruption; the capital of her aristocracy was invested in sinecure offices of honor and of profit. Once she carried measures through wholesale bribery, and once as I have shown you, private character and personal integrity counted for as little as it apparently does with us. But now there is not a country on earth more free from general scandal; none in which private character, whether of peer or

peasant, statesman or private citizen, is more efficiently protected. It is shielded not only by law, but by the higher law, of public opinion. True, occasionally low and scurrilous newspapers spring up, and achieves an ephemeral success by introducing there the press warfare which we ought to condemn. A noted case of this sort arose out of the Tichborne trial, and there are others more recent; but they are soon crushed beneath the force of law and public opinion like noxous vermin.

But this admonishes me to bring these desultory remarks to a close. I have fallen short of the demands of the occasion and of your just expectations. It is a great occasion. Never since the landing on Plymouth Rock has the Nation kept such a holiday. It is a great occasion for Vermont. Throughout twenty-six years our fathers toiled and labored, suffered and and bled for the right to enter the Union of the States. To-day no member has a place of higher honor. This day is welcomed throughout the nation as the greatest thanksgiving ever celebrated. In it we cross the line of centuries and commence another period of our national existence. Looking backward or forward we discover abundant reason why we should greet this morning with a roar of rejoicing cannon, and flash upon the darkness of to-night the blaze of universal illumination. It is a high privilege to stand before the people to-day gathered in mighty audiences in a thousand places, to recall to their minds the virtues and the glories of their ancestors. It is a grand experience, surrounded by the morning glories of that century, standing before its open gate, to see spanning the entire horizon the bow of future promise to posterity and to humanity. Ours is a glorious heritage indeed. To learn how our fathers gained it for us is also to learn how we and our children can preserve it. It was not gained without a mighty sacrifice, it cannot be preserved without watchful care. I have sought in an imperfect way to set before you the principles by the use of which our fathers gained the liberties which we enjoy, by which they became great and their children prosperous. Let the song of thanksgiving ascend from a choir of forty million voices—let its theme be a country stretching from Ocean to Ocean, from the dark forests of the far Northwest, to the balmy airs

of tropical everglades, with its mines of gold and silver and all metals, its fertility in all that sustains human life and promotes human comfort—inhabited by an intelligent and progressive people with room enough for thrice their number. Let it give thanks for the free constitutions under which all the people live —for their wise legislatures, for their love of education, their general industry, frugality, temperance and enterprise. Let it be said in their praise that they welcome to the protection of their flag the oppressed of every land, that no slave lives beneath its folds, that no taint of color, no accident of birth excludes any man from the highest privileges which that flag protects, and let it proclaim the mighty fact that the government under which we live has now been tested by the heats of a century, by foreign war and domestic rebellion, by all the accidents and all the events which have wrecked other governments, while it has only demonstrated the strength of ours, because of that still greater and more momentous fact that the strength of our government consists in the honor, the patriotism, and the integrity of the people, and if these virtues can be preserved, our nation will endure as long as earth endures, until the fountains of the great deep are broken up and the elements themselves dissolve in fervent heat. A great thanksgiving of the people of a hemisphere forty millions in number is an occasion of mighty significance, when like ours it demands of all the world the recognition of the principles of popular government based upon virtue of the people. It reduces the service of political economy to a single axiom which a child can comprehend ; *Preserve the virtue of the people! Preserve the virtue of the people!!* Away with all political creeds and litanies, which requires philosophers to comprehend them and put them into practice. As stated in our first constitution, our government is for the common benefit, protection and security of the people, and it is built and for one century has been sustained upon the virtue and integrity of the people.

Simple as this creed appears to be it imposes a duty upon every individual citizen. Because there is not now in all the nation, people more intelligent than that which I am addressing, so there is no place where this duty is so easily performed as among such a people.

Will you my friends undertake its performance, here in this Queen City and prosperous county, with all your natural and acquired advantages, your communities in which intelligence is so widely diffused. You have here, as you always should have, two political parties, each honest and earnest in its convictions. Each is represented by an enterprising newspaper. Will you gentlemen who conduct these newspapers, take care that no attack upon the character of an opposing candidate, no gibe or slur, no libel or coarse insinuation finds a place in your columns? Will you give to your opponent credit for the same good intentions which you claim for yourselves? You leaders of these parties, will you be at the same time courteous gentlemen, more ready to speak kindly than coarsely of the other side? Will you set before your humblest followers an example of purity in speech and dignity of deportment, not alone in caucus and convention, but in your daily life and conversation? Will you citizens one and all remember that except within the limited range of party elections, there should be no divisions among you? The word itself should be excluded from use. In your city and town governments, those little democracies in which great men have said our strength consisted, in your educational systems, your internal improvements, your plans for the reformation of the young, the support of the poor, and the punishment of crime—in the control of your public libraries—in all your plans for the advancement of the people in literature and the arts—in your charitable and benevolent institutions, will you come back to the ways of your fathers and practice that *unity* for the results of which we give thanks this day? In these public matters will you employ the same discretion which you use in your private affairs. Will you select the fittest man for every station, sustain him by your advice and encourage him by your example, with no regard to his political opinions or party connections? How simple all these questions seem and yet how important they are to the happiness of a people. Imagine a people laboring in perfect union for the general good—a community from which all heart-burnings, irritations, local or private jealousies, are banished, where the good qualities of each individual are recognized and made use

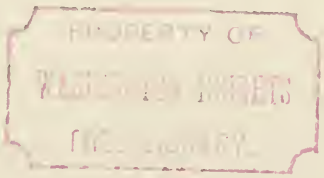
of for the common good. What a factor would such a state become in the future of our country. She would send representatives to both branches of Congress, whose public and private lives would honor their State and themselves, and she would keep them there so long as they gave her faithful service, and represented a state and not a party. Her judges would keep the records of her judiciary pure while the ermine of other States is draggled in the mire of political organization. And so in every station, high or low, there would be an honest, faithful public servant laboring earnestly in the service of his employers and cordially sustained by the grateful praises of the people.

Personal independence of opinion, perfect unity of the people, celerity of action in public affairs careful selection of the fittest man for every office, having in view the qualities which that special office demanded, the appropriation to the public service of the best men without much regard to their opinions upon matters of private concern, charity for honest errors of judgment by public men, punishment with an unrelenting and merciless hand of corruption and venality, swift reduction to private life of the unfaithful public officer, long service and cordial support of the faithful public servant, recognition of the value of good character in public life against assault, courtesy towards each other and personal friendship among political opponents, mutual confidence between political enemies in times of public danger, a readiness to compromise extreme opinions upon the basis of mutual concession—these, if I read the lesson of their lives correctly, were the qualities which made our fathers successful. Though few in numbers and weak in other resources, though surrounded by dangers apparently insurmountable, they were undismayed and unconquerable. Speaking through their own lives to us, their posterity, they seem to me to recommend that we should protect our heritage and deliver it to our posterity by the exercise of the same virtuous qualities.

It is said that in early days, when the future of Vermont was all uncertain, and enemies threaten her on every side, an Artist sketched her emblematic picture from a landscape which was spread out before him. We do not know his name, for he was

only a private soldier, whose brush was a knife point, and whose canvass was the horn that kept his powder dry. In the foreground of his picture stood a lofty evergreen. It was the noble pine, emblem of the bravest clan of Scottish mountains—the unconquerable McGregor. Its trunk rose naked and majestic, skyward for many fathoms, and then threw out its branches on every side. It was a model of self-reliant independence, strong to resist the whirlwind and the storm. Beneath it stood that domestic animal whose product has given celebrity to your dairies and wealth to their owners. On the right their emblem of agriculture, the plough, stood in mid-furrow; on the left hand the acres of yellow grain attested that harvest followed seed in its appointed time. For in the background were two mountain peaks, their bases fringed by broad intervals, shadowy valleys and rolling hills, which suggested quiet rivers and crysta brooks. Their flanks were covered as with a garment by dark forests, and their green tinted tops soared upward until they touched fleecy clouds which floated in an atmosphere of colorless purity. Across the depression between them rolled a wave of light which, spreading outward from a central focus, cast a soft halo over the whole landscape; out of it, over the far horizon, flashed the morning beams of the rising sun. Mountain, valley, hill, plain, forest and cleared field seemed to spring into life as they were touched by the warmth of its early harvest rays. Beneath the artist wrote the word Vermont, over it the words "*Freedom and Unity.*" He was at once historian, painter, and prophet. He gave to Art a noble design, and to a State a motto and a seal. Vermont, the State which stands to-day in the prime and strength and full vigor of political manhood, an unchallenged witness of the patriotism and wisdom of her founders, and the virtues of their descendents. To-day we stamp this seal and motto upon the closed volume of our past history, and upon the title of the book wherein her future story is to be recorded. To-day, as her united and fortunate people stand around the common altar, let them invest every feature of this symbol with fresh significancy. As long as her mountains stand, let personal independence mark all the actions of her people. Let labor, industry, economy and temperance be recognized as common

virtues. Let our children be taught the lesson of a brave and earnest loyalty to the State and to each other. Let strife and rivalry exist only in enterprises for the public good. Then, when at the close of each coming century, her children come together as we do now to take counsel from the lives of their ancesters, and renew their resolutions for the preservation of the heritage, though other States may be whirled by the current of events toward revolution and ruin, there will be one State whose foundations only become more firm and strong as the weight of centuries settle them together—she is still the home of a free, virtuous, intelligent and brave people. Her name is Vermont, and her motto is "*Freedom and Unity.*"



THE AMERICAN AGE CONTRASTED.

A CENTENNIAL ORATION BY HON. W. E. ARTHUR,

DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE UNITED STATES BUILDING, COVINGTON, KY., JULY 4TH, 1876.

The first of dramatists makes memory the warder of the brain; and one of the first of thinkers, in ancient story, makes history philosophy teaching by example. The recurrence of this anniversary, for the one-hundredth time, rouses the memory and enforces the example. The heroic actors and events, in the origin of many States of renown, are obscured or colored in the shadow of fable; they are often illusive images, mere mental phantasms. The heroic actors and events of republican America on the other hand, are eminently real in substance and distinct in outline. They are familiar in the emotions of popular affection—idealized,—no doubt, but real; fixed as venerated portraits of the past on the enduring canvass of history, the phenomena of their theories and of their practice still attract and instruct by their traditional presence. Indeed, their forms move, their voices speak, their eyes flash; we feel their breath and their potential spell upon us. The great event thunders in the ear; the heroic actors loom before the eye; there is no mirage to obscure—no optical illusion to deceive. Their principles were founded in truth as unerring as the wisdom of creation; and when we attempt to speak of their titanic works, measured by the visible results which form the actual and the indestructable of our day, "fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful and imagination cold and barren."

This warder of the brain, and this teacher of philosophy, today evoke the past, and now pass in review before us the memorable actors and events of the origin of republican America. Thus we stand, in the emblematic presence of whatever is illustrious, venerated and conservative in the past, and in the noontide effulgence of monumental trophies, which must elevate and guide us in the future.

Standing, as we now stand, inspired by such memories, and ennobled by such realities, at such a time, and in such a presence, with solemn and imposing rites, the corner-stone has been laid of a massive and costly pile, for the administration of justice, the receipt of revenue and the diffusion of intelligence.

It is a fitting type of the solidity of our institutions, for it is as firm as the adamantine rock from which it was hewn ; it is a fitting emblem of our Federal Union, for it is Indiana marble, supported by Kentucky soil ; it is a fitting memorial of the benevolence of our form of government, for it is to establish justice, diffuse intelligence, provide for the common defense, and promote the general welfare. In the language of Mr. Webster, we say :

"Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming ; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

The story of the origin and construction of our federative system, forms a link in the general development and progress of society at large. Political and personal complacency, ordinarily, on these occasions, prompt us to contemplate the events composing it, apart from their essential affinities in the stream of progression which rises from immutable laws ; but amid the vicissitudes which encompass every movement in the growth of the human race, the link is never broken, the affinities are never dissolved ; they are inseparably bound up with the functional mass of causes and effects which come before and follow after.

Human destiny is a unit in the tendencies of human government ; man is everywhere and at all times, philosophically, the same dramatic actor in a world of vanishing forms and immutable laws. States and nations, or other similar divisions or societies of men make, as strong as iron and as durable as brass, constitutions and compacts, institutes and codes, statutes and ordinances, and while yet they waking dream of the permanency of their statecraft, the fabric crumbles, and anon the remnants are fashioned into new forms, alike subject to like tempests of change.

The political state of man is that of constitutional unrest ; his spiritual nature is dissatisfied with his human nature ; he is in a

condition of internal conflict; he breaks over barriers which his imperfections interpose, and pushes away from what is, to what is to come; the march of his career is over a rough road of irritating impediments, but it is a forward march.

He confronts and tramples upon obstacles and disasters and strides over them—now constructing, now dissolving forms—impelled by immutable laws, his course is always onward. "Empires are only sand-hills in the hour-glass of Time; they crumble spontaneously away by the process of their own growth."

> "States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
> May late or soon, but must at last, be free."

With our construction came Great Britain's colonial dissolution. The political ligament which bound us to her glorious and indomitable races was severed forever. A century has elapsed since her colonial empire was dissolved as to us, and since the federal structure of these States was founded. The corner-stone of a most complex edifice was then laid, federal, state and municipal; and while here the "sound of the axe, hammer and tool of iron," was keeping time with the music of falling forests, the war-whoop of the red man, the hum of industry, and the grand diapason of the formation of Sovereign States—

> "A thousand years scarce serve to form a State.
> An hour may lay it in the dust—"

then red havoc burst upon Europe; land and sea shook with the thunder of battle; "the earthquake voice of victory," and started Britannia, whose march is o'er the mountain-waves," and whose "home is on the deep," maintained a long, bloody and doubtful, but finally triumphant, struggle for her very name and existence among the nations of modern times.

Official abuses and popular excesses kindled and debased the French Revolution of 1789. The foundations of social order were uprooted. The monarchy, founded by Clovis the First, away back in the fifth century, memorable for thirteen hundred years of imperial sway, was, like potter's vessel, shivered to atoms, and swept away with the rubbish of worn out forms; the King and Queen beheaded, and the anarchy of the many.

or the tyranny of the few, alternately shocked mankind with their competitive atrocities. All Europe trembled with the tread of the squadrons and blazed with the fire of musketry and cannon.

Suddenly all mankind paused to gaze upon a first-rate figure, of antique mould and pensive aspect, yet in the dawn of youth. He was a lawyer's son, an orphan of Corsica, a school boy of Brienne, a sub-lieutenant of artillery. He left school distinguished in mathematics, tolerably versed in history and geography, a laggard in Latin and other studies of his course. He appeared in the streets of Paris without a sou. He wrote to his mother "with my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." He not only arrested, he absorbed the attention of mankind, and he kept it. He advanced to the front; he became *the government* of the ancient and shattered remnant of the brilliant empire of Louis the Fourteenth; he stood forth the recognized *Colossus* of his era, if not of every era,

> "Underneath him the world's mountains lay
> Like mole hills, and her streams like lucid threads."
> He uplifted fallen and bleeding France.
> 'Decayed in *her* glory, and sunk in *her* worth,
> *He* made *her* the gem and the wonder of earth."

The story of this man is the story of vanishing forms—of the chaos of states. He was the resistless genius of war, and the peerless organizer of peace. Action was his divinity. After his glorious campaign in Italy he exclaimed, "They do not long preserve at Paris the remembrance of anything. My glory is declining. If I remain long unemployed I am undone." States and empires rose and fell at his command, and crowns and kingdoms were as pawns. He scaled all.

> "The slippery tops of human state
> The gilded pinnacles of fate"

Egypt, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Hanover, Naples, Prussia, Russia, Westphalia, Spain, Holland, all continental Europe adorned his triumphal march, and came and went in his imperial retinue. He obliterated and reconstructed the map of one continent, and plowed with his sword the mountains, plains and seas of three; he eclipsed the ineffectual glory of Semira-

mis and Tamerlane, of Clovis and Charlemagne, of Pyrrhus and Alexander, of Hannibal and Sciopio, of Cæsar and Titus, of Conde and Marlborough; he dominated all dominions and powers in his ubiquitous march, and, falling on the fields of Waterloo, crushed under a world in arms for his destruction, even as

> "A bubble bursting in the thunder cloud
> His course has no volition, and he drifts
> The passive plaything of the winds."

France, glorious, fallen France, was virtually trusteed by the imperial conquerors, and the ancient monarchy rehabilitated. The successor of Clovis, in the person of Louis the Eighteenth, was crowned and sceptered by her armed enemies, and the map of Europe again dissected and patched up to suit the ephermeral fashion of the new order of things; and the discrowned hero-sage, even as the stricken bird of Jove,

> "Though his eyes
> Are shut, that looked undazzled on the sun,
> He was the Sulton of the sky, and earth
> Paid tribute to his eyre."

In the meantime Russia, Prussia and Austria fixed upon Poland the evil eye, and England finished her horoscope of the near future of Ireland. Poland, the ancient, the heroic, the unfortunate; the leonine site of the forest home of the warlike vandal, who first swept down upon imperial Rome, and with an audacity as imperial as that of Rome in her proudest days, fiercely battled to push from her seat the haughty mistress of the world; founded as a duchy in the sixth, and raised to a kingdom in the tenth century—the bower of beauty, the field of chivalry, and the native land of Kosciusko—consecrated by the achievements and the memories of over twelve centuries of honorable antiquity—Poland was seized, pillaged and partitioned by imperial rapacity, her very existence erazed from the map, and her beauty and valor slain, enslaved or exiled.

> "Wreathed, filleted, the victim fell renowned,
> And all her ashes will be holy ground."
> * * * * * *
> "Body killing tyrants cannot kill
> The public soul—the hereditary will
> That downward, as from sire to son it goes,
> By shining bosoms more intensely glows;

" Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughtered men.
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again-
Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old—
Her men in more and more heroic mould;
Her eagle ensign, best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle strength of mind.'

Fate, too, closed in upon Ireland, and the "sweetest isle of the ocean" sank into the alien embrace of Albion, and into consolidation with the empire of Great Britain. Long had been her struggle, painful her vicissitudes—heroic her spirit. The morning sun of the first coming of the nineteenth century shed its melancholy rays upon the spoliated sovereignty, dejected children and prostrate form of a land whose inalienable freedom and whose gallant race are proudly traced to a hight of antiquity, to which England and Englishmen must forever remain unknown. From Phœnicia, from the vales of Palestine, the mountains of Lebanon and the shores of the Mediterranean, with the bold spirit of the mountaineer, the fervid genius of the plain and the adventurous courage of the sea, two thousand years before history deigned to notice "perfidious Albon" or Imperial Cæsar, sprang the free-born scions of *Erin go Braugh!* And wherever thought that lifts the soul, eloquence that stirs the heart, song that enraptures the senses, valor that ennobles the spirit—or the union of all these forms in one person, the hero, the sage, the poet and the orator, there in the forefront, the formost among his peers, stands erect and dauntless the son of Erin! For four thousand years he has stood embattled in freedom's cause, wherever freedom bled; for four thousand years through every variety of adverse fortune he maintained the sovereignty "of his own native isle of the ocean"—the independence of his own "seabeaten shore;" and in his exile he exclaims :

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh."

In a short time the restored Bourbon slept in the tomb of his

royal line; his successor wore his crown, and was speedily deposed, and Louis Phillippe feebly grasped the scepter of Charlemagne, only to experience exile; while the star of the hero of Lodi and his son of Austerlitz were re-enkindled; and the nephew of his uncle began and pursued an imperial career, alike brilliant in peace and in war.

One midsummer's day he handed to the French town of Boulogne, on the shore of the English channel, with a tame eagle, as the sole emblem of his title to the imperial crown of his uncle. On another day King Louis fled—and on another, Napoleon the Third was declared, by eight millions of voters, hereditary emperor of the French, by the grace of God and by the will of the people. The recognized first sovereign in Europe—the combined powers of the world, that with savage terror, had hunted down the first hero of his name to the sea-girt rock of St. Helena, that had tracked "the steps of glory to the grave," and pursued into the recesses of the tomb—

> "Shrine of the mighty! can it be
> That this is all remains of thee?"—

are now discovered courting his imperial alliance, espousing his imperial policy, and combining with his imperial arms.

Great Britain that had united with the Russian and the Cossack, and had invoked the aid of all Europe, to extirpate the Uncle, now rejoiced in the friendly alliance of the Nephew for the destruction of the Russian and the Cossack, on the billows of the Black sea, and on the hights and plains of the Crimea. Then were re-enacted by the Nephew and his ally the deeds of Lodi, of Marengo, of Jena, of Austerlitz and of Eylau—at the siege of Sebastopol, on the banks of the Alma, in the battles of Balaklava and of Inkerman, in the sanguinary storming of the Malakoff and of the Redan, with "their looming bastions fringed with fire," and on the bloody field of Tchernaya, culminating in the retributive defeat and humiliation of the Czar of all the Russias.

And subsequently Austria, another one of the imperial participators in the sacrifice of the Uncle, was in his turn beaten and humbled on the glorious fields of Magenta and of Solferino, and

driven to implore protection from impending punishment in the peace of Villafranca.

But Prussia had not forgotten her terrific sufferings on the dreadful field of Jena. She had been struck, trampled upon, lacerated and dismembered. No high-spirited race could cease to feel the rankling of such an accumulation of wounds, perhaps least of all, that branch of the Teutonic, the most warlike, and the most all-conquering type of man, that was, that is, and that is to be.

> "And if we do but watch the hour,
> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong."

Prussia had bided her time, had accumulated, consolidated and disciplined her resources, and perfected her squadrons. She had become the German Empire. She stretched away from the cloud-clapped peaks of the Tyrol Alps on the South, to the sea beach of the Baltic on the North, and from the banks of the Niemen and of the Vistula on the borders of Russia, to the shores of the Moselle and the summits of the Vosges mountains on the confines of France.

In the name of the fatherland and of the unification of the German people, William the First, of the House of Hohenzollen, unsheathed the sword of the Great Frederick, and side by side with Hilmuth Karl Bernard von Moltke, the first living soldier in Europe, in one single great battle dashed in pieces the military power of Austria on the field of Sadowa. He was now prepared, and like a good knight in the tournament, mounted, and with his lance in rest, awaiting his predestined antagonist! Pretexts of state are never wanting. In an evil hour the Third Napoleon was betrayed into a declaration of war. Within twenty-five days a great French army was beaten at Worth; within thirty days the grand army of Bazaine was beaten at Metz; and anon another great French army was doubled up and destroyed at Sedan; and in fine, the Emperor Napoleon, and one hundred and fifty thousand French soldiers with arms in their hands were made prisoners of war, and the fate of the third phase of the French

Empire sealed. At every point the French were bewildered, out-generaled and outnumbered. It did indeed, seem as though the genius of the First Napoleon animated the ubiquitous and irresistible enemies of the Third.

So the wheel of fortune turned and turned again, and France, the ancient, the brilliant, the scientific, the speculative, the chivalric France, was torn, and trampled on and devastated and dismembered—bought her ransom with fabulous tribute, and, breathless and wasted, sought shelter 'neath the friendly *ægis* of republican forms, under the aged Thiers and the battle-scared McMahon.

Such are the tracings of a few of the vanishing forms of one theater of the world, which has preceded our own in the known progress of civilization, and is far older in the course of historic time—while in the meantime, the work of development and construction continued, making up the magnificent pageant of the new. Such are the vicissitudes of states we call great, and of men we call famous. Such is fame; and it is said by one of whom Macauley declares, "he had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked"—that

> "Tis but to fill
> A certain portion of uncertain paper:
> Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
> Whose summer, like all hills, is lost in vapor:
> For this men write, speak, preach and heroes kill.
> And bards burn what they call their 'midnight taper.'
> To have, when the original is dust,
> A name."

The forbidding continent of Africa has continued almost wholly void of philosophical events; its natural fastnesses unbroken, its sourceless rivers and miasmatic lakes, unknown (save to the Mungo Parks and the adventurous Livingstons, who have seen and died), its mountain heights unexplored, its valleys shrouded and its treasures buried. Immersed in inhospitable and barbaric seclusion, it is draped in a sepulchral pall of solitude from the snow-wreathed summits of Kenia to the burning sands of Sahel. From the mouth of the Gambia to the Cape of Guardafui, and from the orange river to the Barbary States,

there is still scarcely any dominion better than the dominion of the lion and of the jackal—scarce any society superior to that of the gorilla and the monkey. Battalions of elephants, regiments of hippopotami, brigades of the rhinoceros, and all the file of associate brutes, and legends of gibbering monkies and screeching hyenas, traverse the scenery and make nature diabolical. The boundless plains of Sahara and the contiguous places, are still scourged by the fire-fiend of the simmoon and storm-beaten by the blazing sirocco.

The Caucasian, scattered in sparce settlements along the coasts of the Indian and of the Atlantic oceans, and of the Arabian and of the Red seas, is still, now and then, encroaching a step upon the fathomless interior, hunting ivory on the coast, searching for diamonds and delving for gold, in the soil of Guinea, the mountains of Kong and the valleys of the Orange and of the Vaal. Throughout Soodan, Senegambia, and the two Guineas, the Ethiopian in all his worst varieties, the Hottentots, the Bushman, the Caffres, and the Gallas,

> "Kings that rule
> Behind the hidden sources of the Nile."

still hover upon the dividing line between man and brute, and practice the lowest vices of both; while here and there occasionally recur brighter spots, "like a rich jewel in Ethiop's ear," of Europeans, Moors, Arabs, Copts and Egyptians.

Indeed Africa, in a moral sense, is so apparently dead, that it seems to be beyond the sphere of both immutable laws and vanishing forms. It seems chaos and night, without change. Will it continue to be the *pariah* of continents and the unresurrected dead body of a civilization debauched and lost."

The genius of the French engineer has re-created the Isthmus of Suez, pierced the solid earth and subdued the ageless barriers of nature; Asia and Africa now contemplate each other apart, the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red sea mingle between the continents, and the mercantile marine and the floating bulwarks of the nations of the world, double the Cape of Good Hope and come and go to and from China, Japan and Australia, through the Arabian sea and the Indian ocean.

The everlasting Alps have finally surrendered their mighty ramparts "bulwarked round and armed with rising towers." Those continents piled end on end, away up in the region of perpetual snow, down whose rugged sides from plateau to plateau, and from peak to peak, into the abysm beneath, leap and thunder whole acres of blue transparent ice and crystal foam and glittering snow—among whose crags and glaciers and yawning chasms, and over whose dizzy summits slowly clambered the Carthagenians under Hannibal and the French under the first Napoleon—now become no more formidable than swinging pyramids or holiday pavillions, through which from one side of the continent to the other in the space of twenty minutes, move train after train, in endless progression, in all the luxurious abandon of modern railway travel.

Asia, reaching away from Kamtchatka and Corea to the strait of Babel Mandeb, and from Mt. Ophir and the Gulf of Siam to the Straits of Behring and the Gulf of Obi, "rich in the spoils of time," the mother of continents and the home of one half the people on the globe's face, of all countries the most stern, absolute, and inexorable in her paganistic forms—Asia is this day trembling, in every fibre of her hoary fabric, with the tramp of awakening progress. Man, here had his birth—man—creation's heir, "the most senseless and fit,"

> "A noble animal,
> Splendid in ashes
> And pompous in the grave,

on this spot was he cradled.

Here burst upon time the great drama of the planet we inhabit. Over the uplands and planes of more than sixteen million square miles, washed by seven mighty seas and traversed by twelve great rivers—overlooked by those stupendous sentinels of the upper skies, the mountain spires of Himialaya, twenty-nine thousand feet above the level of the sea—was enacted the wondrous pageant of Asiatic empire. The imagination becomes oppressed with visions of the glory and shame of the east, under the wizard spell of the names of Babylon and Nineveh, Jerusalem and Sidon, Tyre, and Palmyra, Antioch

and Susa, Eebatana and Persepolis, Selucia and Ephesus, of Bagdad and Aleppo, of Bassorah and Damascus. From this prolific seed-bed of all that is great and small in human progress sprang the science, literature and all forms of growth of every era, race and clime.

Along with imperial forests of cyprus, ebony and myrtle, of rosewood and pine, of palm and mangrove and oak ; along with its gorgeous vegitation of oderiferous flowers and medicinial gums ; its groves of orange, banana, cocoanut and date, of mulberry and olive, of peach and grape : along with its mines of diamonds and precious stones, its Ural gold and its Siberian silver, appeared and disappeared its generations of beautiful and brave, at once the ancestors and the posterity of all the virtues and vices which have either distinguished or disgraced the family of man.

Here Creation's Lord, in the burning bush, and on Sinai's summit, taught the just ways of earth and the fixed laws of Heaven ; and here, as from the realm of *Até*, have originated and raged those incantations sorceries, in forms of perverted conscience, and unhallowed faith ; hindooism, pantheism, buddhism, monotheism, dualism, Mohammedanism, babism and other mysteries and rites, which in the sacred name of religion, have enslaved and destroyed whole generations past.

> "God's most dreaded instrument,
> In working out a pure intent,
> Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter.
> Yea, carnage is his daughter."

More than one-third part of the continent has already fallen under the control of Great Britain and Russia, and many flourishing settlements have been made there by the French, the Portuguese, and the Dutch. The ancient government of China has been made to tremble under the shock of successive insurrections, menacing the stability of the whole senile system of absolutism, and its hitherto inaccessible internal departments have been visited by the followers after Marco Polo, missionaries of Christianity and others, forming a sort of corps of observation or of flying scouts, in advance of the grand army, or of the schoolmaster of progress for the dissemination of the seeds of a higher civilization.

Embassies from Great Britain have subsequently reached the imperial presence of the Celestial Emperor, who has heretofore claimed the sovereignty of the world; the East India company admitted to the privileges of commercial intercourse with his subjects; the opium war and the ensuing war of the allies has been successfully waged, Canton bombarded and occupied by the English and the French; the Celestial Empire has paid a ransom of more than twenty-one millions of dollars, sued for peace, ceded Hong Kong and other Celestial territory, opened wide her sealed ports to trade, and consummated treaties with England, France, Russia, and the United States; and an American citizen recruited into the service and accredited as the Minister of the Celestial Empire to declare to the nations of Christendom, a change of Celestial policy, and overtures of international friendship.

Japan has opened her ports and flung wide the gates of her cities; sent and received ministers and commercial agents, and made and accepted official negociations of trade and intercourse; visited the United States officially in the person of an eminently influential member of the Imperial family with an imposing embassy; consummated treaties, and admitted Americans and Europeans to positions of official authority in her internal administration, and in many ways is rapidly introducing and cultivating the ameliorating instrumentalities of the civilization of Christendom.

South America, heretofore the romantic realm of the ancient Incas, and the interesting theater of the conquests of Pizarro, and of the tyranny and rapacity of the Spaniard; abounding in mineral and metallic treasure, and in all the varied natural elements of public and private opulence; with her tropical fruits and plants, her endless rivers and towering mountain chains, and encircling ocean coast lines—has become the grand arena of a flourishing civilization approximating our own. She is a young continential giant, breaking loose from all the iron prejudices and barron forms of an imported effete civilization. She soon caught the inspiration of the example of her northern sister, and, stimulated to yet more enthusiastic exertions for independence by the clarion voice and patriotic eloquence of our illustri-

ous Clay, the sympathy of our people and the early recognition of our government, this favorite peninsula of the new world has already outstripped more ancient states in the race for popular liberty and political progress, and now gracefully sits in the circle of the family of civilized nations, the central figure of a constellation of flourishing republican states.

And now Mexico—destined to form our most southern frontier—intercepts our home view; there she lies, right across the tropic of Cancer, washed by to great oceans, by the Caribbean sea, and by the Gulf of Mexico. She seems to have been, and to still be, the sport of fortune, the spoiled child of Nature, and the mockery of men. She is a serio-comic pagant within herself. Her valleys and hills are enamelled by profusions of the most beautiful flowers, and fanned by soft breezes filled with the most fragrant odors. Her vegetable and mineral wealth resemble a universal mine, a boundless garden. All over San Luis Potosi, Sinaloa, Zaccatecas, Sonora, Ojaca and elsewhere, glitters the untold wealth of her deposits of gold and veins of siiver, which in the past have poured into the lap of the world the enormous sum of four thousand millions of treasure.

Even as that of the Hesperides, her birth dates from the realms of myth, and she follows the tracings of her descent through the darkness and the pageantry of romance. When she touches the sphere of the tangible, in the seventh century, we look upon the dominion of the stately Toltee, with his flowing tunic and gaudy sandal, immersed in the rudiments of mechanics and the mysteries of the stars, who, in the lapse of centuries, falling a prey to the furies of domestic war and internal dissension, left his country to be devoured as by the dogs of *Actean* in all the after time. The Toltec migrated from the scene of his undoing. Then followed a sanguinary masquerade of races. The Chichimecs, living in caverns and following the chase, worshipping the sun as their farther and the earth as their mother; next came the Tlaxcalan, and drove him out, and the Tlaxcalan, in his turn, was expelled by the Tepanees; the latter were subsequently slaughtered by the Atzcapozalco, who afterwards fell under the Techichimees, who were subdued by the Acolhuis, who were conquered by the Aztecs, and all the frantic races, with their inher-

ent vices of dissension, war and rapine, amalgamated into that fruitful progenitor and propagator of revolutions, the Mexican of the nineteenth century. He was at first beaten by his predecessors, but he finally triumphed, and inaugurated his system of chaos in a country which the divinity in nature has not suffered him to destroy.

The average Mexican's organ of revolution "is always in a state of chronic inflammation," with some lucid intervals, however, as in the instance of the power, pomp and barbaric magnificence imputed to the empire of the first Montezuma, the Louis the Fourteenth of tropical North America, after which it was conquered by the Spaniards under the banner of Cortez and paid tribute to the Spanish crown. A successful revolution subsequently broke the Spanish yoke, and Don Augustus Iturbide was made Emperor of Mexico; him, the Republicans, led by Santa Anna, deposed, and over a picturesque peninsula, filled with virgin gold and silver, carpeted with brilliant flowers, fanned by fragrant odors and musical with the song of birds; faction raged and races bled: Bravo, Perdraza, Guerrero, Bustamente, Santa Anna, by turns rose and fell, with the gamut, in irregular succession, leaving the latter the topmost. Then came Miramon, after him Juarez, a man of affairs; then ensued the war with France, and the imperial episode of Maximillian of Austria, who was nobly crowned and ignobly shot; and now the land of the Toltecs and of the Aztecs dwells in the bonds of an exotic peace, under republican forms and the presidency of Lerda de Tejada.

Lying between the thirty-fifth and the forty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and between the tenth degrees of east and the second degree west longitude, from the meridian of Washington—from colonial Georgia to colonial Massachusetts, a little fringe of primitive soil, "a little speck, a small seminal principle rather than a formed body," on the coast of the Atlantic ocean, on the border of an unreclaimed continent of wilderness, we observe the then obscure, but since illustrious scenery, in the midst of which, the venerable founders less than three millions strong, of the American system of liberty and law, maintained their protracted, sanguinary, but finally triumphant

struggle against the civilized legions of the white man, from the Old World, in the front, and the savage hordes of the red man, from the New, in the rear. There we left the immortal founder busy in the formation of free states—

> "A pillar of State; deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation, sat and public care.
> * * * *
> Sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
> Drew audience and attention still as night
> Or summer's noontide air."

Lying between the twentieth and the seventieth degrees of north latitude, and between the tenth degree of east and the fiftieth degree of west longtitude from the meridian of Washington, from the Lake of the Woods on the north, to Cape Sable on the south, from Maine to Alaska, and from the Albemarle Sound to the Bay of San Francisco, we now behold a civilized continent of free states, a population of over forty-four millions and a wealth of perhaps forty-five thousand millions that far surpasses, in origin and progress, all that is imagined in the most wondrous empires of antiquity; a continent of free states in the bonds of peace, and, let me say, in the communion of love, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of all the stupendous results of the American system of liberty and order

> "And sovereign law, the states' collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

Down deep in the philosophy of nature, imbedded in the granite of her immutable laws, away below the plummet line of vanishing forms, the builders set the corner-stone, and underlying truisms of our state fabric. They assert that man is the first figure in creation's bounds; he is his own equal; his natural rights, generalized, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These rights are inherent and inalienable; he alone is sovereign, and he alone is the source of all legitimate law. Law is the rule of right, prescribed by himself, to himself, for his own government; to this end government is instituted by him, and rests on his consent, and his will may alter or abolish it, and institute it anew of such principles and forms as seem most

likely to secure his safety and happiness, of which he alone is the judge. Rightful government is, therefore, never his master, it is always his instrument ; and when he becomes disciplined by it, it sustains him, by the action of his own justice on his own wrong.

His nature is social, therefore his safety and happiness lie in anion, and union is mutual dependence, and hence laws and forms are the bonds of union. In union he is but one among many, who are all equals, and the whole can act best for the whole, by a few; hence the necessity for common agencies; popular representation; whereby to apply the law and the forms alike to all; and as all delegated power tends to abuse, it must be verified of record, be defined and limited by specific, enumerated grants, and by inflexible reservations; and those grants of power must be subdivided and distributed into co-ordinate departments; and the legislative power must be restricted to the first, the judicial power to the second, and the executive power to the third; and any, the least, encroachment or fusion, must be jealously guarded against, as incompatible with the liberty, the safety, and the happiness of the people. No human power exists, no human power can be lodged anywhere, not even in the government of the whole, to intervene between the individual conscience and its maker; and all religions and forms of worship of Him, must ever remain free and inviolable, for the maintenance of which freedom and inviolability, all delegated and reserved power is sacredly and irrevocably pledged. Man's speech shall be free; his press shall be free; his right of self-defence shall be free; he shall be secure in his person, papers and effects; shall be protected from arbitrary seizures and searches; shall be entitled to trial by an impartial jury of the vicinage; his right of property shall be maintained inviolable; the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall be omnipresent and absolute; justice shall be administered between the poor and the rich, between the governed and the governing, fairly, freely and impartially; without sale, denial or delay, under the principles and forms of law made before the fact.

These, briefly adverted to, are some of the familiar but sub-

lime pillars of natural and political truth, which support our whole municipal, state and federal fabric, and spread out under and over it, like the fruitful earth beneath us, and the benignant sky above us.

Forms we have, appearing and vanishing, and they have, indeed, chased each other like harlequins or like furies, over the plane of our progress; but those natural and political truths are not the forms which vanish; they are of the laws which are immutable. A bare suggestion of a few of the fruits of our progress surpasses all the exaggerations of panegyric.

The thread of human life is yet unbroken, which is coeval with the day of the proclamation of our declaration of independence one hundred years ago, and even now, within the compass of that one life, we number over forty-four millions of free people, self governing and invincible, with an area of over three and a half million square miles in extent; with more than eight million families, in more than seven million dwellings, with more than one square mile of land for every ten persons; with an assessed valuation of property of over thirty thousand millions of dollars, and of a real value in possession of perhaps over forty-five thousand million; with an annual foreign trade, in imports and exports, of over thirteen hundred millions of dollars.

Over six million of American farmers count within their boundary lines over four hundred million acres of land, assessed at a valuation of over nine thousand million of dollars; with herds of live stock assessed at over one thousand five hundred million of dollars; with working implements and machinery assessed at over three hundred and thirty-six million of dollars; with an annual production valued at over two thousand four hundred million of dollars; with an annual harvest, in bushels, of *cereal* products of over two hundred and eighty-seven million of wheat; of over seventeen million of rye; of over seven hundred and sixty-one million of corn; of over two hundred and eighty-two million of oats; of over twenty-nine million of barley; of over ten million of buckwheat; of *fibrous* productions, of over five million bales of cotton, of four hundred pounds to the bale; of over twenty-seven million pounds of flax; of over twelve thousand tons of

hemp ; of over one hundred and two million pounds of wool ; of over twenty-seven million tons of hay ; of over twenty-five million pounds of hops ; of over seventy-three million pounds of rice; of over two hundred and sixty-three million pounds of tobacco ; of over eighty-seven thousand hogsheads of cane, and of over twenty-nine million pounds of maple sugar ; of over twenty-four million gallons of molasses ; of over one hundred and sixty-five million bushels of potatoes ; of over five million bushels of peas and beans ; of over fifteen million pounds of bees' honey ; of over three million gallons of domestic wine ; of over five hundred and fourteen million pounds of butter ; of over fifty-four million pounds of cheese ; of over two hundred and thirty-six million gallons of milk.

With over two hundred and fifty-three thousand manufacturing establishments ; with a capital of over two thousand million of dollars, and materials valued at over two thousand five hundred million of dollars, and productions valued at over four thousand two hundred million of dollars, employing over two million of persons, with wages of over eight hundred million of dollars ; with over eight thousand mining establishments, with a capital of over two hundred and twenty-three million ; with materials valued at over fifteen millions; with productions valued at over one hundred and fifty-six millions, employing over one hundred and fifty-four thousand persons, with wages of over seventy-four millions of dollars.

With over one hundred and forty-two thousand colleges and schools, with an income of over ninety-six million of dollars ; with over two hundred and twenty-one thousand teachers ; with over eight million pupils ; with over one hundred and sixty-five thousand libraries, containing over forty-six million volumes.

With over eight thousand newspapers, with a circulation of over twenty-one millions, with a daily issue of over two million six hundred thousand copies, and with an annual issue of over one thousand and six hundred million copies.

With over seventy-three thousand church organizations, with over twenty-two million sittings, with over sixty-three thousand churches, with property valued at over three hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars.

While our systems of telegraphy and railway are the new testament of a boundless civilization and the heralds, by land and by sea, of the millenium of intercourse and commerce.

With a naval and mercantile marine whitening every sea, and saluted in every harbor; and a citizen soldiery,

> "Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

The brightest examples of antiquity, of the middle ages, or of modern times, cannot dim the lustre of the founders of our civil and political system. Measured by the purity of their lives, they stand foremost among their equals; measured by the grandeur and beneficence of their works, they certainly have no superiors, probably no equals, in the annals of mankind. As for the most part the originators, as wholly the builders, and as pre-eminently the champions of that system of polity which rests in its sublime strength upon the intellectual capacity, and the moral duty of man, for self-government they signally embody, in every vicissitude of their heroic career, in war and in peace, the noblest models of human virtue, wisdom, fortitude and dignity, for the study, the admiration, the veneration and the practice of all aftertimes.

> "Low in glory's lap they lie;
> Streaming splendor through the sky.
> Nor sink those stars in empty night,
> They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

Their public and private letters, their state papers, speeches, documents and miscellaneous writings, possess a masculine strength, a native delicacy, a depth of philosophy, an elevation of diction and a knowledge of nations and of men, which reward the study of scholars, patriots and statesmen, and form a political literature of American classics, which has never been equaled, and which will, perhaps, never be excelled.

No man can study the thoughts and words of Washington, of Franklin, of the Adamses, of Hamilton, of Henry, of Jefferson, of Madison, of Marshall, without experiencing a loftier conception of the moral and intellectual nature and dignity of his race, without feeling the quickened pulsation of a nobler humanity and a more elevated patriotism.

No man is faultless ; no character can ever be perfect. The annals of the great display many remarkable men. Agamemnon was great in kingly station, Achilles was great in arms, Nestor was wise in council, and Ulysses was eloquent in debate, Cæsar and Napoleon, each in his sphere excelled—indeed stand pre-eminent in the dazzling combination of the splendid qualities which "surpass or subdue mankind ;" but out of the cloud of their blemishes, they looked down and, "gashed with honorable scars," fell by the hate of those below. In George Washington the splendid qualities which "surpass or subdue mankind," were so softened and purified in combination with those which make man re-form himself in the image of his *Maker*, and steadily ascend to still nobler heights in the scale of moral excellence ; that in his own and in foreign lands, he "is first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen :"

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state!
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the west,
Whom envy dared not hate---
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush there is but one."

THE ILIAD OF PATRIOTISM.

AN ADDRESS BY HON. J. G. M. RAMSEY, M. D., PRESIDENT OF THE TENN. HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

READ BY REV. T. A. HOYT, AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen :—It gives me pleasure to comply with the request of the Historical society and of its honored President, Dr. Ramsey, I hold in my hand his contribution to this centennial occasion. It merits your attention. Its author is the head of this honorable body, whose labors are directed to preserve the memorials of your past history. He is the historian of Tennessee : he is venerable for age, for wisdom, for virtue ; he is at once a patriot, a saint, a sage. Standing on the verge of life, he speaks to us with the authority of an ancient oracle. Let ingenuous youth imbibe freely the influence of his example ; let them ponder well the lessons of his life.

He imparts those lessons here not in the vagueness of theories of virtue, but by citing signal instances of it. This narrative he would have stored in your memories, and reproduced in the elevation of your sentiments. It may be entitled, "the Iliad of Patriotism."

This is the centennial year—the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of American Independence.

The question naturally arises, what part did Tennessee perform in gaining that independence? She was not one of the thirteen colonies ; there were but two or three small white settlements within her borders.

He relates the struggles of the early settlers with the Indians ; the steady growth of the infant colony ; the formation of the two counties ; their voluntary annexation to North Carolina, and then proceeds to recount as follows their prowess and fortunes in the Revolutionary war :

After the signal repulse of Sir Peter Parker from Charleston in 1776, the Southern States had a respite from British attack and invasion. The conquest of the States was thereafter attempted from the North to the South. The war continued to rage with varied success. But in 1778 the order of invasion from this time was inverted, and his Majesty's arms were directed against the most Southern States. On the 29th of December, Savannah, the capital of Georgia, was taken, and soon after British posts were established as far into the interior as Augusta. Gen. Lincoln, then the commandant of the Southern department, sent a detachment of fifteen hundred North Carolina malitia under Gen. Ashe, to oblige the enemy to evacuate the upper part of Georgia. The detachment was surprised by Gen. Provost and entirely defeated. The Southern army was nearly broken up. The quiet possession of Georgia by the enemy brought to their aid many of the Indians and of the loyalists, who had fled from the Carolinas and Georgia and taken refuge among them. These were now emboldened to collect from all quarters and under cover of Provost's army. It became evident that all that was wanting to complete British ascendency in the South, was the possession of Charleston. Should that metropolis, and the army that defended it, be captured, the reduction of the whole State, and probably North Carolina also, would ensue. An immense army with a large supply of amunition invested Charleston. The defense was protracted, under every discouragement and disadvantage, from the 27th of March to the 12th of May, when Gen. Lincoln found himself obliged to capitulate. The fall of the metropolis was soon after succeeded by the rapid conquest of the interior country, and from the sea west to the mountains, the progress of the enemy was almost wholly an uninterrupted triumph. The inhabitants generally submitted, and were either paroled as prisoners, or took protection as British subjects. A few brave and patriotic men under gallant and indomitable leaders remained in arms, but were surprised and cut to pieces by Tarleton and Webster, or, for security from their pursuit, withdrew into North Carolina. The march of the enemy was continued toward the populous Whig settlements, and garrisons were established

at prominent points of the country, with the view of pushing their conquests still further into the interior. In fine, South Carolina was considered a subdued British province rather than an American State.

But in the midst of the general submission of the inhabitants, there remained a few unconquerable spirits whom nothing but death could quell. These were Sumter, Marion and Williams in South Carolina, and Clark and Twiggs in Georgia. Some of these retired, with an inconsiderable number of men, into North Carolina, some of whom crossed the mountains and imparted to the Western settlers the first intelligence that had reached Watuga of the conquest and atrocities of the enemy. The frontiermen had left parents and kindred and countrymen east of the Alleghanies, and their hearts yearned for their safety and deliverance. The homes of their youth were pillaged by the foreign soldiery, and the friends they loved were slain or driven into exile. Above all, the great cause of American freedom and independence was in danger, the country was invaded by a powerful foe, and the exigencies of Carolina called aloud for every absent son to return to her rescue and defence. The call was promptly obeyed, and the mountainmen—the pioneers of Tennessee—were the first to resist the invaders of the South, and restrained not from the pursuit of the vanquished enemy till they reached the coast of the Atlantic.

1780.—Heretofore the military services of the Western soldiery had been limited to the defense and protection of their secluded homes in the wilderness, and to the invasion of the country of the hostle Cherokee and Shawnee Indian tribes. The riflemen from the backwoods had never seen a British soldier or met the discipline and skill of a foreign enemy. It remained to be demonstrated whether the success which had ever attended their encounters with the savage foe, would continue to crown their military operations with a civilized enemy, and upon the new theatre now opening up before them where an opportunity occurred for the solution of the question.

1780.—Gen. Rutherford, of North Carolina, issued a requisition for the militia of that State to embody for the defense of their sister State. That order reached Watauga, and the follow-

ing proceedings were immediately had in that patriotic and gallant community. They are copied from the original manuscript, almost illegible from the ravages of time and exposure, though still showing plainly the bold and characteristic chirography of Col. Sevier and the commissioned officers under him. There is no preamble, no circumlocution—nothing but action, prompt and decisive action, and the name of the actors. "At a meeting of sundry of the militia officers of Washington county, this 19th day of March, 1780, present John Sevier, colonel; Jonathan Tipton, major; Joseph Wilson, John M. Webb, Godfrey Isbell, Wm. Trimble, James Stinson, Robert Sevier, captains; and Landon Carter, lieutenant in the absence of Valentine Sevier, captain."

A similar requisition was made upon Isaac Shelby, the colonel of Sullivan county. He was then absent in Kentucky when the dispatch reached him June 16. He immediately returned home. His appeal to the chivalry of Sullivan county was met by a hearty response, and early in July he found himself at the head of two hundred mounted riflemen, whom he rapidly led to the camp of McDowell, near the Cherokee ford of Broad River in South Carolina. Col. Charles McDowell had, in the absence of Gen. Rutherford taken prisoner at Camden, succeeded that officer in command when he had forwarded to Sevier and Shelby a dispatch informing those officers of the capitulation of Charleston, and the capture of the whole Southern army, and that the enemy had overrun South Carolina and Georgia and was rapidly approaching the limits of North Carolina; and requesting them to bring to his aid all the riflemen that could be raised, and in as short time as possible. Sevier had already enrolled under the requisition of Gen. Rutherford one hundred of the militia of Washington county. At his call one hundred others immediately volunteered, and with these two hundred mounted riflemen he started at once across the mountain for the camp of McDowell, where he arrived a few days before the arrival of Shelby. Col. Clarke, of Georgia, with a command of refugee Whigs was at the same time at McDowell's headquarters.

In the meantime the British army had taken post at Ninety-Six, Camden and Cheraw. At the former place Col. Nesbit Balfour, commandant, issued his proclamation, in which he

gave notice "That every inhabitant of this Province who is not at his own house by the 24th instant, is hereby declared an outlaw, and is to be treated accordingly, and his property, of whatever kind, confiscated and liable to military execution." This was a phase of tyranny and military usurpation at which the plain common sense of justice of the volunteer riflemen revolted. They had learned also in their conference with the refugee Whigs under Clark, something of the atrocious cruelties practiced by the Tories and their British leaders.

Lord Cornwallis, meeting with little obstruction in his victorous march, contemplated an extension of his conquest through North Carolina. He had instructed the loyalists of that State not to rise until his approach to its southern boundary would favor their concentration with his forces and at the same time intimidate the Whigs. As he approached Camden, Col. Patrick Moore appeared at the head of a large body of disaffected Americans, and erecting the royal standard, invited to it all the loyalists in that section. The rapid successes of the enemy and his near approach greatly encouraged the rising of the Tories, and Colonel Moore, after an uninterrupted march, took post in a strong fort built by Gen. Williamson four years before, during the Cherokee war. It was surrounded by a strong abattis and was otherwise well provided with defenses.

Such was the position of affairs when the Western riflemen arrived, as has been seen, at the camp of McDowell. They were, at their own request, immediately detached against Moore. His post was more than twenty miles distant. The riflemen took up the line of march at sunset,, and at the dawn of day next morning surrounded the fort. Shelby sent in one of his men and made a peremptory demand of the surrender of the Fort. To this Moore replied that he would defend it to the last extremity. This suited exactly the mettle of the assailants and their lines were immediately drawn in, within musket-shot of the enemy all round, with a determination to make an assault upon the fort.

But before proceeding to extremities, a second message was sent in. To this Moore replied that he would surrender on condition that the garrison be paroled not to serve again during

the war. The assailants were as humane as they were brave, and to save the effusion of the blood of the deluded loyalists, the terms were agreed to. The fort was surrendered. Ninety-three loyalists and one British Serjeant-Major were in the garrison, with two hundred and fifty stand of arms, all loaded with ball and buck-shot, and so disposed of at the port holes that double the number of the Whigs might have been easily repulsed.

This bold and unexpected incursion of the mountain men, together with the capture of the garrison under Col. Moore, induced Lord Cornwallis to detach from his main army some enterprising officers, with a small command, to penetrate through the country, embody the loyalists and take possession of the strongest posts in the interior. This had become the more necessary as the advance of the American army under DeKalb, and afterward under Gates, began to inspirit the desponding Whigs, and at the same time restrained the vigorous co-operation of the Tories with the British troops. Measures were therefore adopted to embody and discipline the zealous loyalists, and for this purpose Col. Ferguson, an active and intelligent officer, possessing peculiar qualifications for attaching to him the marksmen of Ninety-six, was dispatched in that district. "To a corps of one hundred picked regulars he soon succeeded in attaching twelve or thirteen hundred hardy natives. This camp became the rendezvous of the desperate, the idle and the vindictive, as well as the youth of the loyalists, whose zeal or ambition prompted them to military service."

Astonished by the bold and unexpected incursion of the western volunteer riflemen under Shelby and Sevier, and apprehending that the contagion of the example and their presence might encourage the Whigs of Carolina to resume their arms, Ferguson and the loyalists took measures to secure the allegiance of the inhabitants by written agreements entered into and signed by disaffected American officers in the military service. By such and other means were the resident Whigs dispirited and the ranks of the British and Tories hourly enlarged.

As he advanced, Ferguson, increased his command till it amounted to above two thousand men, in addition to a small

squadron of horse. To watch their movements and if possible to cut off their foraging parties, Col. McDowell soon after the surprise and capture of Col. Moore, detached Col. Shelby and Clarke with six hundred mounted riflemen. Several attempts were made by Ferguson to surprise this party, but, in every instance his designs were baffled. However, on the first of August, 1780, his advance of six or seven hundred men came up with the American party under Shelby and Clarke at a place called Cedar Spring, where they had chosen to fight them. A sharp conflict of half an hour ensued, when Ferguson came up with his whole force and the Americans withdrew, carrying off with them from the field of battle twenty prisoners and two British officers. The killed of the enemy was not ascertained. The American loss was ten or twelve killed and wounded. Receiving information that a party of four or five hundred Tories were encamped at Musgrove's Mills, on the South side of Enoree River, about forty miles from his camp, McDowell again detached Shelby and Clarke, together with Col. Williams who had joined his command, to surprise and disperse them. Ferguson lay, with his whole force at that time, exactly between. The detachment amounted to six hundred horsemen. These took up their line of march just before sundown, on the evening of the 18th of August. They went through the woods until dark, and then took a road leaving Ferguson's camp some three or four miles to the left. They rode very hard all night, and at the dawn of day, about half a mile from the enemy's camp, were met by a strong patrol party. A short skirmish followed, when the enemy retreated. At that moment a countryman living close at hand, came up and informed the party that the enemy had been reinforced the evening before with six hundred regular troops, under Col. Ennes, which were destined to join Ferguson's army. The circumstances of this information were so minute that no doubt could be entertained of its truth. For six hundred men, fatigued by a night ride of forty miles, to march and attack the enemy thus reinforced, seemed rash and improper.

To attempt an escape by a rapid retreat, broken down as were both men and horses, as equally hopeless, if not impossi-

ble. The heroic determination was, therefore, instantly formed to make the best defence they could under the existing circumstances. A rude and hasty breastwork of brush and old logs was immediately constructed. Capt. Inman was sent forward with about twenty-five men to meet the enemy and skirmish with them as soon as they crossed the Enoree. The sound of their drums and bugles soon announced their movements, and induced the belief that they had cavalry. Inman was ordered to fire upon them, and retreat according to his own discretion. This stratagem drew the enemy forward in disorder, as they believed they had driven the whole party. When they came up within seventy yards a most destructive fire from the riflemen, who lay concealed behind their breastwork of logs, commenced. It was one whole hour before the enemy could force the Americans from their slender defence, and just as they began to give way in some points, the British commander, Colonel Ennes, was wounded.

All his subaltans, except one, being previously killed or wounded, and Captain Hawsey, the leader of the loyalists on the left, being shot down, the whole of the enemy's line began to yield. The riflemen pursued them close and drove them across the river. In this pursuit the gallant Inman was killed, bravely fighting the enemy, hand to hand. In this action Col. Shelby commanded the right, Col. Clarke the left, and Col. Williams the centre.

The battle lasted one hour and a half. The Americans lay so closely behind their little breastwork, that the enemy entirely overshot them, killing only six or seven, amongst whom the loss of the brave Captain Inman was particularly regretted. His stratagem of engaging and skirmishing with the enemy until the riflemen had time to throw up a hasty breastwork—his gallant conduct during the action and his desperate charge upon their retreat—contributed much to the victory. He died at the moment it was won. The number of the enemy killed and wounded was considerable. The Tories were the first to escape. Of the British regulars, under Col. Ennes, who fought bravely to the last and prolonged the conflict, even against hope, above two hundred were taken prisoners.

The Americans returned immediately to their horses and

mounted with the determination to be in Ninety-Six before night. This was a British post less than thirty miles distant, and not far from the residence of Col. Williams, one of the commanders. It was considered best to push their successes into the disaffected regions, before time would allow reinforcements to reach them. Besides by marching their scant expedition in the direction of Ninety-Six, they would avoid Ferguson's army, near whose encampment they would necessarily have to pass on their return to McDowell's headquarters, at Smith's Ford. At the moment of starting an express from McDowell, rode up in great haste with a short letter in his hand from Gov. Casswell, dated on the battle ground, apprising McDowell of the defeat of the American grand army under Gates, on the sixteenth, near Camden, advising him to get out of the way, as the enemy would no doubt endeavor to improve their victory to the greatest advantage, by cutting up all the small corps of the American armies. The men and the horses were fatigued by the rapid march of the night as well as by the severe conflict of the morning. They were now encumbered with more than two hundred British prisoners and the spoils of victory. Besides these difficulties now surrounding the American party, there was an another that made extrication from them dangerous, if not impossible. A numerous army under an enterprising leader lay in their rear, and there was every reason to believe that Ferguson would have received intelligence of the daring incursion of the riflemen and of the defeat of his friends at the Enoree. The delay of an hour might have proved disastrous to the victors. the prisoners were immediately distributed among the companies, so as to have one to every three men, who carried them alternately on horseback. They rode directly towards the mountains, and continued the march all that day and night and the succeeding day, until late in the evening, without ever stopping to refresh. This long and rapid march—retreat it can hardly be called, as the retiring troops bore with them the fruits of a well-earned victory—saved the Americans, for, as was afterwards ascertained, they were pursued closely until late in the evening of the second day after the action by Maj. Dupoister and a strong body of mounted men from Ferguson's army. These became so broken down by ex-

cessive fatigue in hot weather, that they despaired of overtaking the Americans, and abandoned the pursuit.

Shelby, having seen the party and its prisoners beyond the reach of danger, retired across the mountains. He left the prisoners with Clarke and Williams to be carried to some place of safety to the North, for it was not known then that there was even the appearance of a corps of Americans anywhere south of the Potomac. So great was the panic after the defeat of Gen. Gates at Camden, and the subsequent disaster of Sumter, that McDowell's whole army broke up. He, with several hundred of his followers, yielding to the cruel necessity of the unfortunate circumstances which involved the country, retired across the mountains, and scattered themselves among the hospitable settlers in the securer retreats of Nollachucky and Watauga.

1780.—At this period a deep gloom hung over the cause of American Independence, and the confidence of its most steadfast friends was shaken. The reduction of Savannah, the capitulation at Charleston and the loss of the entire army under Gen. Lincoln, had depressed the hopes of the patriot Whigs, and the subsequent career of British conquest and subjugation of Georgia and South Carolina, excited serious apprehension and alarm for the eventual success of the American cause. At the urgent appeal of the patriotic Gov. Rutledge, Virginia had sent forward reinforcements under Col. Buford. His command was defeated and his men butchered by the sabres of Tarleton. At Camden a second Southern army commanded by Gen. Gates, was dispersed, captured and signally defeated by Cornwallis.

But besides these general disasters, there were other circumstances that aggravated this discouraging condition of American affairs. The finances of Congress were low ; the treasuries of the States were exhausted and their credit entirely lost ; a general financial distress pervaded the country ; subsistence and clothing for the famishing and ill-clad troops were to be procured only by impressment ; and the inability of the Government from the want of means to carry on the war, was openly admitted.

British posts were established and garrisons kept up at numerous points in the very heart of the Southern country, and detachments from the main British army were with profane impudence rioting through the land in an uninterrupted career of

outrage, aggression and conquest. Under the protection of these, the Tories were encouraged to rise against their Whig countrymen, to depredate upon their property, insult their families, seek their lives and drive them into exile upon the Western wastes. This was the general condition of American affairs in the South immediately after the defeat near Camden. Gen. Gates, endeavoring to collect together the shattered fragments of his routed army, made a short halt at Charlotte. He afterwards fell back further, and made his headquarters at Hillsboro'.

Lord Cornwallis, on the 8th of September, marched towards North Carolina, and as he passed through the most hostile and populous Whig districts he sent Tarleton and Ferguson to scour the country to his right and left. Arrived at Charlotte, and considering it to be a favorable situation for further advances, his lordship made preparation for establishing a post at that place. While he was thus engaged, the commanders of his detachments were proceeding in their respective expeditions. That of Col. Ferguson, as has been already seen, was for several weeks on his left, watching the movements of McDowell, Sevier, Shelby, Williams and Clarke. His second in command, Dupoister, had followed the mountain men in close pursuit as they retired, after the victory at Enoree, to their mountain fastnesses.

Ferguson himself, with the main body of his army, followed close upon the heels of Dupoister, determined to retake the prisoners or support him if he should overtake and engage the escaping enemy. Finding that his efforts were fruitless, Ferguson took post at Gilbertown, near the present Rutherfordton, in North Carolina. From this place he sent a most threatening message, by a paroled prisoner, that if the officers west of the mountains did not lay down their opposition to the British arms he would march his army over, burn and lay waste their country and hang their leaders. "The pursuit by Ferguson of the retiring Americans brought him so far to the left as to seem to threaten the habitations of the hardy race that occupied and lived beyond the mountains. He was approaching the lair of the lion, for many of the families of the persecuted Whigs had been deposited in this asylum."

The refugee Whigs received a hearty welcome from their hospitable but plain countrymen on Watauga and Nollachucky. The door of every cabin was thrown open and the strangers felt at once assured of kindness, sympathy and assistance. Among the neighbors of Sevier and Shelby the exiles from the Carolinas and Georgia were at home.

In this march of the riflemen to the sea we hear of no appropriation of private property, no incendiarism, no robbery, no insult to non-combatants. To the honor of the troops under Sevier and Shelby, their integrity was as little impeached as their valor. They came back to their distant homes enriched by no spoils, stained with no dishonor; enriched only by an imperishable fame, an undying renown, and an unquestionable claim to the admiration and gratitude of their countrymen and of posterity. The results of the campaigns of 1780 and 1781 sensibly affected the measures of the British Ministry, and rendered the American war unpopular in Great Britain, and on the 19th of April, 1783, peace was proclaimed in the American army by the Commander-in-chief, George Washington, precisely eight years from the first effusion of blood at Lexington. For more than that length of time the pioneers of Tennessee had been in incessant war. On the 10th of October, 1774, their youthful heroes, Shelby and Sevier, flashed their maiden swords at the battle of Kenhawa, and with little intermission thereafter were constantly engaged in guarding the settlements or attacking and invading the savage enemy. The gallant and patriotic participation of the mountain men in the Revolutionary struggle under the same men, now become leaders, has been just related. We embalm their memory and their heroic services; we bow down and do homage to their patriotism and to the majesty of their virtue. It is through them that on this centennial anniversary Tennessee claims an identity with the American Revolution and American independence. And to the Historical Society of our proud State, to the posterity of its pioneer soldiery and to their successors, I beg leave to add the injunction:

> "Let no mean hope your souls enslave,
> Be independent, generous, brave,
> Your fathers such example gave
> And such revere!"

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

BY HON. W. T. AVERY.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT MEMPHIS, TENN. JULY 4TH, 1876.

My Fellow Countrymen and Country-Women, composing this vast concourse of people—In approaching the performance of the duty which has been assigned me to-day, I do so distrusting in no slight degree my ability to fulfill in a manner befitting the magnitude and importance of the occasion.

And it is a pleasing thought that to-day, at this hour, throughout the length and breadth of the land, everywhere in this great Republic of ours on this, our centennial day, this patriotic duty is being performed. So, then, my fellow-citizens of the county of Shelby, you will please be content with the plain recital of such facts and incidents connected with the early history of our county and our city, and the mention of those revered names closely identified with their foundation, as I shall be able crudely and imperfectly to group together in the brief space of time it will be proper to employ in the presentation of them ; I hope, too, it will be borne in mind that in the short time allotted it will be impossible to embrace in this sketch many, very many of the names and incidents it would be both pleasing and profitable to record. The great difficulty which confronts me at the threshold is not the paucity of material, but from the varied historical facts, incidents and names which crowd upon the memory of your historian which to select and which to discard. I wish it was possible that the early history of every name connected with the first settlement of our county and our town could find a place in this imperfect record ; knowing most of them personally as I did, it would be a labor of love to embalm their memories in historic page. But this cannot be done. To my task then. The spot we inhabit to-day is rich in the history of the past. It was upon these bluffs that more than three hundred years ago, not fifty years

after that great navigator, Columbus, had lifted from the seas a hidden continent and held out to view a new and undiscovered world; that that wonderful but ill-fated Spaniard, Hernando DeSoto, discovered our great river and with the crucifix in one hand and the sword in the other, planted upon its savage banks the Christian cross. A little below our city still stand, despite the effacing fingers of time, the remains of the mounds of Chisca, which history tells us is the name of the village which DeSoto founded upon reaching the river. A little more than one hundred years thereafter, Father Marquette, a missionary, together with an explorer named Joliette, descended the Mississippi in canoes, and from the maps and charts accompanying the history of their explorations, evidently camped for a season upon these bluffs, as they passed along. A few years thereafter a French explorer named La Salle, under a commission from his Government to "perfect the discovery of the Mississippi," built a fort and established the arms of France upon the 4th Chickasaw Bluff. In 1739, Blenville, third Governor of Louisiana, and founder of New Orleans, in his campaign against the Chickasaws, established fort Assumption, and remained the winter here. In 1782 General Gayosco, from whom the bayou that runs up stream through our city, from its southern to its northern limits, takes its name, by authority of the Spanish Government occupied the bluff, and at the mouth of Wolf river established Fort Fernandina. In 1803 General, Pike took possession of the fort and planted the stars and stripes in place of of the Spanish flag. Some time thereafter General Wilkerson dismantled this fort and established Fort Pickering which stood down near the Jackson Mounds long after my remembrance, and I have often seen boys with their pocket knives picking out the bullets embedded in the timbers of the old block houses of the fort. Shelby county was named in honor of Isaac Shelby, the first Governor of Kentucky, and who, by the side of Sevier, distinguished himself at the battle of King's Mountain. In 1818, together with General Jackson, he negotiated upon this bluff an advantageous treaty with the Chickasaws, by which were ceded to the United States all the lands in West Tennessee, then known as the Chickasaw purchase.

My countrymen, although not covetous of being considered an old man, I have myself seen the red man of the forest, whose primeval home was not a half day's journey on horseback from where we now stand, pushed away across the great river, over to the wilderness of the west, and the native wilds he then inhabited, peopled by a hardy, intelligent and enterprising population. Flourishing towns and young cities, marts of commerce and centers of civilization and refinement now adorn the places where savage huts then stood. I have personally known every chief magistrate Memphis has ever had (save those appointed by military authority during the war), from Winchester, the first, down to his Honor Judge Flippin, who is helping us celebrate here to-day. I have seen every stately structure that now stands between Pinch and Pickering rise from the earth in their majesty and beauty, monuments, as they are, to the skill, enterprise, energy and public spirit of such citizens as Lemuel Austin, the Saffarans, Charley Jones, the lamented Greenlaws, and many others I might mention, who builded up this young city of ours.

And now, having, in a feeble and imperfect manner, presented some of the leading historical features connected with the foundation of our county and our city, and made honorable mention of such names as I could bring to memory connected therewith, may we not be pardoned if we pause for a moment on the top of this Centennial Pisgah where we stand to-day, and taking a more extended range of vision, view our promised land. Look at it as it stands mapped out before us and before the world to-day! From thirteen sparsely populated colonies, with three millions of people, this Centennial day dawned on thirty-eight independent States, some of them young empires in themselves, with forty millions of population. But a little while ago, long within the memory of many who hear me to-day, the star of our empire had scarcely peeped over the blue heights of the Alleghanies in the east. This star, still westward taking its onward way, has gone on, and on, until it has shot across a continent, and to-day shines its glittering sheen in the placid waters of the golden shored Pacific. May we not be pardoned, then, in indulging in a little patriotic gush upon this occasion, espe-

cially when we contemplate our wonderful advancement as a people and as a nation, in arts, in arms, in science, in agriculture and the mechanic arts, in inventions and discoveries, in commerce and navigation, and in internal improvements, with our seventy-three thousand miles of railroads ramifying every portion of the Republic; in everything that goes to make up the greatness and power of a people and a nation. In attestation of which may we not proudly point to the great Centennial Exposition now spread out in grand review within sound of the old Liberty Bell which one hundred years ago to-day first pealed out its proclamation to the world that a new nation had been born to liberty that day. I say, may we not point with a little exultant pride to the fact that to-day in the front rank of honorable competition with all the most favored and enlightened nations of the earth, both great and small, the American States are exhibiting all these industrial and material evidences of wonderful advancement. The Great Pacific Railway, too, stretching from ocean to ocean, tying these States together as with bands of steel. The North united to the South by those natural channels of commerce, the great rivers of the land, and the East bound to the West by those other and artificial iron bonds of perpetual union; this nation is designed as the God of Nature and of Nations too, decreed it ever should be, now and forever, one and inseparable.

To the American mind is the civilized world indebted for the two great inventions of this or any other age. It was a Fulton who first harnessed steam and drove it to the cars of commerce and to the floating fleets of navigation. In all the rivers of the earth, and in all the seas wherever the flag of commerce floats, and the light of civilization shines, every revolution of the mighty wheels that move the steam monarchs of the deep, and the lesser vessels upon the thousand rivers, both great and small, and every puff of steam that is sent forth from the countless scape pipes, proclaim in thunder tones the genius of a Fulton. Every electric click that flashes upon the thousand wires its myriad messages over the lands and under the seas, throughout the world and around the globe proclaim forever to all peoples the genius, and perpetuate the memory of the immortal Morse.

Did any people who have ever lived since creation's dawn and since the morning stars first sang together, have so great cause to be proud of their country and its achievements.

The Frenchman when he seeks a home amongst us still loves best the vine-clad hills of France.

The Italian, though true and steadfast to his adopted country, each year must renew his vows of love to the land of Columbus. The Englishman, full of the glories of his sea-girt isle, is

full, too, of the thought that she is mistress of the seas and that "Britania rules the waves." The German, coming as he does from the home and birth-place of learning and of science, each returning Mai-Fest rekindles afresh unfading memories of his Fatherland. Who can chide the rugged son of grand old Scotia for cherishing in his heart of hearts a filial devotion to the land of Bruce and of Burns, of Wallace and of Walter Scott? The Irishman too, eager, as he ever is, to enlist in the wars and fight the battles of his adopted country, never can forget his green isle of the ocean, his shamrock and his shillallah; and every St. Patrick's Day in the Morning pours out anew the offerings of his heart upon the altar of his native land. All people of all nations who seek an asylum in our midst, though born to a new liberty, and awakened to a new citizenship and baptised in a new dispensation, never banish from their recollection the memories of the land that gave them birth. Oh, may we not be pardoned to-day—this hundredth anniversary of our nation's birth—for enkindling afresh upon the altars of our hearts the fires of patriotism and love to "our own, our native land."

Our foreign-born brethren of every clime and of every kindred join with us everywhere in one universal chorus of devotion to this great heritage, the land of our nativity and of their adoption. And in the eloquent language of another: "This glorious land of ours that blooms between the seas, from the northern border of it where God's perpetual bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliffs to the sea-girt southern line, where God's gifts make earth almost an Eden of fragrance and beauty; and from the rock bound Atlantic, where the eastern song of the sea begins its morning music, to the far off Pacific, where the western waters murmur their benediction to our land as the tide goes out beneath the setting sun; everywhere we feel the inspiration of our country and devoutly pray God bless our native land."

This Fourth of July is a common heritage; it belongs to no North, no South, no East, no West. Men of the South as well as men of the North aided in establishing this empire of freedom. It is the united work of both.

The South gave to the country him who wrote the charter of our liberties. The South gave to the world a Washington. Let the names of Washington and Jefferson be indissolubly and forever linked with those of Hancock, Adams, Franklin. We of the South have an undying glory in our nation's birthright. The great principles that underlie the foundation of our Government, enunciated by the Fathers of the Republic, established by their swords and cemented by their blood; those great doctrines of civil liberty and human government, set forth in the unequal-

ed instrument which has been read to-day, are as dear to the South as to the North, and to the North as to the South. They are the great bulwarks upon which we rest as the sheet anchor of our liberties, as a people, and our perpetuity as a government. And now a little about brotherly love. Long before the political differences between the North and the South had culminated in a calamitious war, the same disturbing element, that Iliad of our woes, now no more, that divided us politically had cleft in twain the churches of the living God.

That great popular organization, the Methodist Church, for more than thirty years has been divided into two distinct and separate governments, North and South. Thank God this Centennial year will see them again united. Listen to the eloquent and patriotic language of Dr. Duncan, President of Randolph Macon College, who was sent, together with the venerable Lovick Pierce and Dr. Garland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, as a fraternal messenger of peace and unity to the Methodist Church North, recently assembled in solemn conference in the City of Baltimore. In speaking of "brotherly love," here is what he says to his brethren of the North: "With this inspiration in our hearts, and with this cry upon our lips we tear down all hostile barriers, we trample under foot every obstacle to brotherly love; we consign bitterness and strife to oblivion; we crush the serpent of discord with our heel, and unite anew all the vast army of American Methodists in one celestial shout." This is the language of a broken brotherhood, the one to the other. Cannot, then, the political and geographical sections—the broken brotherhood—of this Great Republic, severed as they have been in deadly hostility, but now once more united; since the rainbow of peace now spans the continent; under the meridian splendors of this Centennial sun, adopt the fervid and patriotic language of the inspired spirit of this peace maker of God and the Gospel? Can we not agree, North and South, to wipe out forever Mason's and Dixon's line; tear down all hostile barriers; trample under foot every obstacle to brotherly kindness; consign bitterness and strife to oblivion; crush out the serpent of discord with our undivided and united heel, and unite anew all the vast army of forty millions of freemen in one Centennial shout:

"United in lakes, united in lands,
With bonds no dissensions can sever;
United in hearts, united in hands—
The flag of our Union forever!"

THE GLORIOUS EPOCH.

AN ORATION BY HON. B. K. ELLIOTT,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY 4TH, 1876.

My Countrymen: Other nations and other people celebrate the anniversaries of great events, but Americans only of all the nations of the world celebrate that which commemorates the birth of national freedom and the security of the right of self-government. A nation of freemen greet this day. This day, of all the marked and memorable days in the calendar of time alone presents the great spectacle of freemen gathering together to celebrate the anniversary of their liberty and of their national existence. The prophetic words of one of the great men of one hundred years ago have for a century been fulfilled; for one hundred years "this day has been kept as the great anniversary of the nation." But it is more than the anniversary of our national existence and of American freedom; it is the anniversary of the birth of civil and religious liberty. It marks an epoch—and a glorious one—in the history of all mankind. The tones of the bell which a hundred years ago rang out proclaiming "liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof" swept across the Atlantic, from the new world to the old, awakening there a slumbering spirit yet to be kindled into brighter and more constant glow. All Europe felt the influence, England profited by the lesson of the Revolution, and there now no laws crush religious liberty and no Puritan or Pilgrim flees from persecution. All the countries of Europe have been benefited by the influence of American liberty; even Russia, despotic Russia, has been touched by the influence "of this so potent spell."

All mankind have an interest in the event which this day and this vast assembly commemorate. The sublime principles which found form in the immortal instrument just read, affect not only

one nation or one race, but all nations and all races. That declaration gave cause for rejoicing to many nations, and it shall be a source of good to generations yet unborn. Its influence is not confined to one country, it extends to all countries; its influence is not narrowed to one age, it will reach all ages. Well may the great body of the people of all nations join with us in this day's rejoicing. And many do. Many voices and many hearts in other lands than ours give this day glad and grateful greeting.

One hundred years of civil and religious liberty. Exalting reflection! For a century an independent nation; for one hundred years a free people. America presents this day to the world a people who, for a century, have exercised the right of self-government. Prosperous and progressive has been the career of our Republic under the government of the people by the people. Among all the nations of the world no parallel can be found. In liberty excelling all, in prosperity advancing more rapidly, in enlightenment and civilization in its noblest form, surpassing all. Republics in name there have been, but republics in little else but name. Unlike all others, ours has been and is a republic in substance and reality. Our people are free in matters of religion and conscience, free in matters of government. Not, indeed, the absolute liberty which lives in unlicensed passions or unrestrained desires, and dies in anarchy, but liberty regulated and protected by law. Protected and secured by laws originating not with law-makers claiming the prerogative because of the accident of birth, but by laws established by themselves.

Ours is that firm form of liberty, liberty secured by law, which alone is worth the high estate of free-born men.

A mighty people with grateful hearts rise up to welcome this day; a people coming from many lands and representing many nationalities. This day joining in one purpose, uniting in one common cause are men "native here and to the manor born, and men from the blood of warring Europe sprung." Diverse in creeds, various in nationalities, but united in one thought, the love of liberty, and breathing one prayer, that for the perpetuity of our government. This day joins in one common bond with

us men from Germany—land of great-minded, big-souled men; from Ireland—"famous in poetry and in song;" from France, land of the generous and the brave. Ah, France! France! name ever dear to Americans! Ally, benefactor and friend in the dark hours of the direst distress! Welcome to our shores and to our hearts, ye sons of our ancient allies. The memories of the days when the illustrious of your land joined arms with the noble of ours, live in the hearts of the Frenchmen of the present. We behold the evidence in the pageant you have presented in honor of this day. Lafayette! Rochambeau! How closely are these glorious names interwoven with the loved and honored of our own land. Linked with the beloved of our own country their memories shall never perish while American liberty endures. The men of Europe who come to the Western World, moved by the desire for freedom, and impressed with the importance of the preservation of our government, shall find a hearty welcome and happy homes. Hail, all hail, ye seekers of liberty! The purpose which animates those who seek our shores is a noble one, and they are true men—

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new;
Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Freemen salute this day and honor its associations with feelings of lofty pride and heartfelt gratitude. Proud of our country and her institutions, grateful to the God of nations, and to the men who were His instruments in securing the great blessings which are our most glorious heritage, the voices of all good men should, even as the voices of many waters, blend in anthems of thanksgiving and praise. It is just, it is eminently just, that we this day render grateful tribute and sincere homage to the memories of the great men of the early years of the historic century just closed. Men pure, brave, just men, always

"God's most potent instruments
In working out pure intents."

Other nations have owed their origin to love of war, to ambition, and to thirst for power. Other nations have been founded to advance the fortunes of military chieftains, or to promote the

desire of selfish ambition. Ours alone owes its birth to a pure and exalted spirit of liberty. No unhallowed, no sordid, no debasing influences were present at the creation of our nation. The spirit of liberty crossed the Atlantic with the Pilgrim fathers; it was nurtured by pure and lofty hearts in the wilderness of the new and then almost unknown world. It grew with the country's increasing years; and of that spirit was the noble form of American government conceived and born. God favored America.

How chaste, how pure the source from which your great Republic springs. The men of this generation—the men of all coming time—will realize the truth of the Puritan preacher's utterance made more than two hundred years ago, that "God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness." Little did the humble preacher of Dorchester dream of the vast, the immense harvests of which that grain contained the germ. The germ of liberty found congenial soil upon the rocky and sterile coast of New England. They who came flying from Britain's shore brought with them the spirit which found broad domain in the vast extent of the new world, and where, by the blessing of God, it shall ever remain, pervading, animating, and vivifying a mighty people.

For more than one hundred years the colonists, retaining their religious liberty, yet rendered loyal allegiance to the mother country; throughout all these years, however, cherishing and fostering the spirit of liberty, "eternal spirit of the chainless mind."

At length, in the fullness of time, came the men of 1776, heroes in courage, sages in wisdom, ; in their lives and characters pure and stainless. Illustrious men! Nations of the old world have had their chieftains, their leaders, their philosophers eminent in wisdom and brave in action, but only America has had chieftains and leaders who to all other virtues added pure and incorruptible patriotism, untainted by self-interest and untarnished by sordid ambition.

In honoring this day we honor the founders of our Republic; not alone our Nation's benefactors, but benefactors of all mankind. "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men,"

was said of old. The whole earth is the tomb of America's illustrious dead, and their monuments the grateful remembrance of men which shall perish only with the death of time. Often and often have the words of praise been spoken of the founders of the Republic, and I but repeat what has many, many times been better said. But it is fit that we this day think and speak of the patriot sages and soldiers heroes of the Revolution. It would be base ingratitude to omit to speak of them. Let this day, and every recurring anniversary of our independence, find their names and deeds fresh and strong in the memory and gratitude of our people. It is just, it is fitting that throughout all the years of our coming history, as often as the anniversary of our independence shall recur, words of praise should be spoken of those who gave to us the day we celebrate and the cause for our rejoicing. Not, indeed, that eulogy is needed, not that; not that, for each advancing step of time shall add new luster to their names. Each step in man's elevation shall freshen and make more sacred their memories.

"The past, with all its glories, its elevating and ennobling memories, is secure." A stable, a beneficent and a free government, is ours. The future concerns us most. Narrow, indeed, the mind, selfish and dead the heart that cares not for future. Vain and fruitless the struggles and sufferings of the brave men who gave up home, comfort and lives for their country, if advancing generations shall be careless of their country's future.

A vast domain is ours. Greater, grander or fairer the sun in all his rounds looks not down upon. Never to man was given a territory so great as ours, never upon a nation were nature's gifts so lavishly bestowed. The wealth of earth rewards the labor of the miner, the fertile soil and genial climate give to the tiller of the soil bounteous reward, the waters of rushing streams furnish power to the ponderous wheels of our great manufactories, the immense fields of fuel, the uncounted acres of coal will supply for myriads of ages the wants of the steam engine, that mighty agency of progress. Our broad and deep rivers bear our products to the ocean, and the sails of our ships, whitening the

waters of all seas, carry them to every quarter of the globe. All that man could wish or nature give is ours. These things, great as they are, will avail us nothing without a strong, a stable, and a free government.

It is much the fashion to vaunt our Anglo-Saxon race and to praise our climate and our country as liberty-inspiring, and it is true that our race is one well calculated to promote and foster republican institutions. There are those who loudly proclaim that our land and our race make for us a destiny, and that destiny is always to be that of freedom. Let us not be deceived. Race, climate and country of themselves neither make nor preserve the liberties of nations. The people themselves do this. The influence of country, climate and race may aid, but they only aid. On each man, every man, depends in some measure the perpetuity of our free government. There is no destiny for men or nations, save that which they achieve for themselves. There may be fortunate accidents, but how foolish the man who grounds his hopes of success upon the fortunes of chance.

Firm adherence to just principles and conscientious discharge of the duties of free citizenship will give, and this only can give, to our Republic that destiny which lies within our grasp. Where laws are made and institutions moulded by hereditary rulers men may be passive and silent, but where, as in our Republic, citizens are themselves law makers and institution framers, their silence is dangerous, their inaction death.

Thought, reflection, care and activity are the burdens which citizens must bear who would make sure of the reward of free- and prosperous government. The burdens as compared with the rewards is as nothing.

On this great day which marks the opening of the second century of civil and religious liberty, it is the duty of all freemen to pledge themselves anew to their cause and their country. That turning to the past, to the lives of those who made this day the most memorable of history, we may say

> "Grow great by their example and put on
> The dauntless spirit of resolution."

Let not the sun which shall rise a century hence cast its beams

upon a generation which shall find our institutions less pure, less strong, less free than we this day receive them.

If this should be so, then we of the present have not "deserved well of the Republic." We shall but illy have deserved the blessings of this day if we are content to heed only the present and look not to the future. There is something more demanded of us this day than gratitude and joy; it is required at our hands that we look to the dangers of the future; that we resolve to know our full duty, and to "quit ourselves like men" in its performance. It is our high duty on this day of jubilee to give grave thought to the dangers which menace all representative governments. It is the part of prudence and wisdom to look in advance, and not rush upon dangers unawares. If it be known from what quarter danger is to be expected, effective measures for defense can be taken. The chart of the mariner gives information which enables him to escape dangerous rocks and shoals, and the lessons of history and the teachings of experience yield such information as will enable the citizens of a free country to avert the dangers which lie in their future.

What, then, fellow-citizens, are the dangers to which our system of government is exposed? No subject can be more worthy of careful consideration, more deserving of solemn and earnest thought. From what quarter will these dangers come, and in what form and guise?

From foreign invasion we have less, far less, to fear than governments less free. Free people are ever brave, and as against foreign foes always invincible. Against such dangers would flash

"Millions of flaming swords."

If ruin shall ever come—which God avert—it will come from internal causes—from ourselves. Factious party spirit may bring dangers, masses acting in concert and in great organizations will do things from which most of its own members would shrink with horror. The individual conscience and will are lost or weakened in the crowd of minds, just as an individual becomes indistinguishable in a great throng of persons. Party pride and partisan enmities often overcome considera-

tions of a higher character. Led by strong party attachment, influenced by hatred of party opponents, men have done dangerous and evil things. Blind, unreasoning obedience to party and party leaders is perilous, and mad partisan zeal a dangerous thing.

Parties are essential to the existence of a free government. The danger is not because there are parties, but because men lose their individuality in party. Parties are not an evil, but a good. The evil is not that men will act with parties, but that men care only for party success, even though it comes at the expense of the general good. The desire for party success and the punishment of party enemies at every hazard has been one of the distinctive evils in the history of all nations where opposing parties have existed. Men are too apt to surrender their own judgments into the keeping of party leaders, and party leaders too often care only to advance their own personal affairs, or to gratify their own ambition.

Danger from party there can never be if men will be tolerant; if the parties are founded on great principles and the individual members will think and reason for themselves. He who does not do this, but blindly and unthinkingly yields to party behests, even though he lives in a free government, is not a free man. Parties there must ever—and ought ever—be in a free government. Nothing could be more disastrous than that the affairs of government would not be agitated, that they should stagnate. It is well that there is conflict of opinion, and that therefore parties espouse conflicting views, else there would be no such thing as progression. No it is to be esteemed a reproach that a citizen attaches himself to a party. If he did not he would be of little service in public affairs. Acting alone he could accomplish nothing. It is indeed, the duty of every citizen to interest himself in the affairs of government, and if need be, act with the party organization. If such there be, which will, in his own judgment; best advance the welfare of the country.

There should be times when citizens should forget party and be active for the preservation of the integrity of the country and prompt to repel dangers. There should be days, and this is one of them, when party ties should be shaken off and all should

come together as united freemen, sinking all other considerations in the harmonious devotion to the whole country. To-day we are no party men, to day we are not of different nationalities, we are all, all Americans.

Republics as well as monarchies may be governed too much. Legislation cannot remedy all evils. Too much legislation may bring danger, serious danger. Public matters only are fit subjects for public legislation. That which concerns private classes or private interests alone should never be the subject of public legislation. If it should become so the temptation which would environ legislators would multiply to a frightful extent, for favoritism, unjust discrimination, and corruption would prevail. It is vain to look to legislation as a panacea for all troubles. Over government tends to tyrranny, and there may be tyrranny in republics as well as in monarchies. General legislation can never take the place of family and domestic government, it can never make a great people. Education, training, instruction in homes, schools and churches are far more potent for good than legislation can possibly be.

When offices become temptations, then dangers will ensue from the machinations of placemen. The pay for official services should be such as shall justly compensate, but, not make rich. The salaries should be fixed and certain, without any contingent perquisites ; the position should be shorn of all opportunities for speculation. The duties should be certain and plainly defined. If temptations are taken from official paths, then shall "saint-seducing gold" have less influence on our elections, and we shall have a purer administration of affairs. Offices should be desired not because they are profitable, but because they are honorable.

Pure elections, free from all corrupting influences, are of utmost importance. The fountain of power is the ballot, and the source should be pure, for if it be not that which flows from it will be evil and impure. Rigid laws well enforced and small polls will secure pure elections ; and then indeed shall we have

> "The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
> The vote that shakes the turrets of the land."

The purity of the ballot is of the first importance, and the

things which endanger it are those against which all should combine. The purity of the ballot is above all party considerations, and can never, while there is honor in man, be justly made a party question.

The current of public opinion moves and controls the machinery of government. If that machinery moves properly and efficiently the current must be steady and strong ; if it be sluggish and inefficient, the wheels stop ; if it be violent and turbulent, the machinery is destroyed. After all, then, the chief danger is from the people themselves. If they are apathetic, the machinery will have no strength ; if they are turbulent, the machinery will be destroyed with violence. The question of government at last comes home to men's business and bosoms. Its greatest danger is there. The considerations I have suggested lead to a wide field of thought, but time admonishes that into it I must no further go.

Safety is in the people. The people, after calm consideration, are always safe. The evil is, that they do not always reflect. No premeditated crime was ever committed by an intelligent people ; no great body of enlightened citizens ever united in a base and cowardly act. The monstrous atrocities of the French revolution were not the acts of the people, but of a faction of a few hundred out of many millions.

Enlightened and thoughtful citizens perpetuate representative governments, and although danger may come, though perils may threaten against a vigilant and enlightened people, they will never prevail. For a full century the power of the people has preserved our Constitution through many dangers. The times are more favorable, the people better fitted for self-government , than they were a century ago.

We are the ancients of the earth ; not those who lived thousands of years ago. The world is older, not younger. The human race has grown older, and the men of to-day are of a more ancient race than those who lived in the early days of creation. The history of the race, full of lessons of deep import and of solemn warning, is open to us. The errors of the past we can see and avoid. Unlike the republics of early ages, we have for our guidance the history of those which have risen and

fallen. The sun of civilization is now towards its highest point, and is advancing higher and higher. The greater the civilization the more widely knowledge is diffused, the more sure and strong republican governments become. The wiser and better the people grow, the wiser and better shall be democratic government. Each succeeding day dawns upon a more elevated civilization, which adds permanency to free government. Before the advancing, all-potent force of civilization, superstition and ignorance fall, and more nearly does man approach perfection and become better fitted for self-government.

As long as civilization shall advance, so long shall a representative government grow in strength and usefulness. The promise is bright, the dangers lessen as enlightenment and wisdom prevail. The tendency of civilization is onward; there are no indications of halting, no evidences of retrogression. Never since the historic period was civilization so great or knowledge so general as now. Never since the world began was the onward stride so sure, so steady, and so rapid. The future shadows success to free government, and gives strong promise of the universal spread of free institutions. We have just reason for high hope. The superstitions which enthralled are fast falling, the bigotry and intolerance which enchained are growing weaker, and the ignorance which darkened and crushed free thought has been conquered.

That republics in earlier and ruder ages have fallen does not prove that ours, too, shall fall. The times are vastly changed; men are greatly different. The useful arts engage the attention of men. Great talents are devoted to the sciences. Great men labor to advance the good of their fellow-men. The early republics existed in ages when war was esteemed the noblest and almost the only honorable profession, and when warlike exploits only secured power and fame. All this has changed, peaceful pursuits confer high honor, labor is honorable, and the arts and sciences crown with honor those who succeed in them. Many suns have risen since the day of our independence, and each has gone down upon a people older in days, improved in education, and therefore more capable of self-government,

More than a century ago Virginia—grand old Virginia with

all her faults, grand, glorious old Virginia still—spurning the motto, "God save the king," gave to the world the more noble one of "God save the liberties of America." Be that our prayer forevermore. Be it not the prayer of a discordant and disunited people, but of a united and fraternal people. Moved by the grand, holy and hallowing memories which rise from the early years of the historic century just closed, let all Americans invoke the blessing of God upon our country and her institutions. Freemen! catch ye the inspiration of the day, join in the glad and sounding anthems of praise, swell the mighty refrain, unite in the prayer, "God save the liberties of America."

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. GEO. W. C. JOHNSTON, MAYOR OF CINCINNATI, AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DELIVERED JULY 4TH, 1876.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— More than twenty years have elapsed since a general demonstration of this nature has been had among us; but to-day, Cincinnati, ever responsive to patriotic calls, moves with one common impulse in celebrating the birthday of the Nation.

Thanks to the managers, the procession of this forenoon has been magnificent.

We meet in this building, ere its removal, to give place to the elegant Springer Music Hall, to further commemorate the deeds of the men of 1776, and to make particular mention of those who signed that grand Charter of Freedom, the Declaration of Independence.

They were men of high thoughts and boldness of character.

Charles Carroll, not to be misunderstood as to identity, added after his name, "of Carrollton."

John Hancock, after signing in his large, bold hand, said, throwing down the pen: "There it is. I guess John Bull can read that without spectacles."

These men signed not for that day alone, but for all time and for all people.

It is the day we celebrate.

In this land, dedicated by these men to freedom, the foreign-born and the native citizen enjoy equal rights and privileges.

While the foreign-born retains his early recollections of his first home across the seas, and many of the manners and customs thereof, he yet unites, heart and soul, in doing honor to this day, with those native and to the manner born.

One hundred years has wrought great changes in the appearance

of this land, but it has not dimmed our love of liberty or hatred of oppression.

The spread of intelligence preserves us. A celebrated divine, in an eloquent passage, commending the education of the masses, said:

"We must educate; we must educate, or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave."

This spirit survives among us—the evidence of that fact is here. If intelligence preserves patriotism and virtue, Cincinnati makes her showing in the school children before us.

We are, therefore, celebrating this day with an intelligent understanding of the magnitude of the benefits and blessings we enjoy.

THE PAST CENTURY REVIEWED.

AN ORATION BY GEN. DURBIN WARD.

DELIVERED AT EXPOSITION HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, JULY 4TH, 1876

AMERICAN Independence is one hundred years old. Since the morning stars sang together, a century so grand, so crowded with events, so full of progress, has not closed its record. As heirs to the glory of our ancestors we proudly recall their deeds. From youth to age we have looked forward to the consummation of this grand event, and our eyes now behold the utmost fruition of our longing. Inspired with the memories of the noble past of our history we look forward with assured faith to the sublime future of our country. Struggling with the emotions of this hour, words are shadows of thought, and can but faintly express the burning conceptions of the soul. The face, the eye, the whole inspired mien instinct with eloquent silence must supplement the faltering lispings of the tongue. But looking upward in humble faith to the Great Father, speech and silence are alike worthy of this solemn occasion. So far as words can illustrate this epoch, what can they do more appropriate than recall some of the great movements of the past and contemplate, as though it were already here, the grandeur yet in store for America.

In reviewing the past century, an American cannot fail to remember that even the existence of this Continent was made known to the Old World by a discovery so sublime in heroic adventure as to make America from the first an object of profound and all-pervading interest. The high motives and daring courage which settled our shores also inspired respect and wonder, and the hardy purity of the colonists in their new home was everywhere the theme of praise. But, even after all this, Europe was taken by surprise when the Colonies declared their Independence. That the government to which the Mother Country had subjected them was not a galling tyranny, though in many respects oppressive, was well

known. It was not the cankering chain of political servitude against which they rebelled. They made a broader assertion of the sacred rights of freedom, and staked their lives and fortunes on the wager of battle. An effort to throw off the oppressive rule of Great Britain would have won them sympathy. But the grand canons of principle they formulated and announced fired with enthusiasm the dawning spirit of liberty. The Declaration was the voice of one crying in the wilderness: the forerunner of a new political era. And, though we have heard the story a thousand times, it still enthuses the patriot, and may the day never come when it does not! Cold reason may be enough to guide the head of the scientific thinker, but the burning flame of a holy passion ought to fill and rouse the hearts of the people! The rising generation must glow with the same patriotic ardor that nerved their forefathers.

Behold in the feeble little city of Philadelphia, having a population of a few thousand merchants and artisans, but the metropolis, small as it was, of two millions poor, struggling agriculturists, scattered in the wilderness! Behold the immortal Fifty-six, in the broad sunlight, uncovered before their only earthly masters, the people, with the voice of their authority, "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof!" The stern countenance of resolve, and the earnest, thundering shouts of approval speak a nation into life by the word of their power. There stand the great apostles of the people and their cause; the venerable Franklin, who had snatched the lightning from heaven; the youthful Jefferson, whose electric pen was ablaze with the lightning of genius; and there, too, are the courtly Hancock, the chivalrous but trembling form of Carroll, and there stands the boldest spirit of them all, the impetuous and eloquent Adams, with Sherman, and Lee, and Morris, and Livingston, and Wythe, and the whole immortal group around him, ready to do or die at their country's bidding. It is a scene worthy of the greatest pencil, and presents even to the imagination a picture no other event in history can surpass.

Then followed the long and dreary struggle, the hopes and fears, the victories and defeats, the patriotism and treason at home, the slow recognition and the generous aid from abroad, the unfaltering,

patient, enduring Washington, with his Fabian warfare, his country's confidence, and the cabals against him—Green, Gates, Sumter, Marion, Putnam, Paul Jones, our heroes at home; and from abroad, Lafayette, Kosciusko, Steuben and DeKalb, rise upon the eye till the whole vision is filled with the gorgeous panorama of the Revolution. The homely wisdom of Congress, and the devotion of the people amid all their privations and sufferings, form a noble background and have justly gained for them the love and admiration of posterity.

When independence was achieved, the victory was only half won. We were free from the yoke of England, but we had no constitution of Government. The articles of confederation were only a rope of sand, and it was at once apparent that the States would soon be "dissevered, discordant, belligerent," unless some better organized and permanent system of confederation could be devised. Union must be made the palladium of liberty. Patriotism, fortitude, and courage had conquered for us liberty at the point of the sword; it remained for conciliation and wisdom to secure it by constitutional guarantees. True, the elemented ideas of personal freedom were as old as the common law or the English language. We had borrowed much, too, from the recent legislation of the mother country. We had the State organizations which had kept alive the right of self-government, and afforded a type for the general government of the Union. But after all the United States, as a Republic, had no fundamental law. The traditions of Government had given the mother country an unwritten constitution, but our nation was without traditions of Government. Our fathers felt, therefore, that they must establish a written constitution, and no less then the serenest wisdom was competent to the task. Some of our most thoughtful men were Ministers of the Confederation at foreign courts, and their services lost in the Federal Convention. Franklin, Adams, Jefferson and Jay were abroad, though Franklin and Jay returned in time to give efficient aid, the one in the Convention, and the other with his potent pen. The remaining great leaders, with Washington at their head, convened and framed our present admirable Federal Constitution. It was ratified by Conventions of the people in the several States, each for itself. No one can read the debates

of the several Conventions, or the statesmanlike articles of the Federalist without feeling pride in the learning and sagacity of the men who laid the foundations of our Government. Faults the Constitution may have—and what human production has not; but an instrument so wisely balanced as to preserve liberty and secure national greatness at the same time over so vast a territory, must be the work of no mean hands. And who can doubt that it will secure popular rights and national integrity for many ages yet to come?

It would not be fitting to pass from the Revolutionary period to review the whole political history of the country. But we may pause to express our gratitude that when the country needed the services of men able to rule her destinies they have not been wanting. Washington, who led the armies and presided in the Federal Convention, lived to inaugurate the new Government and leave to future times the noblest example of heroic virtue and statemanship, united with social and domestic purity, which history affords for the instruction of mankind. It was fortunate, too, that the principal actors, if we except Franklin, lived to aid, by precept and act, in organizing wisely the Government in all its branches under the Constitution they had framed. Its friends administered the new Government. The ideas of Madison, Hamilton, Jefferson, Marshall and the other great spirits found their way into laws and financial systems, and judicial decisions, until the constitutional foundations of the Government were laid deep and strong in the popular affections. And ever since, through Webster and Jackson and Lincoln, to say nothing of others scarcely less great, when a master hand was needed to seize the helm in the storm, it came at the call of the people.

When the Revolution began the population of the country was something less than three millions, and was thinly distributed over thirteen Colonies, between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies. This population was made up mainly of British and German emigrants and their descendants, and of African slaves. But almost all the nations of Europe were, to some extent, represented among the settlers in the Colonies. The establishment of the new Government gave the country great reputation abroad and prompted active emigration to our shores. This emigration would have

been immensely greater had not the wars of the French Revolution engrossed Europe and offered employment to its people at home, while its industries were stunted and crippled by the desolating tread of its battling hosts. Finally America was involved, too, and such was the waste of population and resources during these long and terrible struggles that it was felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Population had, however, even during these wars, flowed over the Alleghanies and reached the Lakes, the Gulf, and the Mississippi. State after State had been added to the Union, and the United States had already come to be recognized among the Powers of the earth as the Great Republic. But peace and industry being once more restored in Europe, emigrants rushed to our shore by millions, until the surging tide of population poured over hill and valley, sweeping the wilderness from its path and dotting river and Lake shore, savanna and prairie, with cities, villages, mills and factories, and covering the broad land with farms and workshops till the little sea-girt colonial dependencies have swelled into a mighty nation, whose longitude is from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and whose bosom beats in pride at the gate of the tropics and on the arctic circle. If the Old World had been astonished at the success of our war of independence, how much more was it astonished at the success of our Republic! Even the most hopeful friends of liberty looked with doubt and misgiving to the future. But not the wildest dreamer ever fancied that in one hundred years the three millions of poor, scattered colonists would be a powerful nation of forty-three millions of freemen, whose commercial metropolis should rival the proudest cities of the Old World, and whose resources and prosperity should be absolutely unrivalled in the world's history!

To say that all this great social and industrial progress is the result of our political institutions would be to praise them overmuch. Proud as we justly are of our form of government, and much as it has done to perfect the rights of the citizen and clothe him with the free dignity of manhood, our immense success is largely due to other causes. A redundant population in Europe, belonging to the noblest race of the human family, sought new fields of enterprise, and found them in the New World. North America, naturally rich in every element of material greatness,

needed but the Briarean hands of European industry to burst into all the teeming grandeur of Christian civilization. The liberality of our Government and the boundless natural resources of our country invited alike to our shores the liberal man of letters and the hardy son of toil, and under the protecting ægis of liberty of thought and freedom of labor our political and material greatness has been achieved.

It could hardly have been expected that any people should pass at one bound from all the political ideas of an old system into all the conceptions of a new one. Nor could it be expected that so many nationalities, and two widely diverse races, when planted together in a country new to them all, would quietly and harmoniously coalesce into one people. The vestiges of monarchic opinions lingered under republican institutions, and the old antagonisms of nations and races could not but smoulder in the bosom of society. Indeed, it is a marvel that the conscious supremacy of law could so well hold in check so many elements of discord. It could not be done at all, except for the elemental excellence of our constitutional balance of government, added to the high-toned intelligence of our people, and, not least, to the ample scope our wide territory gives for rival competing opinions to come into collision without engendering Revolutionary frenzy. The strifes of contending policies, the jealousies of the foreign and native populations, and the conflicts of constitutional theories have all been harmonized without serious disturbance. No internal causes of discord proved too strong for peaceful adjustment except that broad divergence of social system as old as the civil wars of England and deep-rooted as the difference between servile and free labor. Wider and wider grew this divergence; sterner and more intense became this struggle, until the fires of "the irrepressible conflict" could be quenched only in blood. But when that awful day did come, and nothing was left but the arbitrament of the sword, the cause of liberty and progress, the cause of the Union, found loyal hearts to love and strong arms to defend. Again, as of old, the Republic was triumphant. That system of labor borrowed from the same benighted past in which was nurtured the divine right of kings, and which was at war equally with the rights of industry and the spirit of the age, fell to rise no more forever. And the Union, though it

had tottered to its base, as the smoke of the battle drifted away, again arose upon the admiring gaze of the world, not a star in its flag erased, and its silver bands of equality among all the people, and perpetual Union among all the States welded firmer and shining brighter from the furnace through which they had passed.

But nations are not isolated aggregations of men. They are members of the same family. Contemporaneously with our Revolution other events of vast moment were occurring in other countries. These events, as well as those in our country, were not spontaneous, but the outgrowth of what had preceded. Omitting to dwell upon the influence of ancient ideas, or the examples of ancient nations, or the spirit of old religious systems, several very striking occurrences had prepared the way for new political and social systems. Feudalism had decayed, and great kingdoms been consolidated on its ruins in most parts of Europe. Gunpowder had modelled anew the art of war, and the growth of commerce was fast putting modern taxation in the place of ancient feudal exactions. Luther had crippled the power of ecclesiastical supremacy, and the Great Rebellion in England had sapped the foundations of absolutism while the Revolution of 1688 had made England's crown the gift of England's people. In France and Germany the seeds of future convulsion had been sown by a powerful school of philosophers, and although the people as yet lay groaning under the weight of aristocratic effeminacy and corruption, the spirit of revolution, political, religious and social was everywhere ripe. The two continents were acting on each other. The American Revolution gave England for the first time a responsible ministry. For years Lord North, at the command of the king, defied the will of the English people and carried on war against the rebellious colonies, after all but the obstinate sovereign saw that their conquest was hopeless and sighed for peace. When public clamor at last compelled the resignation of North and the recognition of our Independence, the king's supremacy was gone except in name, and the premier—made and unmade by the breath of the people—became the real sovereign of England. Ministries and policies have since yielded to the demand of the governing nation, and in a kingdom where once the sovereign, "ruling by the grace of God," attainted a member of Parliament, removed a judge or imprisoned

a jury, at his lawless pleasure, no being has dared since our Revolution to veto the humblest act of Parliament, or retain against the popular will the most cherished minister. In France the effect of our success was electric. Franklin was half-worshipped by the French people, and the author of the Declaration of Independence witnessed the storming of the Bastile. Old France was gone and new France was born in the throes of the stormiest revolution that ever drenched a continent in blood. That revolution snatched thrones from their hoary base and threw them from nation to nation as pawns in the game of conquest. It plucked mitres from heads on which sanctity had been laid by infallible hands, and played with the holy things of the church as children play with baubles. It wrested the suffering people from the grip of faithless kings, *blasé* nobles, and irreligious priests. That its violence was unreasoning and its vengeance bloodthirsty, no fair-minded man can deny. That the long series of wrongs, oppressions, corruptions and impieties which provoked it were without parallel in modern Europe, is equally beyond denial. That it did not accomplish all the friends of liberty and progress hoped from it, must also be admitted. But that France and Europe were waked by it from a nightmare of regal and ecclesiastical tyranny, can admit of no question. As the fires of the French Revolution consumed the painted mask of hypocrisy and falsehood by which truth had been concealed, the people leaped up trembling with rage and bewildered by the new light that blazed in the face of the world. But that real progress has resulted is attested by achievements in this century, the proudest in the history of the race. All over Europe the two great revolutions in the New World and in the Old opened fresh prospects for the developing masses, and enthroned new ideas of popular liberty and social culture. People began to be recognized as the sources of power, and kings as the servants of peoples. Constitutional government has taken the place of absolutism, and freedom of thought the place of regal and priestly infallibility.

Important as these political changes were to the people of Europe, to us they were significant chiefly from the social and industrial changes for which they opened the way. Despotic government is neither the handmaid of industry nor the promoter

of social progress. A sense of individual power strengthens the humblest. While the long wars of the French Revolution checked the growth of population, the freer spirit everywhere arising in the laboring classes tended to cultivate industry; and the increase of commerce and manufactures which followed these wars vastly increased the wealth and population in most countries of Europe, and especially in Great Britain and Germany, whence most of our immigrants come.

If we turn from the political field of action to that wider and even more potential realm wherein ideas, not armies nor statute-books rule; if we contemplate society instead of government, and consider progress as the ultimate aim of human organization, how immeasurably grand is the field opened by a review of the last century! Into whatever region of thought we choose to enter; into whatever class of culture we extend our inspection; into whatever depths of science we seek to delve, what century can compare in achievement with that just ended? In the field of learning much work had already been done, for all true knowledge is a growth. From the immemorial past ideas had been grafted upon perceptions and systems upon ideas, until great advancement had been made in religion, government, law, science, literature and art. All along through the ages one accumulation after another had been made in knowledge. But the splendor of this centennial century in Europe and America stands alone. If time allowed we might point out the progress of natural science, political economy, ethnology, biblical criticism, social science and speculative philosophy. In the very year of our declaration the discovery of Oxygen and the publication of the wealth of nations did more to change the future industries of the world than can be awarded to the work of any preceding century. The discovery of Oxygen is the Novum Organum of Physics, and has supplied a solvent that makes nature give up her inmost secrets to the uses of man. The "Wealth of Nations" was the Novum Organum of economical science, and though political economy has been inaptly called the "dismal science," no branch of knowledge has done more for the every day needs of the people. With these two great advances in knowledge added to the proclamation in our country of the sovereignty of the people,

a new era began throughout the Christian world. The Copernican system, and the discovery of America, and Newton's law of gravitation, and Harvey's circulation of the blood, and the Reformation, had each opened the way on a grand scale for the new age, and with those brawniest arms of civilization, the printing press and steam as the servants of the new ideas, the whole spirit of society was changed. The age became practical. Public opinion became a ruling power. Comforts and wealth were diffused by every-day knowledge. The newspaper became a necessity. The ease and rapidity of travel made the world one people, and the constant interchange of sentiments and ideas uprooted old conservatisms and urged on the car of progress. The people are better clothed and fed—better lodged and educated. Sanitary science and medical skill have almost banished from the earth those fierce scourges which often decimated nations. Labor is better paid; charities abound, and society is the willing guardian of the feeble and helpless. So liberal ideas have taken hold of the masses in Europe and America. Religious persecution has almost disappeared. The brotherhood of man is a popular sentiment. Freedom of opinion is *almost* conceded to be a right. The relations of the sexes are softened and purified. The husband no longer beats his wife as a legal right, or keeps a mistress without a blush. Kindness governs children and servants instead of physical chastisement. The rigor of legal punishments is relaxed, and the gallows is nearly obsolete. The whole face of society is changed.

But these changes have brought with them their dangers. The altered character of war and the perfection of its implements tend to the strengthening of powerful nations at the expense of the weak, and worse than all enable organized government to wield a stronger arm, and consequently help power to become the agent of tyranny. So the almost boundless influence, and the reckless licentiousness of the newspaper press endanger the morals of society. The tendency of commerce, trade and manufactures to congregate the people in huge factories, shops and cities, deteriorates their health and moral stamina, and threatens the future manhood and womanhood of the people, from the confinement of both sexes in those hot-beds of excitement and disease

which large cities, more or less, always are. All this is painfully apparent in the decrease in the birth of sturdy children. But after making all allowances, the general result is in favor of the present over the past. The social progress of the world in the last century is actual, and the promise of the future hopeful.

Any review, however brief, of the last century, would be incomplete if it did not touch its philosophic, scientific and literary aspects. Its most remarkable features in this respect are kindred to those of its social progress. They are bold and vigorous. The critical investigation of past history, sacred and profane, has been searching and profound. The kaleidoscopic fables of the east, of Greece and Rome, have been unsparingly held up in the sunlight of modern criticism. Not a page of the Holy Books of the Hindu, the Persian or the Jew, but has been scanned by the philologer and the philosopher. Not a rock temple of India, a ruin of Ethiopia or Central America, or a pyramid of Egypt; nor yet an archeological remain of Europe, could escape the eager scrutiny of the antiquary. The history and social condition of ancient nations have been investigated with a critical zeal. And these studies have not been so much for ornament as for use. The indiscriminate laudation of old countries and institutions was the fashion two hundred years ago, but now the historian or the essayist investigates that he may portray the past in its true colors.

Nor have the old superstitions of science fared better at the hands of the modern scientist. Antique systems have been demanded to show their authority, and the seals of their commissions have often been challenged as spurious. Nature has been questioned in a severe but loving spirit, and her responses compared in every tongue to make sure they were not Delphic. Patient investigation has disclosed in nature, in matter and force, in birth and decay, in life and progress, the unending universality of law, changeless and eternal. The reasoning faculty of man has grown with every new acquisition of knowledge, and in the pride of its power questions everything human and divine. Perhaps the most striking intellectual feature of the age is the evolution theory of organic existence and of human life itself. Bold and daring indeed is the philosophy of the nineteenth century. In its spirit it follows

the experimental methods of the Baconian system, and the future alone can pass on its true value.

But though reason usually gains strength at the expense of the imagination and often to the detriment of the emotions, yet the last century has been rich in every species—some very poor—of literary productions. In poetry and romance, in art and music, it compares well with any antecedent age. In fulness and richness —perhaps not in originality—it has no peer. That the reasoning power has advanced at the expense of the imagination can hardly be doubted, and yet a Goethe and a Byron have lived in our age. The loftiest thought, the wildest imagination, the tenderest emotion, have all found expression in philosopher and poet and philanthropist in the stormy nineteenth century. While liberty to all brings hope to the lowly, in the struggling soul of humanity glows the spark of genius,

"And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."

The intellectual and moral characteristic of the age is its skepticism. Not the narrow and bigoted infidelity that marked the last century preceding, not the scoffing of the idiot unbeliever, but that earnest, devout skepticism which acknowledges no criterion of truth but human judgment, and bows to no superior but the Universe. To the timid this may portend evil. But honest skepticism is the true herald of progress. Whatever will not stand investigation is not entitled to stand at all. The weak in head or heart may fall by the way-side, but the true believer,—the believer in truth,—whose faith is winnowed from the chaff of doubt, will, like the martyrs of old, be the seed of the future Church. Want of faith in everything established is the great danger of the future, and yet its great hope. The skeptic of one age is the prophet of the next. No period has ever been more transitional than ours; and though there may be some tares springing up in the wheat now being sown, the future will reap a rich harvest, temporal and spiritual for the sustenance of the coming generations of men.

In all this vast general movement of human life, our country has borne its share, and our example has had its influence on the world.

While in material progress our country has, in the last century, surpassed all nations, we can also, with justice, say our people have advanced more rapidly in general intelligence than those of any other country. The high tone of the masses may well be the honest boast of Americans. In general diffusion of knowledge, in moral and social rectitude, in domestic purity and comfort, the common people of our country stand in the foremost rank. If much of this is due to the immigration from Europe of the better and not the worse classes of its laboring population, and to the facility with which in the United States comfortable homes may be had, much, too, is due to our admirable system of common schools, our large circulation of newspapers and periodical literature, and our widely diffused and liberal religious teaching. The general intelligence is likewise cultivated by our political institutions. The public discussion on the hustings of political issues, the broad basis of suffrage, and the distribution to the very extremities of the nation of the powers of local government; and perhaps still more than all, the educating process of trial by jury, makes the Government a popular schoolmaster. All sexes and ages, through the workings of our system, are receiving instruction by the administration of the laws, and this is not the least of the merits of that administration. The citizen is not only made to feel that the Government and the law are sacred, because created and administered by and for the people, but the sense of individual responsibility is cultivated and the range of popular thinking enlarged. So, too, the manifold forms and instruments of our industry promote popular culture. The omnipresence of the railroad, telegraph, printing-press, steam engine, agricultural and mechanical implements, and the myriad magic fingers of machinery, teach the people practical knowledge, and excite that wonder and curiosity which lead to many an advance in physical science; while fairs and expositions, social festivals and public concerts and amusements give aid to the hearth-stone, the school-room and the church, in that general culture which is the surest basis of public virtue, and the indispensable bulwark of free Government.

Conscious, however, as we are of the general intelligence of our people, we have to admit that in the higher walks of mental cultrue we have advanced with less rapid strides. This is doubtless

to a great extent at least due to our situation. We have lived in a new country, in which a hand to hand struggle with the rude forces of nature was not only a necessity but the highest duty. Food and shelter for the family are the first objects to be sought in every stage of human progress. When these have to be wrested by force, in an inclement climate, from a virgin soil, the sturdiest industry will find time for little else. And whatever leisure is found, naturally takes the direction of making improvements in the instruments with which to extort from rugged nature the means of subsistence. Discoveries and inventions tending to physical improvement are the natural result. And in our country we are abreast if not superior to all nations in the practical arts and inventions, and the labor-saving implements, which promote production. We needed them most, and they came at the call of American genius. If we did not invent the steam engine, we made it subserve the humblest as well as the highest industries. It was our Fulton who first made the steamer

"Walk the waters like a thing of life."

And it was our pioneers who made the steam saw to migrate from forest to forest. If we did not discover the existence of electricity, our Franklin first taught the world to shield their habitations from its lightning blasts. If we did not teach the lightning to speak, our Morse taught it to use the best language. If the Mother Country first harnessed the iron horse, soon afterward we had him champing the bit on this side of the water, and leaping over mountain and plain and river, through city and forest and tunnel, with flaming nostril and neck clothed with thunder, till lately, almost keeping pace with the sun, he bounded from ocean to ocean. And while the ruder wants of our pioneer life were being supplied, the higher mental culture derived from the study of science, literature and art were not entirely neglected. Though too busy in the battle of the hammers to devote much time to the refined or ornamental, too busy with the practical to dwell much on the abstract, we need not be ashamed of what we have done even in the world of letters. We may regret that we have not done more, but we can justly congratulate ourselves that we have done so much. We can hardly claim that in the highest realms of

philosophy, science, art and literature, we have kept pace with the progress of Europe during the last hundred years. In so new a country, with institutions so equalizing in their tendency, we could not have that accumulated wealth and consequent leisure so necessary to barely abstract or ornamental studies. No name in the highest rank of philosophy or poetry, of science or literature, has been contributed by America to the world's intellectual galaxy. We have no Bacon or Shakespeare, Newton or Locke. Nor has our first century produced a Humboldt or Davy or Darwin or Herbert Spencer, nor a Goethe or Burns, Byron or Wordsworth. But still, America has not been dumb; and even in the world of thought as well as in the world of action her voice has been heard. The fame of many of her writers gives earnest of what may be expected in every field of intellectual and moral effort when the young giant of the West has matured her dawning faculties by another century of culture.

As might naturally be looked for our popular institutions have drawn too large a proportion of the intellect and culture of the country into the field of politics. Gradually men of ability are seeking literary, and other pursuits, giving leisure for more refined culture and deeper research. In one of the governing forces of a republic we have, therefore, equalled, if not excelled any people. Our orators everywhere abound. We could stock the Senates of the world with fine speakers. Patrick Henry, John Adams, Pinkney, West, Randolph, Corwin, Choate, Everett, Wendell Phillips, and a list of others too long to recall, without speaking of Webster, Calhoun and Clay justly entitle America to be called a nation of orators. And in the literature of law and politics too we are entitled to a high place, and the political writings of many an American will be read with deep interest centuries to come. We cannot omit to notice how rapidly the ideas of old times have been liberalized in their practical application in this country, not only in law, politics, government and industry, but in domestic and social life as well as in religion, science and literature. The stiff forms of the old law practice have passed away. Neither interest, race, or religious belief now disqualifies a witness. Imprisonment for debt, except in cases of fraud, is abolished. Homestead and exemption laws protect the poor. Divorces are obtain-

able and married women's property rights secured. Equal distribution of property is secured to all heirs alike, and primogeniture and entailments are abolished. Simplicity of deeds and transfers have been introduced, security of possession enforced by liberal statutes of limitation and many other modifications of the old law adopted tending to equality among all classes and races. So the criminal code has been toned down and prisoners have bail, and counsel and witnesses are allowed at the public charge; and prisoners may even be witnesses for themselves. The stocks and the whipping post are no more. So everywhere schools are practically free. Charities, asylums, invalid homes, cover the land so that the young and the imbecile, the erring and the insane are cared for by private munificence or at the public charge. What the old kings spent on retainers and armies, the young republic devotes to charities. And religious intolerance in our country is quite gone. Excommunication from the fold of the Church is a dead letter. Each can worship under his own vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make him afraid and God alone can call any man to account for his religious belief. The State aids no church but equally protects all. The Cathedral and the Synagogue, peacefully confront each other, the High Church and the Conventicle are friendly neighbors and even the Free-thinker's Hall is under protection of law. And so, too, industry is free. Unlike the old countries every man here may follow any pursuit without government license or legally prescribed apprenticeship. No property qualification is required for public place, nor even for social standing. Every one may take his place in that rank of life for which he can show himself fitted. Husbands, wives and children are bound together practically by the law of love alone. So freedom of opinion, of speech, of the press, is everywhere recognized and scarcely ever invaded unless it be momentarily in the excitement of political contests; or in the occasional outburst of popular wrath at some flagrant abuse of this freedom.

But we must not pause longer to recount the past. The star of our country's destiny is hope, not memory. It is a morning, not an evening star. We are girding ourselves for work, not resting from labor. When we turn about us and behold our mighty empire of territory and our still mightier empire of future people we

are oppressed with a sense of infinitude. Bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific, washed by the ocean gulf at the south and the ocean lakes at the north; divided into two breathing lobes of life by the Mississippi, the Mediterranean of the Republic, no physical empire yet vouchsafed to any Government has had the giant proportions of the United States. With mountains on the east, and still loftier mountains on the west, pregnant with the richest ores for use and ornament and groaning for deliverance of their treasures, they ask but enterprise and time to pour into the lap of wealth their untold millions. Surrounded in every region of our domain with boundless leagues of fertile soil, annually tickled by the yeoman's plow, and laughing back smiling harvests in his face, the swarming hives of our population will find ample scope for their children's homes, for countless prolific generations of freemen. With a commerce whose sails shall yet whiten every sea, at home and abroad, our people shall gather the products of every clime in exchange for our own. Our teeming factories shall fill the land with the sound of hammers and the hum of spindles till the music of industry shall compose a grander symphony than ever Mozart or Beethoven conceived. Cities whose population shall be counted by millions; villages nestling in coves of mountains or bays, or picturesque curves of rivers, or sleeping in shady valleys; farm-houses of sturdy yeomen, but palaces in elegance and comfort, shall yet arise to gladden the eye. Railroads and steamers shall by every plain and river bring each region in close and constant communion with every other. The tropics and the frozen zone shall supply us, as home productions, with the sunny fruits and the warming furs, while the fibers, and cereals, and minerals—all the products of our native hands—shall make us a world within ourselves.

But wealth and luxury are sources of weakness rather than strength if not accompanied by intellectual vigor and moral rectitude. Our unbounded future wealth, and consequent temptations to luxury and dissipation can not but excite the fears of the thoughtful. Shall we live over again the history of old countries? Shall the haughty millionaire, as in decaying Rome, enslave the free spirit of the people, corrupt their morals by his licentious habits, or purchase their suffrages by his bribes? Shall liberty become a form and despotism a fact? If these be the results of

your wealth and grandeur, what matters it that fountains, and rostrums and statues adorn your streets? What matters it that parks and gardens, and palaces crown your suburbs? What matters it that expositions of your industry build splendid structures, or your plastic tastes construct gorgeous theatres, museums of art, or concert halls? What matters it that saintly formalists point the spires of cathedral and church to unresponsive Heaven?

The grand material future of America must, if we would not soon be numbered with the nations of the past, be but the minister of coming ages of intellectual glory. Simplicity of life, purity of morals, and those lofty purposes which make heroes of the humblest, must characterize our people or their coming power and splendor will inevitably corrupt and ruin them. We have every incentive to prompt to intellectual culture and moral purity. The freedom of our institutions, the early fame of our country, the revered name of our ancestors, the future of our children—to what higher motives could appeal be made? If we are true to these traditions and hopes, how grandly looms the Republic upon the vision! The second Centennial will find that glorious banner now waving over us covering and protecting a hundred millions of high-souled, intelligent, free citizens. Not only a broad domain, wealth, and power shall make us the republican empress of the world's destiny, but intelligence, virtue and courage —high manhood and womanhood—shall fill every household and insure the perpetuity of the American Republic. And when the next Centennial shall dawn we shall be not only untold millions of happy freemen, surrounded by palatial grandeur, internal peace and social and domestic purity, but the Great Republic will be the intellectual and moral leader of the world.

THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

AN ORATION BY S. O. GRISWOLD, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, JULY 4TH, 1876.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—The phenomena of movement in the heavenly bodies could not fail to arrest the attention of men in the primeval days. The natural impulse of those untaught men was worship, which lifted upward their hearts, conveying their thoughts from material to spiritual conceptions, and inducing a culture which slowly led them from savagery to civilization.

In the earlier times this culture extended beyond the mere alteration of days and nights and led them to the observation of the recurrence of long periods, and to the divisions of time, known as months, years, cycles, centuries. These divisions of time naturally became the point from which to date events that perpetuated themselves in the world's memory. But in the progress of the race, as by natural metaphor, this order was reversed, and great events themselves became the marking points in the time and history.

In that great city of antiquity, which subdued the cultured east and the barbaric west, and for so many centuries imposed its law and rule upon the world, time was officially reckoned from its own beginning. For ordinary purposes they adopted the received chronology, and their own greatest genius reformed the calendar, and furnished the rules for its universal use; but all public acts were officially dated, *Anno Urbis Conditæ*—from the year of the founding of the city—and in this designation there was a continued appeal to the pride and patriotism, alike of rulers and people.

When the nations of Western Europe emerged from the barbarism into which they relapsed after the withdrawal of the central power of the empire, they had nothing in their own national experience upon which to found a chronological succession. The chiefs,

of that hierarchy which succeeded the imperial with their spiritual sway, adopted for general use the Julian tables; and these Western nations, more submissive to priestly than political supremacy, readily accepted their instruction, and took with them, as their initial point in reckoning, that which they were taught to believe was the year of the Divine Advent to earth in their behalf.

Offspring of these Western nations, the people of America continued the use of the common calendar, but the founders of the new form of Government, when they ordained the same in this Western Hemisphere, took a new departure in time. With more than prophetic prescience, they believed that here would arise and grow an Empire of the People, mightier and more beneficent than that of Rome. Animated by that great example, and influenced by the same motives, they intended all acts of their Government, so long as it endured, should bear proper relation in time and history to that great event,—the Birth of the Nation, and so they practiced; and whenever an act has been or is done in the name of the Government it is always recited as "Done in the —— year of the Independence of the United States of America."

And we, fellow-citizens, are here assembled to celebrate the Hundredth Anniversary of that event. It is in the highest degree appropriate that this celebration should be conducted by the performance of religious ceremonies, by music, by civil and military display, and by all the modes in which intelligent men may testify their reverence, their gratitude, and their joy. It has also been recommended by Congress and the President of the United States that on the occasion of this celebration, in each town and city, there should be prepared an address, embodying the local history of the place, the same to be deposited in the archives of the Nation. In this city of ours there exists a Society, the object and purpose of which is to collect and preserve all the material relating to the history of the place from the earliest period to the present date, and the distinguished President of that association has prepared with great care and labor that history, and his work is set forth in an elaborate volume, which is already deposited in the National library.

It was therefore requested of me by your Committee of Arrangements that this recommended duty be on my part omitted, and in

their behalf to submit to you a few words such as I should deem fit and appropriate to the time and occasion.

I doubt not, the thought uppermost in the minds of all, is the change during the Century. On the 4th day of July, 1776, Cleveland was not; and now behold the fair city with all its pride and beauty in which we are assembled—located on a site which would have delighted even a Greek Eponymist—itself a living exhibition of the progress, the development, and the results of the century. If one were possessed of the painter's skill or engraver's art, there might be presented a scene which would convey to your minds by a single glance all the grand features of that contrast which a volume of words would fail to express. Here would be shown the broad lake, its waters unvexed by keel or prow, washing a tenantless shore, with a river debouching from a vast forest into it, whose sluggish waters were slowly forcing their way through the bar at the mouth of the channel. In the forest glade, might be seen, a few savage men maintaining a precarious conflict for life with equally savage beasts. There, might be seen, the ocean line, its border fringed with the habitations of men, and their overhanging sun and sky would be darkened by smoke of the battle of contending armies. In the center of that habited region, there would be seen a fair city, the abode of peaceful men; in the city's midst, a council chamber, in which was gathered a company of Elders, whose form and appearance would indicate that Plutarch's men had returned to earth again. The chief of that council would be holding in his hand an unrolled scroll upon which all eyes were intent, and on that scroll, in letters all of living gold, flashing with a brighter than electric light, those never to be forgotten words, "All men are created equal." There, leading out from the inhabited land, might be seen a procession, the leader of which was a surveyor, with his compass and chains; following him a hardy emigrant, axe in hand, with his slow team of oxen bearing his family and scanty household goods; then would appear an established highway with moving teams of better appointed travelers; then, the artificial inland river with its slow-moving burdened craft; then, the rushing locomotive, followed by a great company which no man might number. Here, might be seen, the woodman making a clearing in the forest, and beyond, the cabin, the school-

house, the church, fair fields, plains, cities, and stretching out an illumined vista horizoned by the millennial gates, the groupings of which scene none but a God might frame, and only the genius of Homer fitly describe.

I find it most difficult, from the many striking features which this great contrast of the century presents, to select a topic for remark in the brief time allowed me in the performance of the ceremonies of the day, but I have chosen, and I purpose for a few moments calling your attention to the Continental Congress, as connected with the subject of Government by the Representative Assembly.

In the early days, when men were limited in numbers and association to the family, the village, or tribe, the problems of government were few and simple; but when numbers increase, ideas enlarge, the village becomes a city, and the tribe a nation, these problems become all-absorbing questions. How to combine individual liberty with central authority; to protect the simple and guileless from the artful and cunning; to insure peace, order, and security to life and property, and yet not fall into the meshes of tyranny; on the one hand to be free from the evils of anarchy, and on the other from the evils of despotism—are questions which have occupied the best thoughts of the best men in all civilized States.

I need not dwell upon the disturbing forces against which no theory can provide, or upon the thousand practical attempts at the solution of these problems. I hesitate not to say, and I believe it to be the unbiased judgment of the "candid world," that of all the modes of government which the wit of wisdom of man has yet contrived, the best and most successful is the Representative Assembly.

I do not deny the excellency of the Ancient City. I acknowledge the glory of the Periklean State, but the strain was too great for human nature to endure, where every citizen is continually called upon to exercise the functions of a legislator, a judge, and a soldier. For a short period the system shone with great splendor and its light still illumines mankind, but it was adapted only to limited territorial possession, and required its citizens to be supported by the labor of a servile class.

I acknowledge the peace and security of the Empire. Under

its benign and peaceful sway, local and provincial enmities were subdued, free intercourse established throughout the world, and the sure foundations laid for the steady development of all the arts and ideas which lead to a more perfect civilization. But the Empire at its best estate operates as a thrall on human energy and thought, and is only successful when its chief is a Hadrian; but if the emperor be a Caligula, it would seem as if the world had been given over to the power of the Prince of Darkness.

The Representative Assembly appears to be the just mean. Under it the whole electoral body are called upon to exercise some political duties. To the great majority, these duties are not absorbing, and leave them the full opportunity for their own best development in mind, body, and estate. Those, who are called upon to exercise the functions of rulers, are themselves members of the electoral body, and, in theory, are selected because of some special qualifications of fitness for their respective stations. They can have no interest, as a class, antagonistic to the general electoral body, and hold their station by the choice of their fellow-electors.

The history of the origin of this mode of government is lost, in the lost early history of our race. Its rise and progress can only be traced in the survivals of ancient customs. Its germ undoubtedly existed in those ancient councils of the German forest, when the *yea* was pronounced by the clashing of buckler, and the *nay* by equally significant dissent.

It is the great contribution of the Teutonic race to the common civilization of the world. It was an idea, when once conceived of, too valuable to be lost. It possessed of itself a vital force, which would not permit it to be destroyed. It survived among the people during the period of the Roman domination, nor was it buried, in the barbarism which ensued. It reappeared in the *Gemot* and *Witan* and found its first, fullest development in the Parliament of England, whose people were the growth of the graftings of the best stocks of the race.

Of all the famous assemblies which have ever convened, none can favorably compare with the Continental Congress save the Long Parliament, and the French National Assembly. The Continental Congress was more successful and fortunate than either of these. The Long Parliament degenerated into a mob, and was dispersed

CENTRAL RESERVE

with contemptuous words by the servant itself had chosen to execute its command, and he, after vainly attempting to establish for t a successor, was compelled to uphold the tottering state by his own vigorous will. The French National Assembly shrank into a murderous club, from whose bloody hands the nation was only saved by submitting itself to the rule of a dictator: and for nearly a hundred years that brilliant nation has passed through the greatest alterations, and only in our day, under the bitter mortification of a foreign occupation finally established the Representative Assembly.

The Continental Congress, though more favored by fortune, was no product of chance, or of sudden inspiration. It was the result of centuries of experience. It was the natural outgrowth of the race, with special advantages of time and place. In the first century following the discovery of America, the Spanish nation was the foremost power of the world, and the energies of that people had been directed to Central America, their chief object the gain of wealth; to aid the old and not to establish a new empire. During the first half of that century the English nation had been engaged in internal conflict. Its whole people had been aroused by the great religious awakening of the Reformation, but these internal conflicts had for a time greatly weakened the state. During the long sway of Elizabeth the nation had recuperated, and the capacity of the race and its general development were shown by the appearance in a single generation of such men as Raleigh, Bacon, and Shakespeare.

When the Armada was destroyed England stepped to the front rank; and all those eager eyes which behold the future turned their gaze to this Western Hemisphere. The first emigrants were of course mere adventurers for gain, or religious enthusiasts, who combined in themselves some of the best as well as worst elements of human nature, but they were not the stuff out of which nations are formed.

The troublous times which preceded the Great Rebellion induced hither an immense emigration. I lately noted, in a publication containing the official register of the port of London, that in the month of April and May of the year 1635 there sailed from that port alone bound for New England and Virginia, twenty-two ships

loaded with passengers. In one of these the names of two hundred and eleven passengers are given in full, and those names have been perpetuated, and some of them may be read to-day on the signs in your business streets. In the ten years, from 1630 to 1640, the great bulk of the emigration of the first half of the century took place. I also noted in the same register, that these persons who embarked had obtained from the proper parish officer a certificate, either that they had paid or were not subject to the subsidy (ship money) tax. They were men of the substantial middle class of the people upon whom this burden fell grievously. They had not the same stake in the soil as the great leaders of the opposition to the Government, and when they emigrated hither, they came with the intent of building up in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Virginia a *new England*, free from the existing thraldoms of their native land. They had the average education of the middle class. The influence of the Reformation had awakened and quickened their moral natures, and they had had experience in civil rights as jurymen and members of municipal and village councils. If not rich in worldly goods, they had two priceless possessions; a devout regard for the moral rule, and a knowledge of the common law. They came generally by communities, the large majority accustomed to agricultural pursuits, but they endeavored always to unite and join with them in their enterprise, the mason and the carpenter, the tanner and the shoemaker, and all the tradesmen needful to form a complete industrial society. There came also with them religious teachers who had generally received the culture of the Universities, and lawyers who had been trained at the Temple. They were, in the main, a devout, industrious, thriving people, and above all a race of surpassing valor. They were brethren and next of kin of the famous Ironsides of Cromwell; soldiers, who, in fair and open fight on their common native soil, overcame cavalier, noble, and prince; who swept as with the whirlwind the hardy Scot at Dunbar, and trampled as on the chaff of the threshing floor the Irishry of Munster; and who, when their service ended, quietly disbanded and fused with the mass of the people, and in the succeeding years when in community any one was distinguished above his fellows "for diligence in business, sobriety, and regularity in the pursuit of peace," it was to be noted

of him that he had been a soldier in the regiments of Cromwell. Owing to the advantages of soil and climate their natural increase was great and there was added to them a continued accession by emigration.

In the forms of government provided by the charters of the different colonies, the principles of representative government were always included; indeed, in the framing of those charters, and in providing modes of constituting the Representative Assembly, the wisest and purest scholars and statesmen of England were often consulted, and some of these charters were so excellent as to have remained without change long after the Revolution.

It was not till after the subjugation of the Canadas, to which the soldiers of the colonies had greatly contributed, that difficulties began to arise. Hitherto they had either been left to themselves, or if interfered with, it had been done with good will, and a purpose to aid and foster their growth. The oppressive acts of Parliament, of which the colonist complained, were rather the result of prejudice and ignorance than of any real design to injure. The King of England was not a man of cruelty, or possessed of any purpose to be unfaithful to any of the principles of the British Constitution, which, by his coronation oath, he had sworn to uphold. It is to be noted that most of the charges set forth in that terrible arraignment which has just been read in your hearing, were acts done after the conflict had ripened into war. But the King was grossly ignorant, and was obstinate to a degree almost amounting to insanity—in fact, he subsequently became insane. The amusing stories related by our citizens who travel abroad, of the present extreme ignorance in regard to this country on the part of apparently intelligent people, are but a faint shadow of the general ignorance which then prevailed.

A few far-seeing statesmen realized the actual condition of affairs, and most nobly, but in vain, sought to stay the hand of the Government, which was daily proceeding from bad to worse. In 1774, matters had proceeded so far that a Congress, deputed in part by the Colonial Assemblies, and in part by political conventions, met at Philadelphia to consult for the common good. They passed a preamble and resolutions, asserting their rights under the British Constitution, and recited the numerous acts of Parliament

which they deemed to be in derogation of their rights under the common law. They recommended to the people modes of peaceful resistance, and adopted a memorial to the British Government. The idea of a separation had not yet pervaded the minds of the people, and they looked up to England as to a venerated mother. In her soil were entombed the bones of their fathers and kindred, and they felt themselves to be partakers in her splendid fame. They had with alacrity sprung to arms at her call to battle against the ancient enemies of the nation. They eagerly marched under her standard to drive the French from the Canadas, and were equally ready to join in expelling the Spaniard from the Antilles and Central America. They claimed none of the ordinary exemptions from military duty. The Major-General of the forces of one of the colonies, an ancestor of one of your most eminent divines, was aged sixty-seven. In the journal left by him, in which he kept a record of the long and successful campaign against Louisburg, the most valuable part is that which evinces the unabated vigor of his body and mind and his profound regard for the Colonial Assembly, from which he had received his commission. Another distinguished officer, being dissuaded from accepting a command offered by the same Assembly in the expedition against the Spaniards, on account of his family and the dangers of a tropical climate as well as the dangers of war, replied: "I can leave my family with Divine Providence, and as to my own life, it is not left with man to determine the time or place of his death. I think it best not to be anxious about it. The great thing is to live and die in our duty. I think the war is just. My call is clear. Somebody must venture, and why not I as well as another?" The voice of the General Assembly was to him as the call of God to the Prophet of old, and in the same spirit of obedience he answered, "Here am I." Death relieved him of his command, and his grave was soon hidden by the rank growth of that tropic soil, but his faith was well founded, his family have continued, and one of his direct descendants is a citizen of your city, who by his great acquirements and contributions to geologic science, has made your city distinguished as a home of learning.

At the beginning of the latter half of the century, the Hollanders and Swedes, who were the predominating element of the Mid-

dle States, had become indistinguishable from the common mass of the citizens. The former were a tough and hardy race, which had been trained to a high development under the leadership of the true, princely house of Orange; the fathers of the latter had followed the victorious banner of Gustavus Adolphus, to uphold the cause of religious liberty against the combined forces of the Papacy and the Empire, and both were of the original stocks of the Anglo-Saxon combination. The small element of the Celtic and Huguenot class, by their religious training was fitted to assimilate with the rest of the people.

Undoubtedly, the comparatively lean soil and more severe climate of Massachusetts had forced her citizens to fisheries, commerce, and other active pursuits, and given to them a more adventurous spirit, which, with their numbers and wealth, naturally gave them the leadership; but on the whole, the inhabitants were a homogeneous people. For more than a century their civic education had been promoted by the rule of the Colonial Assemblies. In his great speech in Parliament in favor of conciliation of the Colonies, that famous orator and statesman, who, it has been said, possessed in the highest degree the faculty of perceiving the distant and the past, as if it were actually present, mentions the fact of the number of the copies of Blackstone's Commentaries exported hither, and statistics show that more volumes were here annually sold than in the rest of the kingdom. Their experience in the Indian and French wars had accustomed them to the use of arms, and trained them in the art of war. Of all these things, the blind Tory majority which ruled Parliament and supported the King were profoundly ignorant. The memorial of the Congress of 1774 was treated with contempt, and regarded as a sign of weakness. In all the pages of history, there is no record of greater folly than this, by which the affections of such a loyal body of citizens were alienated. The issues rapidly led to open conflict in which blood was shed.

At once the several States took immediate steps for the armament of the people. The farmer left his plow; the artisan his toil; the merchant his pursuit of gain; the doctor his patients; the lawyer his clients, and all went forth incited and supported by the prayers of priest and woman.

On the 10th of May, 1775, the Continental Congress assembled, deputed by the different States to assume the general control. They came together without precedent, or any fixed rules of authority. They had no legally established constituency, but one in fact existed, which they did not fail to recognize, and for which they boldly assumed to act.

So during the centuries, in the womb of the continent had been gendered a nation which knew not itself, whose birth, to the astonishment of the world, was accomplished by the bloody pangs of war, and the Continental Congress, as by divine commission, bestowed upon it baptism and a name.

Time would fail me to recount the history of that Congress. "It raised armies, appointed generals, levied taxes, negotiated foreign loans and treaties," carried the war to a successful termination, and finally extorted from unwilling England a full recognition of the perfect legitimacy of this new member of the great family of nations. I cannot stop to speak of the difficulties with which it had to contend, of the noble manner of its own dissolution, or its unselfish action in aiding to submit to the people for adoption the New Constitution which was to provide in its stead a perpetual successor with fixed and defined powers, the lack of which had been the great source of its own weakness. I cannot dwell upon the individual character of its members, or even of that member whom it appointed to be general of its armies; that Man of men, who, when the victory was won, refusing all compensation for his long service, modestly returned to it the sword of command, and quietly sought the home he so dearly loved, and to engage in those avocations and pursuits of peace which he enjoyed with so much zest.

I cannot, however, forbear to mention one of its acts of wise statesmanship. Appreciating the importance of the great Northwest, of which little had then been explored beyond the present State of Ohio, they settled and adjusted the conflicting claims of the different States to the title of the land, and adopted for the Government of the territory the Ordinance of 1787; and to enable the incoming inhabitants to enjoy the "blessings of liberty," which the new Constitution was ordained to secure, they appointed their own distinguished President to be its Governor—to

protect them by his valor and to teach them by his civil experience.

I should, however, do injustice to my theme if I did not make brief comment upon those two great truths they so boldly asserted and so resolutely maintained—the civil equality of man, and that the consent of the governed gives sanction to Government—those truths upon which Government by the Representative Assembly is based. After the lapse of a century we can hardly realize the importance of the declaration of these political principles. It is still more difficult to appreciate the force and potency of the belief, in the world at large, of precisely the contrary doctrine. The origin and persistence of this contrary belief, popularly called "the Divine right of Kings," is one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the human intellect.

In the early days, men, unable to give an account of their own genesis, and perceiving the manifest distinctions in the gifts of mind and body, readily yield to the claim of divine origin by the superior man. It is an assumption so flattering to natural pride and vanity that the claimants came to believe their own fiction. It is one of the survivals of Aryan barbarism, and the belief has pervaded all branches of the race. The Homeric kingly heroes all are given a genealogy ascending to Olympus. In historic times, the royal houses of Sparta and Macedon called themselves Heraclidæ and traced through their founder, their origin directly to the All-seeing Zeus. The other leading families of Greece claimed a like descent from him or some other Olympic Divinity. Even the great Julius, so cultivated and so enlightened, cherished the weak fancy that his ancestral mother was the Divine Beauty, Aphrodite. The same belief was current in the old Teutonic tribes. Those long-haired warriors, with all their natural independence, conceded the right to the family of the Divine Amali to furnish a Chief, or King for their selection. The survival of the barbaric days had been fostered by the priestly class which, under a like claim of divine authority, always sought to rule, or to ally itself with the ruling power. A hundred years ago there pervaded nearly the whole civilized world a belief that something of sacredness was attached to the kingly office. Down into the present century the idea, that there was some occult and mysterious power connected

with the succession to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, still affected the imagination of men.

This general belief was most rudely assailed when the Long Parliament, after arraignment and trial, brought the head of the faithless Charles to the block. As a legal entity it was effectually eradicated from the British Constitution, when the Convention of 1688 deposed the foolish son of the faithless father and called to the throne a prince, who solemnly pledged himself to recognize the representative assemblies of the nation as the supreme law-making power. Yet thousands of pious hearts were greatly outraged at this violent deposition of one whom they believed held his office by divine right, and had received a visible token thereof, when the sacred oil was poured upon his head by a high priest, who, they also believed, held his office in the right of an unbroken succession from the Son of God; and they yielded to the new dynasty a mournful allegiance, quieting their tender consciences with the fond belief that in the new dynasty there could still be found a trace of blood of the royal race of the ancient Æthelings.

The Continental Congress struck at the very root of this belief and laid down as an axiom—as a fundamental principle not to be questioned—that all men are created equal. Henceforth in the State no man was to be regarded as having an inherent right to rule. High and low, rich and poor, gifted and simple, all were to be equal before the law. In the domain of conscience men might still assert divine commission to teach, and in default of production of the original parchment of authority, persuade their followers by such secondary evidence as they could furnish, but such evidence was never to have competency in the State. Men might still follow in private belief those who claim such divine authority, but in the State, priest and believer, were all to stand as equal children of the Common Father.

These truths of the Declaration of Independence, of course, are to be taken with the necessary limitations applicable to all political doctrine. They were intended to apply only to men who, by culture, had attained to the height of understanding the obligation of the moral law. Nor, because they failed to include in their State the negro and the Indian, does it follow that the one could be rightly held as a slave, or the other exterminated as a savage

beast. They laid down the truth for intelligent manhood, and as such to be applicable to all men, for all time. With this principle as the basis, they anticipated the time when the untaught African by training and education, and the savage Indian by the subjection of his natural fierceness, might both attain the capacity to enjoy the benefits of the Government thus established.

Of all the progress and achievements of the century, nothing is more notable than the steady growth of these truths, and the adoption, as a necessary consequent, of the mode of government by the Representative Assembly. It has been established in all the nations of Western Europe, in United Italy, in resurrected Greece, and even among the most progressive peoples of the Turanian race. It matters not whether the Executive be chosen by universal suffrage, or selected from a particular family, which is made the depository of the executive office, whether the executive officer be called President, Marshal, Prince, King, or Emperor, in all these Nations, the exercise of the executive functions is performed in obedience to the Representative Assembly as the law-making power. How much of all this is due to the culture and progress of the people, or how much of their culture and progress is due to this form of government, are questions for the student of history, upon which I cannot dwell.

It may be claimed our great success is more due to the Federal than to the Representative system, but the idea of a Federal Union was no novel device. It had been long known and used equally by pure democracies, and by nations under monarchical rule. It was first applied in the later period of the Greek City, and was evolved in that struggle when the freedom of Greece was being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Macedon and Rome. It was adopted here because of the accident of different charters of the different Colonial States. This and the sparseness of the population have combined to extend the Federal bond, and this Federal system is perhaps the only mode in which the principle of representative government could be applied to so vast a country.

The occasion will not permit me to discuss the methods of selecting the members of the representative body, or the needed reforms in existing methods ; and upon the question whether the system

can be adapted equally to mere municipal government, and to an universal state, I can only make a passing remark. The city of modern civilization is only a limb, not the soul of the State. In it the greatest social distinctions arise. It is also the refuge of the criminal class, and the home of those who follow occupations for which there is no opportunity in rural life. Hitherto the application of this mode to mere municipal rule has not been a pronounced success. In its exercise there has occurred misrule, extravagance, oppressive taxation, betrayal of trusts, and disgraceful corruption. The superficial observer, comparing our greatest city most unfavorable with London or Paris, does not hesitate to declare this mode of government, for municipal rule, a failure. It should be remembered that the breaking up of a new soil is always productive of malarial diseases. I cannot stop to discuss the hopes or conditions of reform, but merely suggest that even in that great and illy governed city of the United States the opportunity for a free education is furnished to every child.

The possibilities of this system for an universal empire I leave to political theorists. For myself I do not believe it can ever become a practical question. Distinct nationality is one of the conditions of human existence, and impracticable difficulties arise in the attempt to unite what nature itself divides. The opposing interests will be too great to permit one body to make equal general laws. The chain will break by its own weight. The cosmopolitan is not the ideal man. I appreciate the fine culture which eradicates all local manners and prejudices, but its tendency is to the elimination of the higher virtues. The earthly millenium is an empty dream, for always in human nature there is an inherent weakness, and in the blossoming of the highest manly virtues there is ever present a scent of provincial flavor.

The moral of my theme—the conditions of the permanency of this mode of government—must be obvious to all. In our generation we have witnessed somewhat of a lowering in the character of the Representative Assembly, both in the States and Nation, and the air is rife with the charges of their corruption. These, however, are but mere passing clouds. As are the people, so will be the character of their representative bodies. We also in our generation, with mingled tears of pride, joy, and sorrow, have witnessed

that the ancient valor of the people is undiminished; and may we not hope in this Centennial year for a renewal of the ancient civic virtues. The conditions of these, and of their continuance are moral and intellectual culture. It should ever be borne in mind that the race is renewed in weakness; each infant contains in himself all the fierce instincts of the original savage, and he can only be brought to perfect manhood by training and education. To keep him in his proper line, those centrifugal tendencies must be checked and balanced by these opposing forces. Let the State, by invincible and never-changing will, educate the intellect of youth, and, trusting to the higher social instincts for the moral culture, we may fondly hope that the success of the century will continue through the ages.

PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

AN ORATION BY HON. GEORGE L. CONVERSE.

DELIVERED AT THE CAPITOL, COLUMBUS, OHIO, JULY 4TH, 1876.

THIS vast multitude of people here assembled is proof of the magnitude and importance of the occasion which has brought us together. The happiness beaming from so many thousand upturned faces is proof that we have met in commemoration of no ordinary event, and the gratitude and joy and reverence in each countenance show that event to have been one with which the happiness and welfare of the human family is in some way connected, and that the event must have been controlled and directed in the councils of heaven itself. No other subject could excite so much feeling in our bosoms, or move such a multitude by one common impulse.

One hundred years ago to-day, and about this hour, the representatives of the thirteen American colonies, assembled at Independence Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, were in solemn and earnest deliberation, upon the subject of American independence and the natural rights of man. At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that memorable day those grand old representative men of the last century, reached a conclusion, and adopted by a unanimous vote the Declaration of Independence which has just been read in your hearing. Then the old bell in the hall tower swung back and forth an hundred times, and with its hundred tongues proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.

A nation was born on that day; a new member added to the family of nations, with a new civilization founded upon natural rights.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that

amongst these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

This is the American idea—these the cardinal principles upon which the new civilization and the new government were based. A government of the people, by the people, founded upon natural justice.

Some religionists, both of the United States and Europe, have been disposed to grumble at the work of that day, and have charged lack of sincerity upon the venerable men who so fearlessly declared American independence and the natural right of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, because slavery then existed and was protected by law in all the thirteen colonies; and because it continued to exist for years, and in some of them for almost a century thereafter.

They claim that the government established by our fathers under the Constitution was a covenant with the evil one, rather than sanctioned by heaven; because it recognized and protected human slavery in violation of the laws of nature and the principles of the declaration.

Such should remember that time is one of the elements entering into nearly all the operations of nature. Thus, a wound upon the human body, or upon any living thing, either animal or vegetable, cannot be healed in a moment. Nature with the added element of time effects a cure. It requires a quarter of a century to rear and develop and educate one man. Countless ages of time are expended in the great laboratory of nature beneath the sea in laying the foundations and building the superstructure of a continent and raising it by the hand of our father to the surface—in covering it with verdure and peopling it with animal life. Who has forgotten the lesson of patience and faith taught by our blessed Lord and Master, in the parable of the tares: "Let both grow together until the harvest."

Instead of being influenced by the censures and fault-finding of theorists and enthusiasts, the wisdom of our fathers should command our highest respect. Their patience, the faith they exhibited in their principles, that in due time they would do their perfect work in the government, as they have done, are still doing, and will continue to do so in the future, should receive our universal and unqualified admiration.

When at this distance of time we look back through the vista of an hundred revolving years, and see the whole train of events which followed the Declaration of Independence as effects follow a cause, and when we observe the glorious results, as the years, like rain drops, fall into the vast ocean of the past, it is easy in our enthusiasm, to see the path of duty and of honor which lay before our ancestors; but when we consider that public opinion was divided, that the wealthy and aristocratic classes were in general opposed to the step—that the lives of the fifty-six signers, and all others who took part, or assisted in carrying forward the measures, were at stake, and that failure would result in increased distress of the people of the colonies, from the oppressions of the British King; when we see them appeal to the God of battles for the rectitude of their intentions, and the justice of their cause—with only two or three millions of people—against the most powerful nation then on the face of the earth, both their faith and conduct became sublime. We cannot realize the conflicting emotions that must have agitated their manly breasts, as they deliberated upon the momentous questions, nor the alternating hopes and fears they must have felt during that baptism of blood, through the seven years' war that followed.

They possessed not only physical courage, which gave them victory in battle, but moral courage which sustained them in adversity and defeat. The blessings of a hundred years rest upon their memory! The whole nation doth rise up this day and call them blessed. Their example gives courage and hope to the down-trodden and the oppressed, and to lovers of liberty everywhere. Self-sacrificing, courageous, hopeful, noble men! Could their days have been lengthened out to witness this Centennial year, or could they be permitted to leave their heavenly abode and revisit this day, the scenes of their earthly struggles and final triumph, or

could the windows of heaven be opened and their disembodied spirits be permitted to see (as perhaps they may) the results of their toil and labor and self-sacrifice, view the ten thousand gatherings of the people throughout the land—hear the glad shouts of fifty millions of people as they hail this Centennial day—feel the breath and sweet incense of grateful prayer as it rises from fifty millions of thankful hearts to the living God with benedictions upon *their* memory, what sublime joy must pervade their immortal souls!

They would see that instead of being British provinces, subject to the laws and dominations of the British crown, we have for almost a hundred years enjoyed all the blessings of liberty and a republican form of government. That we have grown from two or three millions of people to nearly fifty millions; from thirteen weak and sparsely settled Colonies to thirty-seven great, prosperous and powerful States, and to-day the State of Colorado will come into the Union, making thirty-eight, with two or three more asking and ready for admission; that several of the leading States now have each a larger population, more wealth and are more powerful in every respect than the whole thirteen Colonies at the time the immortal fifty-six signed that instrument.

The wilderness extending almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean has disappeared and in its stead are human habitations —cities, towns, villages, churches, school-houses and farms, with their broad fields to-day, waving in God's sunlight, with their rich harvests of golden grain.

The merciless savages, who in the bloody struggle that followed the Declaration of Independence, were employed by our British relations to scalp old men, helpless women and innocent children at the price of a pound each, have so far disappeared that their numbers no longer excite apprehensions of trouble or danger.

Religious liberty is everywhere protected by law—whether in the Capitol, the prison, the poor-house, the church or the domicil —and yet there is entire separation between Church and State, enforced by Constitutional provision.

Here is a school system unsurpassed, and a general intelligence among the people nowhere equalled on the face of the earth.

Instead of thirteen Colonies afflicted with African slavery for which they were in no wise responsible, they would observe four millions of colored men to-day rejoicing in a new found freedom, and with us, heart and soul, revering the memories of the gallant dead, and celebrating this glorious day, with processions and banners and shouts and songs. Who will say now, that the seed sown one hundred years ago did not in due and proper time germinate and bring forth in God's providence its natural fruit? Is not the present condition of affairs the logical sequence of Independence Day?

They would find here the graces of the Christian religion cultivated and practiced, and a purity in both public and private life nowhere else to be found on the face of the earth, politicians to the contrary notwithstanding.

Woman here is more favored, occupies a higher place in creation, and breathes a purer moral atmosphere than in any other land.

They would find this continent free from European domination and influence, and each State, sovereignty and Government on it, making greater, or less progress in our peculiar civilization, under the influence and example of the United States.

The fact is, free government is indigenous in American soil; it flourishes here, and under intelligent cultivation yields a bountiful harvest of happiness. Monarchy, on our soil, is of sickly growth and cannot be successfully cultivated. Louis Napoleon's experiment with Maximilian proves this, and should the Spanish Prince make a like attempt he will share the same fate with the Austrian.

Instead of slow sailing vessels, they would find on river, lake and ocean the swift and powerful steamer; instead of common wagon transports, long trains of cars loaded with passengers and freight, flying with the speed of the wind from one side of the continent to the other; instead of the post-rider, the lightning has been harnessed and conveys intelligence beneath the ocean and to the most distant parts of the globe with the swiftness of thought. The mind is lost in wonder and amazement in contemplating the progress of the human race in a single century under free government.

And, finally, as they turn their immortal eyes toward the City of Brotherly Love—the birth-place of American freedom—on this her natal day, what sublime emotions must agitate the breast of these heroes and patriots, as they witness all the nations of the earth assembled in that place dedicated to freedom under the very shadow of Independence Hall, in friendly emulation, celebrating the triumphs of peace, each nation under its own flag, and all under the ample and protecting folds of the stars and stripes. Truly peace hath her victories and her triumphs as well as war. But what warrior, amongst the most successful the world has ever produced, has been able to prolong his continuous triumph beyond a single week? But peace here hath her daily triumphal procession of vast multitudes, each day differing from that which preceded it, marching through her crystal palace for the period of half a year. Her triumphs are attended with an expense of untold millions of dollars, and conducted with a magnificence and splendor the world has never seen before, but, under the inspiration of freedom and popular government, oft shall see again.

There are no royal prisoners chained to triumphal car, to grace the occasion; there are no treasures and spoil stained with human blood to give it magnificence and splendor, but here is the wealth of the mine, the farm, the workshop, the studio, and the school in orderly arrangement and endless profusion, from all parts of the habitable globe. The city is rightly named. This is now the "city of the soul." Gentle peace, under the banner of freedom, here

> "Hath thus amassed
> All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
> Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask; away with words. Draw near.
> Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, for here
> There is such matter for all feeling."

Can there be any doubt that the nations are profiting by our example? If the world's progress during the last century is any criterion, what will be the condition of affairs at the end of the next? In another century there will be from sixty to a hundred sovereign States. Our Southern border will be

the isthmus ; our Northern, the frozen seas ; and East and West our flag will float far enough to cover with its protecting shadow the adjacent islands.

In other centuries, perhaps, this whole continent will be locked in the embrace of one common brotherhood of States. Under the representative principle and home rule, the Union is capable of great expansion, and could with time and education be made to embrace the continent. American citizenship shall everywhere be a panoply and a shield to its possessor. Our population may become as countless as the sands on the sea shore, but science shall unlock to them the secret storehouse of wealth. The earth under their manipulation shall yield her products more abundantly and with greater regularity. Science shall discover to them the door that leads to the rich deposits of silver, gold and precious stones. By its aid, her commerce may float in the air above the mountain top and the cloud, or be guided on glistening rails beneath the ocean. The arcana of nature will be explored —the air, the water—the very elements shall give up their secret treasures of power and of motion, at the command of science, to the sons of freedom.

In the march of coming generations, the thundering tread of American freemen, whether in war or in peace, shall echo from the distant ocean shore on either side, and be heard and heeded alike by Caucasian and Mongolian.

In the clash of ideas and political principles sure to come in the distant future, America will represent one type of civilization, with free and popular government, while Russia, having swallowed the lesser kingdoms around or combining with them, shall represent the other, with centralization and despotism.

When the two systems meet, as meet they will, it will be in the shock of dreadful war, and like the meeting of two clouds surcharged with the elements of storm, the land will be deluged in blood. The sons of freedom shall prevail, and out of the conflict shall arise the sweet and lasting peace that shall characterize the millennium.

This picture is not altogether imaginary. The ancient prophets have prophesied concerning this land and this government of ours, and have recorded their prophecy in the sacred scriptures. This

is the restored Israel spoken of by the prophets. This is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands. This is the male child born of the woman that fled into the wilderness. These are the waiting isles—in part peopled from the North and the the West, and from the land of Sinnim, foretold by the prophet Isaiah.

This is the land between two seas East and West—the land that hath always been waste—the land whose people were gathered out of the nations of the earth—the land where the stranger hath an inheritance—the land of unwalled towns and villages—the land of broad rivers and streams which Ezekiel saw.

It was of this free people and this glorious republic that Jeremiah prophesied when he speaks of a people who gather themselves together and appoint unto themselves one head—a people whose nobles shall be of themselves, and whose governors shall proceed from the midst of them.

Who does not love this glorious republic better because it is mentioned in the Scriptures ? Thus it is, religion and patriotism combine, with exultation, gratitude and hope to swell the flood of emotions that sweep over our souls this day.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

AN ADDRESS BY HON. HARVEY RICE, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

DELIVERED AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, JULY 4TH, 1876.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—We have met to commemorate the centennial of our national existence. One hundred years ago an infant republic was born on this continent whose first utterances announced to the world the Declaration of her Independence. Marvelous as it may seem, she weaned herself from the nursing cares of her mother on the day of her birth.

It was an auspicious day for her and for this world. The "star of empire" appeared in the West, stood over her cradle, and shed upon her brow its genial radiance and inspiring influence. Conscious of her native strength and the justice of her cause, she flung her star-spangled banner to the breeze, and when came the "tug of war," the God of battles gave her the victory.

And now, having grown within a single century to be a mighty republic, may she still live on, pure as at her birth, and, still growing in strength, make the coming centuries of the great future her stepping stones to advancement, and by her civilizing and Christianizing influence elevate the nations of the earth to the level of a common brotherhood, and thus bequeath to all mankind the full and free enjoyment of equal rights and equal liberties. And may God grant that her star-spangled banner shall henceforth and forever float in triumph

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

DEMOCRACY IN DANGER.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. R. A. HOLLAND.

DELIVERED IN CHRIST CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

THERE are two kinds of patriotism—one of instinct, the other of reason. Patriotism of instinct is attachment to a spot of ground, familiar scenes, inherited customs, a geographical name. It is the love of the fox for his hole, the fowl for her nest. In war a sort of magic, mobilizing men into instant armies reckless of death, in peace it encourages abuses and invites usurpations by defending every evil that may be done in the sacred name of country. "My country, right or wrong," is its confession of faith, and for fetish it worships a flag.

Not in this spirit have we assembled to-day to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of our republic, but rather in the spirit of that more rational patriotism which loving truth, right, humanity first, loves country only in so far as these supreme ideas are or may be organized and administered in its policy. For governments are not an end to themselves, but means for achieving an end which is higher, broader, more enduring. They exist for man, not man for them. The method by which he attempts to realize social aims, they change in form as one form after another fails of its task. Even if the form should be perfect in its adaptation to a particular stage of national growth. The continuance of such growth would by and bye require a change to suit its enlarging needs. And whatever may be the fate of individual nations, whether or not their law is to mature and decay, the growth of the race is constant and imparts its gains of experience to all institutions that are vital enough to assimilate them. Accordingly, experiments in government have not been without an order of succession and a certain utility of failure. Failure warns against exact repetition. Men are not likely to go back to feudalism or despotism, the reign

A particular stage of national growth.

of one or of a few, for the models of future society. When only the few had knowledge and wealth, it was well that the few should govern; but knowledge has now become common, and wealth diffuse. There are no longer in our civilization lord and vassal separated by an impassable gulf. The gulf has been closed by a middle class nobler in intelligence and richer in estate than baronage. The rabble, as it was once called, has by co-operation, risen likewise in consciousness of power and stands before wealth and rank, with bare arms that on provocation might toss them both out of its way. One would have to bind one's eyes with fold on fold of prejudice not to see that the tendency of these changes is towards democracy; that, indeed, by peoples who have graduated from a state of pupilage and know their manhood, no other kind of government will be tolerated long unless in evident transition towards democracy.

Within the present century we have seen Great Britain admit multitudes to a partnership in her crown, Spain elect a monarch who rules by popular consent, Italy unite under a sceptre wrought of suffrage and stronger than the keys of St. Peter, Russia emancipate her serfs, and France stunned by the horror of the first revolution and reeling between throne and tribune as if unable to collect her senses, finally ascend the latter with firm step and proclaim the republic of peace.

And still the tendency of governments sets in the same direction, and gains impetuosity as it goes. Men have not to be harangued any more about liberty, equality, fraternity. These ere-while abstractions are household words defined by the heart. Liberty—the right of every man to be himself so far as his self-hood does not trench upon the same right in others; equality—the level on which all men stand before the law, none born to rank or rule, each exercising the authority he obeys, sovereign that he may be subject, and subject that he may be sovereign; and fraternity, which is identity of interest, abolition of caste, every man being as jealous of the rights of every other as of his own, and the strongest and wisest willing to bear vexation or hardship that the weak and ignorant may qualify themselves for self-government by the use of rights which, even when least understood, foster self-respect, independence and

The republic of peace.

a lively concern in affairs of state, and thus serve for a moral education.

The question is not whether democracy be the cheapest form of government, or the shrewdest, or the most facile, or the stoutest against inner or outer foes—in all which qualities superiority may be conceded to despotism; but whether in spite of extravagance, blunders, caprice, it is not the best for man as man, worth its excess of cost in money and toil and sense of danger.

Did monarchy impose small taxes, stimulate trade, render speedy and sure the process of law and lighten every load of government, the government would still weigh heavy on a shoulder that felt itself the bearer of a compulsory benefit. There is nothing in the power of government to bestow so precious as man's right to rule himself—a right which democracy simply admits and leaves free to take whatever form it will. Better manhood with liberty, though liberty run risk of license; better manhood with equality, though equality sway to transcient rule of ignorance and vice; better manhood with fraternity, though fraternity may run for awhile into the clannish hate and envy of the commune; better universal suffrage with all its drawbacks and dangers than any limitation of it that bars the birthright of the soul. Sooner or later, by the very discipline which their errors, with the consequent sufferings, enforce, men will learn the art of self-government; and the secret of that art, when learned, will be little else than the wiser head and warmer heart and more helpful hand of a developed manhood.

Bars the birthright of the soul.

Nor is it mere moony vision or spread-eagle rapture to anticipate a democracy as vast as civilization. Be it for good or evil, the peoples will not rest until they have tried the experiment and tried it more than once. The might is theirs and they will exert it; theirs is the right and it will justify the utmost exertion to throw off the yoke of titled accidents; and if progress be the law of humanity, as it is of all things else, might and right must grow with time into graces of unity, peace and concord. Otherwise humanity is a predestined failure, and the ethics of its hope a lie.

For what else is democracy in the purest notion of it but the religion of politics. It means faith in man and in his destiny; it means that there is more of good than of evil in his nature, and

that in the conflict between them the good shall triumph at last; it means the supremacy of conscience over force, and of reason over prejudice and passion; it means that men shall love their neighbors as themselves, and so adopts the golden rule for a civil constitution and charters the brotherhood of the race.

This, I say, is the ideal state of society. Perhaps not to be attained for ages, it will yet be steadily approached by the advance of civilization. The possibility of its attainment is bound up with no particular form of administration. Different forms may be wanted for different people, all forms will change with changing epochs; but throughout differences and changes the spirit of democracy shall live and wax strong, healing whatever suspicions, discords, strifes afflict the body that grows meanwhile towards the fulness of the stature of a perfect man.

But why these truisms about democracy? For truisms they appear to the American mind. Is it necessary after a hundred years of democratic government to argue its utility and prophesy its permanence? Yes, and therein is the saddest reflection of our Centennial holiday. Time was when the American people believed in their institutions as an article of religion. To doubt their beneficence was heresy, as to fear for their perpetuity was treason. Such faith may have been child-like, but it was the substance of things hoped for. Its simplicity was justified by the rare auspices under which the experiment of free government began. There were no old customs and traditions to cast away. The nation was new-born. No enemies threatened its young life. Oceans made a moat between it and foreign harm. A continent gave it room and its forthgoings of enterprise were but an athlete's pastime. It had a presentiment of high destiny, of some august mission to the world, and was exalted by that day-dream above everything mean and sordid. Here, it said, in this new world of nature, there shall be a new world of society. The old world is faint under oppression. The heaped up evil of a thousand years lies upon its breast, like Ætna on Enceladus, and the Titan's unrest only heaves the mountain it cannot remove. Let us begin afresh. Let the oppressed of every land come hither for asylum. There is room enough and to spare. There shall be no distinction of class, no alienage of race, no barrier of religion. As one people

equal and free, we will enact our own laws, elect our own officers to administer them in trust and call no man master. The old world looking hither shall see our glory and wonder as at a sunrise in the west.

A sunrise in the west.

It was the invitation of youth, but there were many young hearts that heeded it. They flocked hither on the winds. Cities were extemporized to shelter them, states multiplied by a kind of segmentation, habitations sprang up in the desert, and the wilderness and the solitary places were glad with surprise. Rough, perhaps, the people were, unsophisticated and grotesquely proud of their prerogative, but they had virtues which more than offset these defects. They were as devoted to the principles of their government as the Parsee to his sacred fire. These principles they talked over by fireside and church door, on the road, behind the plough, in the smithy and across the counter. With heads bowed over the published reports of Congress, they listened to every word of its debates attentively enough to learn them almost by heart. By their very rights they were apprenticed to statesmanship, and the statesmanship they studied was that of Hamilton, of Jefferson, of Adams, of Madison, of Webster, of Calhoun—prophets whose mantle caught by no worthy successor, has fallen in the dust. Those were the poetic days of our politics; bribery, stock-jobbing and embezzlement were unknown in high places; the least suspicion soiled a public name; official honor was as delicate and sensitive as virginity. Then the benefits of democracy were a truism, and only discoursed of in panegyric.

But those days are no more. What contributed most to preserve their purity was the freshness of the ideas which engaged the minds of the people and which the people were striving to embody in their institutions. A great idea transfigures whatever it informs, whether an individual, a state or a church, and turns the coarsest tissue of organism through which it shines into radiance "exceeding white as snow." And such ideas are involved in the questions that engrossed the first thought of the nation. Was it to be a mere fasces of states, bound about an axe of common defence, or a nation indeed? Was it to be self-blockaded for the protection of a guild, or open in trade to the world that its citizens might have the benefit of the world's competition in its markets?

Was it to be restricted or universal in suffrage? The answers to these questions created parties, but they were parties breathed into by earnest thought and by such breath of life made living souls. They had a faith and a purpose, and sought to fix that faith and purpose in the framework of the republic. But the issues that divided them are now settled or ignored; the great ideas that organized them have passed from thought into fact, or oblivion; still the parties remain—remain without a soul. How can they be other than corrupt when they are but the carcasses of themselves. They use the old names for purposes wholly strange to their significance. They contend without hostility of opinion. They present the same statement of principles, each trying, however, in the artifice of it to construct the more tempting trap for votes. Both are in favor of economical government, of low tariff, of correcting abuses, of kindness to widows and orphans of dead soldiers, and of putting everybody in a good humor. Both avoid any declaration of belief that might cause a change of lines and the disruption of their compact and subservient organizations—organizations so compact and subservient as to belong to a set of men called bosses, who make a business of driving and trading their herded souls, which are too dull to hear the crack of the caucus whip or too tame to bolt from under it.

A set of men called bosses.

Every honest man must feel, even if he does not acknowledge, the dishonesty of such organizations, and whenever felt, and not renounced, that dishonesty is tainting his character. Hence the prevalent compromise between partisanship and virtue—a partition put into the conscience that one side may be kept clean for the ordinary duties of life, while the other is fouled by the use of party. Violation of the ballot is condemned in the abstract as an assault on the republic's life, but covered up or excused when done for the sake of one's party. Fraud is an abomination, and ought to be tied hand and foot and thrown into jail, but may be given a softer name and treated more tenderly—possibly allowed to escape and honored for its zeal when acting as the agent of one's party.

Nevertheless, dishonesty is dishonesty; dishonesty with one's self glides easily into dishonesty with others—dishonesty of allegiance into dishonesty of broken trusts. It is no worse to steal the

people's money than to steal their votes. If party can connive at one, party may apologize for the other and defend it. Hence theft with arms elbow-deep in the treasury of cities; theft shaking empty the overturned coffers of states; theft of hard-earned savings from freedmen; theft of dole from half-naked and half-starved Indians; theft of wages from soldiers on the frontier; theft from the graves of the nation's heroic dead; theft of revenue, of customs, of appropriations to lay out public grounds, erect public edifices, build ships of war, carry mails, pave iron thoroughfares across the continent; theft promoted in the name of civil-service reform, and given charge of the nation's exchequer. And why not? Who cares but the opposite party, itself as slow to discover and as quick to condone the sins of its own adherents. No tremendous shock, no vast flaming up of indignation follows the exposure of the wholesale roguery. Certainly not; the roughs are high-toned rogues. Gentlemen of the first-class; eminent respectabilities—judges, are they, and governors and generals, and chairmen of congressional committees and senators, and ambassadors to foreign courts, and advisers of the president's council, who have stolen handsomely by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and not like a low-bred felon. Let them off, your excellency, for the sake of their wives who have not hoarded the ill-gotten gain selfishly, but turned it into diamonds to decorate the drawing-rooms of the capital. Mollify their sentence, your honor, in consideration of their wealth, which should have kept them above temptation; their age, which, sinned not from impulse, but with veteran deliberation; their influence, which spreads all the further the corruption of a bad example. Has not justice ever demanded that punishment should be severe according to the distress, inexperience and obscurity of the culprit? And you, gentlemen of the jury, acquit, by all means acquit; innocent or guilty, still acquit any whom to convict would be to graze, if not to pierce, the head of the nation.

High-toned rogues.

I trust that those who hear me will not think that in these words I wish to aid one party by branding the other. I am not a partisan. I have never cast a partisan vote. I have no preference for Democrat or Republican, as such. I have no

reason to believe that the party now out of power would withstand the temptations of fifteen years of absolute sway more successfully than the party has done which still controls the emoluments of the administration. Both parties seem to me notionless, without aim beyond the getting or keeping of power by any sort of clap-trap, and therefore, morally dead, their activity being the activity of rot. What boots the promise of reform from men who, to fulfil that promise, must padlock their own hands? The pledges of a national convention, are they worth any more than the pledges of such men? Is not the convention itself a huge trick? Pretending to represent the people, it represents, with few exceptions, a class whom the people ought to detest as mountebanks. The primary meetings which elect the delegates are packed by bummers, who take their cue from local bosses, and the delegates nearly all are office-holders or office-seekers, who in turn are wire-pulled by a clique that prepares their work in advance, and prompts every detail of it. Before the convention assembles, traffic has been going on between aspirants and those who have part in the privilege of nomination; if not traffic in coin, traffic in promises of office, for promises of support, which is bribery as real and as gross. When the convention organizes, it organizes for any other object than to deliberate and choose as becomes the pretending representatives of half a nation; deliberation is confounded by hired shouts and hisses of clans that strive for their respective favorites, and choice waits impatient on a signal to desert its real favorite for the ranks of the winning chief. And this body of politicians who hope by electing their candidate for the presidency to elect themselves to a share of his patronage, this body which is spurious from its earliest conception in a ward-meeting to its expiring resolve, would cozen the people again and again with oaths of reform. Reform, indeed! Will it reform itself out of existence? When votes are not sought for the maintenance of a principle, what other motive can explain the zeal, the expense, the labor with which they are solicited? Not the excellence of candidates, since candidates are never chosen for their excellence, but for their availability in pushing the ends of party; not the enthusiasm of the party's rank and file, which are apathetic

until uproused by the appeals of interested leaders who urge on the canvass. What then but greed for place, power, perquisites?—the fenris wolf whose jaws it is the first duty of reform to gag and split asunder! Reform, therefore, is impossible by parties so long as they exist in their present organizations, and the civil service of the country is labelled with the motto: "To the victors belong the spoils."

"To the victors belong the spoils."

In this service are thousands of offices that have no relation to questions of civil polity. The assessment and collection of taxes, the stamping of money, award of patents, distribution of mails, arrest, prosecution and punishment of criminals, are simply wheels and bands in the machinery of government, and should move the same under all changes of administration. As well dismiss all notaries public, or teachers of public schools, or officers of the army with every turn of an election as the persons engaged in this equally routine work. Yet, however faithful and expert, they must retire when another party than that to which they belong marches into possession of the nation's offices, for "to the victors belong the spoils." Even while in office they hang there on the pleasure of their patron, and may be cut off at any hour; competency counts for nothing unless it be competency to further his schemes. Flunkeyism is the most profitable type of character. Salaries are paid less for service to the country than for service against it. These salaries are then docked by the dispensers of patronage, who chastise complaint with forfeiture of the office itself; and so the nation's work is neglected, her interests betrayed, her revenues squandered, her industry stricken prone that "to the victors may belong the spoils."

Said one high in position, who lost his official hand by thrusting it into this soul-grinding machine to check some of its operations: "No sooner is a man in place than his rivals or enemies are on his track, ready to prove that he was the most unfit person that could be chosen, and that the party will be utterly demoralized if he is not instantly removed and his place given to another. If a month or two were all that is wasted in this employment it would be bad enough; but the truth is, that by far the larger part of the time of the president and all the members of his

cabinet is occupied by this worse than useless drudgery during the whole term of his office, and it forms literally and absolutely the staple of their work. It is, therefore, no figure of speech to say that administering the government means the distribution of its offices, and that its diplomacy, finance, military, naval and internal administration are the minor affairs which the settled policy of the country has relegated to such odds and ends of time as may be snatched from the greater cares of office." —Hon. J. D. Cox.

Think you then that a party, of its own free will and accord, will surrender the hope of these spoils so dear, which hope alone holds it together from commander-in-chief down to the corporal of the curbstone who drums up recruits with a dram of whiskey? No. Never will that hope be surrendered except at the demand of the people breaking loose from party and bent on deliverance from wrongs which have been suffered until they become insufferable. And the man who leads that uprising to victory, will save the republic from a greater peril than threatened its life in civil war. Has the hour come, and the man?

Another danger to Democracy.

But there is another danger to Democracy. The country has grown rich with almost magic suddenness. Its great extent of soil, inexhaustible mineral resources, universal opportunity of profitable labor, together with the rapid influx of population which these attract, have made the pursuit of wealth a mania.

It is as if money had been showering from the sky, and men had postponed all other thought than to pick up a fortune before the miracle was over. Thus, the very ease with which the republic prospered has been an injury to its permanent welfare; since that ease gave quiet to patriotism and excited avarice. As a result avarice is to-day the ruling passion of Americans. More with us than with any other nation does money regulate the scale of society. Money is our rank, our morality; in the hand hushes all inquest as to how it was got—commands like omnipotence. In our haste to be rich honest work for moderate wages is despised. Speculation runs mad. The activity of commerce exceeds its material. Values are fictitious and fluctuate every hour. Busi-

ness gambles in contingencies and banks heavily on the future. Mutual sense of risk in all transactions tenders off-hand compromise to debt, and debt freed from its awe of obligation rushes into extravagance; and extravagance is the quicksand where through contracts made not to be kept, mendacity, disregard of the rights of others, manhood, sinks towards utter loss of self-respect, at once its death and burial. But self-respect is the very spirit of democracy, and the spirit gone, nothing remains but the rule of the mob; insanest of tyrannies! Again, out of our haste to be rich have risen numerous corporations which mass the capital of many in one giant stock with a giant's grasp. By such combinations the evils of individual avarice are aggravated. Division of responsibility among the members of a board and the impersonal nature of their operations renders them more unscrupulous and fearless than they each would be in a solitary enterprise. Having no existence but for money-making, the corporation regards all other existence from that stand-point. Soulless itself, it is without faculty to recognize the soul. It looks upon laws as commodities and those who enact and execute them as commission-brokers. Life, labor, commerce, art, politics and religion seem to it various phases of a melee whose prizes are for the strongest, and the corporation is the strongest. Individuals must die, corporations may be perpetual. Individual estates must dissolve and mingle again with the current wealth; the estates of corporations may stay entire and increase age after age. Already among us are some of these giants, yet in their youth, that own cities, hold liens on States, step off their acreage to the width of a continent and wear county-courts, common councils, legislatures and congress on their *ring* fingers. Compare their bold predatory course with the halt and blind policy of the parties which have charge of our institutions and answer if their continued aggrandizement does not bode ill to democracy.

A more serious danger yet.

But there is a more serious danger yet. Old parties may corrupt, but their corruption is decay, and from that decay new parties will spring into life; corporations, while buying special legislation, aid in developing the wealth of the country and are sure to incur popular wrath whenever their exorbitancies gall—provided the ballot remains pure and

efficient. It is by the ballot that the people think, repent, resolve, and carry their mind into conduct. They may think slowly, but by errors they will at last learn truth; they may repent late, but the later the repentance the sorer the conscious need of reform: they may hesitate long to act, but the hesitation sharpens the exigency that will spur them to swifter and more irresistible action when they start. Thus the ballot may educate them through evil into habits of forethought, of vigilance, of prompt exertion. But without purity and efficiency the ballot is worse than useless—it is an imposition. The people do not govern themselves, but are governed by unknown usurpers. Safer a Cæsar crowned for services to the state, or the weak heir of a name constrained by the glare of a kingdom's eyes—

> "That fierce light which beats upon a throne,
> And blackens every blot—"

Than these despots of the dark. What the ark was to Israel the ballot should be to the American people, and their love of liberty should act like a divine presence to palsy the hand that profanes it. Nor is such profanation menaced, as some apprehend, chiefly by ignorance. Ignorance may be reverent and cautious as well as rash. Besides, who are the ignorant of a nation? Capitalists are ignorant as well as workingmen. Students of one branch of knowledge are ignorant of many other branches. The most learned think of themselves as learners still. There are no standard textbooks of government, acquaintance with which may be demanded as a necessary qualification for suffrage, nor is any distinction valid between those who hold different theories of government and those who hold no theory at all. It was Milton who rebuked the grammarian, and said: "Whosoever he be, though from among the dregs of the common people, that you are so keen upon, whosoever, I say, has sucked in this principle, that he was not born for his prince but for God and his country—he deserves the reputation of a learned and an honest and a wise man more, and is of greater use in the world, than yourself." Moreover in the people wise and unwise are mixed together, and the difference between them melts away with time. The philosophy of one generation is the proverb of the next. Before Adam Smith had been dead a cen-

tury there was a realm of Adam Smiths. A word of fire went forth from a private citizen of Boston, and a score of years afterwards, he heard its effect in the cannonade of armies and the clank of a million falling chains.

No, the danger to democracy is not so much in ignorance as in indifference. The poor man loves his franchise for the sense of equality with the richest which it confers, and the villain is as sure to vote as a hawker to cry his wares. It is the men of culture who least esteem the privilege and therefore are most apt to neglect it. They feel degraded in an occupation which cheapens their culture to a par with boorishness and venality. Considering themselves the few, and the base and unlettered the many, they think of the rule of the majority as inevitably a rule of ignorance and vice—the inversion of social order. And their despondency would be reasonable, their indifference blameless, if the functions and duties of the ballot were confined to the mere depositing of votes. But the ballot includes all the mental and moral forces that enlighten the judgment and influence the will of the voters. In that work the few are not necessarily a minority; intelligence has sway equal to its worth, and character is more than a multitude. Howbeit, character needs time to count itself. The fool can say his folly in a minute, but the speech of understanding is slow. By acting on these principles in certain crises of state, character *has* demonstrated its supremacy. But why wait for crises to do what might be better done and with less fatigue by steady work? Is it because such work seems a disproportionate task for the few? Nature everywhere joins rare responsibility to rare endowments. The most favored citizens are by their very condition detailed to stand guard for the rest. They must watch while others sleep. Tyranny is an insidious thing, and it is for them to detect its crawl in the slightest abuse and transfix the snake before it raises its head to strike. When majorities begin to corrupt, they should be the first to revolt, and by concerted action baffle the hope of plunder and confuse the discipline of party. The wretch who interferes with the ballot they should lynch with their scorn as one who had attempted to garrote Liberty herself for debauchment.

Baffle the hope of plunder.

Gentlemen, churchmen, does your conscience acknowledge the

high obligation? Then, as men of conscience, to your duty. The dilletantism that pleads refinement in a neglect of duty is cowardice, as mean a vice as any that begrimes the riff-raff it would shun. Wherever citizens meet to discuss public interests, you should be seen and heard and felt. Wherever place-hunters plot in caucus against the commonwealth you should not shrink from going to spy out their mischief that it may be brought to judgment. Least of all can you afford to countenance or even seem to wink at the pettiest falsehood, or fraud, or meddling with the perfect candor of the people's choice. And when the hour of darkness falls and men's hearts are failing them for fear—who, if not you, shall be the forlorn hope of the republic and rally its discouraged forces? Liberty has many sons and loves them all; but some know her only by the look of cheer that blesses their toil, and others by the hand-clasp that has led them into opportunities of wealth and honor; and others by her sentinel step around the altar-places of the soul, its love of truth and freedom of worship; while to a few she has confided her whole heart, her good intentions to men, and anxiety lest men should mar their fulfilment by distrust, and all her lifelong dream of a perfect race. Who of these sons should love her most? And if these who should love most because most trusted with love, betray, is there any treason that can be likened to their treachery?

Such are some of the most serious dangers that confront American democracy in its hundredth year. Doubtless they have been precipitated and made worse by the war through which it has recently passed. All war is savagery, and to prosecute war, civilization must forget its moral achievements and return to the instincts of the forest and jungle. However righteous the aim of a war, in the fury of strife, it is remembered only to license these instincts which, as soon as let slip, speed to havoc. Since, not the army only, but the whole people fight, we may expect, if the fight is protracted, that the savage instincts of the people will run so wild that morality cannot readily call them back into leash. Ferocity, deceit and lust of pillage having survived the occasion that allowed them, will henceforth seek their prey by the stratagems of peace. Defects of government they will take to for cover and follow the scent of an evil tendency as a jackal noses out distant

carrion. Thus, while the late war revealed the nation's strength, it likewise revealed or prepared the revelation of the nation's weakness. That strength is the devotion of the masses to the great ideas embodied in our constitution; that weakness is the ease with which the masses are duped by a catch-word of party to intrust their government to men who filch its treasures or waste them in subsidizing corporations which grow fat only to want more, and which in order to get all they want would rob the people of their last liberty, a state of things already so bad that the better class of citizens have begun to lose heart, and by despondency are abetting the evil they deplore. Nevertheless, melancholy as the situation is, I see no cause to despair. The weakness of Democracy seems to me the weakness of strength. Dangers beset all governments and will beset them until men are perfect, and then government shall no longer be needed.

We are not in the millennium that we should throw up our hands at sight of wrong and marvel how it chanced here. Our world is thick with wrongs, and out of them government is to be built the best it may, so placing the tendency of one wrong against the tendency of another as to make, if possible, a fair proportion and a staunch support like the stones of an arch. The only question is, have we the architect in Democracy? I believe we have. I believe that the pressure of abuses will render the people more compact. Resistance, even now, is getting dense among us; parties do not hold the elements of it apart as hitherto. There are enough who desire reform to compel it if they were only pressed into unity of action. The pressure will come, and, with it, the reform.

Moreover a new power has just appeared among the people and reinforced their wisdom and will. It is the independent press. Until yesterday the daily press was the mouthpiece of party. Living on patronage it had to fawn. But wealth gives independence, and thus it happens that the ablest and most extensively read newspapers are those which have broken their alliance with party. They stand apart, unsparing critics of mischievous legislation and malfeasance of office. Parties dread their censure, and to corrupt politicians it is worse than indictment. Their eye is everywhere and their voice fills the land. Many an official whose crime is still

secret, sleeps uncomfortably in the fear that some morning he will wake up to hear them shouting his name from city to city with a curse. They may yet prove the people's trump of doom.

All in all, the republic has reason to be proud of its hundred years. For a hundred years the test of democracy, in spite of drawbacks and dangers, has been favorable. For a hundred years it has shown as much discretion as have contemporary monarchies in dealing with social problems. For a hundred years, with now and then a financial famine such as visits all governments alike, it has rivalled the richest empires in prosperity. And should the outward form of it perish at sunset of this anniversary, the example of democracy working out a hundred years of such order, energy, accumulation of wealth, and union of diverse interests in fealty to a sublime moral sentiment, has spoiled the race for any other form of government. It has insured beyond doubt that though in the end it should fail here, the experiment will be tried elsewhere, and until by an education of trials men have learned to maintain their own and respect each other's rights.

But I cannot suffer myself to think of failure. The day forbids it, and points to good omens under the cloud. The republic is more closely knit than ever before. The wound of sectional war is well nigh healed. The flowers that fall on graves every spring from hands impartial to the blue and the gray, are flowers of a common hope that our country's springtime may abound more and more to a far summer. Side by side, the North and South face the future and look into it with the same desire, and shall march against its dangers, and I trust through them with linked pace.

Best sign of all, as it were horses and chariots of fire round about, are the schools of every rural precinct and village and city where the children of rich and poor, cultured and ignorant meet together and by associations as well as by study learn to rule themselves as equal and free and one. Self-preserved by thus training her generations ever to purer and wiser patriotism, may the republic live to celebrate her Century of Centuries.

NATION BUILDING.

AN ORATION BY REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D. D

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., JULY 4TH, 1876.

THE day is coming when our people will realize the responsibility of the work which the God of Nations has given men to do.

I do not believe that nations are a joint stock corporation, for the production of so much wealth and enjoyment. A nation is worth just the men, and just the women it produces.

If we desire to estimate the value of America to-day, we should ask, not what its experiments or advances are, but what its manhood is. How much of downright honor, integrity, firmness of purpose, courage, and manly back-bone, and virtue, there may remain in the people?

It is one of the works of a nation to train men—to bring them up. This is what nations are doing all the world over.

The nation which educates its men according to the best type of manhood should rank as the foremost of the earth.

The speaker illustrated this principle by a reference to the present training of the youth of England and France; and the development of the children of America into the types of true manhood.

In this training there are two powers which go to advance and consummate it.

1. There is the Law of the land, and the law of the land is the declaration of the principles of the people. Many persons fancy that legislation makes the law, but the living law of the land no legislature can make or repeal; it is the judgment of the people as to what is right or wrong; and by it their opinions of what is just and honorable are regulated.

2. There are the National Traditions of a people: their national sense and feeling.

Sometimes it is called public opinion. Real public opinion is the deliberate conviction handed down from father to son.

Truth of speech is part of the tradition of our land. No man has ever lived and died nobly whose life has not been incorporated in the national traditions. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and all the great men of our heroic period contributed to the stream of national traditions, and it is by such traditions that the character of our young men is to be moulded.

The lives of bad men are never taken as models by a nation. "The good that men do lives after them; the evil is buried with their bones." The deeds of Washington live, Arnold's die.

The best nation is not the richest or the strongest, but the one with the best government.

One hundred years ago our forefathers took upon themselves the responsibility of making a nation—they took it out of the hands of kings, leaders, statesmen, into their own hard, rough hands.

The speaker observed that he noted too general a disposition to put an implicit trust in a particular leader, and to give all the credit of a victory to him. All of the great victories of this world have been won by the nameless combatants who have gone down to unknown graves.

No good can come to this country from any single man.

I have been sometimes afraid, when observing that the best classes of the community keep away from the polls and the primary meetings, as places too rough for gentlemen, that the expectations of our forefathers were defeated when they established a democratic government. A democracy was never kid-gloved.

If the men of culture and refinement, who wear kid gloves and fine clothes, are going to live in a Republic, they must be content to crowd the polls, side by side with the men from the factory and the engine, in their coarse blouses.

The masses are to blame for the corruption in the Government, for it devolves upon every honest man to consider well in the matter and place men of integrity in office.

The speaker pointed to the approach of a glorious day for the Republic.

The good of a nation is advanced by the influence of unseen

deeds and words; more by the ploughshare than the sword; more by the benevolent act of some good woman in her home, among her children, than the eloquence of a Senate; more by the kindness of man to man than the splendid victories which cause the bells to peal.

It has been often the case that nations have grown up unnoticed and unknown; its roots have been hidden in secrecy and darkness; gradually the little leaves of natural life have broken through the obscuring earth. Still years have elapsed before the tree has stood, like a firm rooted oak, upon the hills or plains.

One hundred years ago to-day this people sprang full-armed and full-grown into national life. With all the stores that had been collected by Asia and Europe, and the civilization of Africa, it began its career of progress, giving to the earth a new people, but not a new race. This people had a new land in which to try the experiments of civilization. It seems as if the Divine Ruler of the world had preserved for ages this virgin land that men might come to it in the full growth of experience and advancement, and undertake to amend in the future the sad failures of the past. Some nations have been created for one purpose, others for another, according to the providence of God, but it seems to have been especially reserved for this people to undertake, in the world's prime, the work of Nation Building in a manner in which it had never been essayed before. Other nations had to work their way along, slowly and with difficulty; they had to learn by bitter experience, after many failures and blunders, and finally only succeeded in part. We began our national career with the failures of other peoples as warnings, and at once America became the beacon-light of unhappy and oppressed races throughout the world. From all quarters of the globe men turned their eyes in expectation towards a land where human life should assume a new meaning, where human existence should take a new purpose, where all the failures which had darkened the future of mankind, elsewhere, were to be swept away.

America became the hope and trust of all mankind. No European race can claim the sole honor of the organization of this people. The Celt, the Saxon and the Teuton, alike have had their part to play, in forming a newer and better country. We are to-

day as our fathers were in the past, engaged in this work of nation building. Many nations have had their representative to build for them; they have had kings to guide them, despots to lead the way for them. We have had none of these. Our heroic age was very short. The peculiarity of American civilization is that we depend upon no hero, no king, least of all, a despot, for our civilization, but on the average Common Sense of common men. Upon the average men and women of this land has come the work of nation building. It has been our part to fell forests, to drain marshes, to build cities, to lay railroads that carry commerce and civilization over the broad prairies of the West, and the savannas of the South, and the hills and dales of the North. We have prospered in these hundred years that have passed, and, thank God, there is nothing in our history which we desire to hide for shame. We have had hard work, have made mistakes, and have been not the best people in the world, by any means.

Look upon the record of our conquests over the physical forces. Let the world look, and see what we have done in one hundred years. What other land in all the earth can show the like?

We can show no throne, and thank God for that. We can show no aristocracy, and thank God for that, also.

We have no established church. You cannot point out in the streets the towering columns which commemorate victories in the past, neither the statues of the heroes fallen centuries ago. We cannot point you to the lofty palaces of our great and rich men, but we can direct your gaze to Forty Millions of people, better fed, better housed, better cared for, better clothed, more intelligent, better educated in the average than any forty millions of people that have ever lived upon earth. I take it that this is something to be thankful for.

While we are showing our visitors, in this Centennial year, the great advancements in material civilization, I am sure that our people have not forgotten what lies before them in the century which is to come.

NATIONAL PERILS AND SAFEGUARDS.

AN ORATION BY HON. THEODORE ROMEYN.

DELIVERED AT DETROIT, MICH., JULY 4TH, 1876.

The English colonization of North America commenced less than three centuries ago.

Patents, or charters were procured from the Crown, and the relations of the colonies were directly with the King and not with Parliament. Hence, in the Declaration of Independence, is the recital of the injuries and usurpations of the Crown. The right of Parliament to pass laws affecting their internal affairs, or for raising revenue by taxing them, was steadfastly denied, and efforts to exercise such asserted rights were uniformly resisted. Such attempts led to united arrangements for opposition and redress.

On the 6th of July, 1774, Massachusetts passed resolutions, inviting the other colonies to meet in general congress. Delegates from all of them, except Georgia, met in Philadelphia in September, 1774. These joined in a declaration of rights, claiming that the foundation of English liberty and of all free governments is a right in the people to participate in their legislative council, and that, as they were not, and from various causes could not be represented in the British Parliament, they were entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation, in their several provincial legislatures, in all cases of taxation and internal policy; subject only to the negative of their sovereign; while they expressed their cheerful assent to such acts of the British Parliament as were restrained to the regulation of their external commerce for the purpose of securing the commercial advantages of the whole empire to the mother country.

Their claims were rejected, and Parliament persisted in passing laws for levying taxes.

Armed resistance began at Boston. That city was seized and

occupied by British troops. Its port was closed; civil courts were suspended.

On the 19th of April, 1775, a large detachment of the British army marched from Boston to capture the military stores which had been accumulated by Massachusetts at Concord. Passing through Lexington they fired upon a small body of militia, about seventy in number, and not drawn up in array, and killed eight. The detachment marched on to Concord. The people of the town gathered for defense and fell back across the North Bridge, with orders from their commander, Maj. John Butterick, not to give the first fire. While they were pulling up the planks of the bridge the British opened fire upon them. This was returned, and the first battle of the Revolution there began.

> "By the rude bridge that spans the flood,
> Their flag in April's breeze unfurled;
> That day the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

The sword was drawn, but the scabbard was not yet thrown aside. Petitions and remonstrances were still addressed to Parliament, asking for concessions and aiming at reconciliation.

On the 15th of June, 1775, George Washington was unanimously elected by Congress, Commander-in-Chief of the Provincial army. The next day, and before his arrival at Boston, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought.

Still there was hope of adjustment and peace. On the 8th of July, 1775, Congress sent a respectful and loyal petition to the King. They also issued an address to the inhabitants of Great Britain.

All efforts to secure their rights failing, independence began to be spoken of as the sole resource. Georgia on the 20th of July, 1775, acceded to the confederation. The delegates of the colonies, now numbering thirteen, continued in session, and still aimed at peaceful adjustment. But the conflict grew broader and deeper.

On the 4th day of July, 1776, the delegates from the thirteen colonies, after long debate, adopted the declaration which has just been read to you; and, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, they did solemnly

publish and declare that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent States.

This was the necessary result of their treatment by Parliament. This declaration embraces the assertion of the principles of government and of the rights of the colonists as always claimed by them. The alternatives were abject submission or asserted independence. They chose the latter, and the result is Our Country.

One hundred years ago the sun shone on less than three millions of people in these colonies, living along the narrow belt east of the Alleghanies, with no claim to the territory west of the Mississippi, or to its mouth, or to the shores of the Gulf, or to the Floridas. West of the mountain range and north of the Ohio was an untouched wilderness, except so far as occupied by Indians and by a few French settlements. Some of these had been made along the waters that bound our own State. In all the Northwestern territory, now comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Winconsin, and containing more than ten millions of inhabitants, there was not a settlement of English origin, and the white population did not exceed five thousand.

A century has passed, and we meet to celebrate the beginning of another.

The revolving earth brought this morning to the first rays of the sun the rocks and sands of the Atlantic coast. As it rolls on, the whole breadth of the continent, from the lakes to the gulf and to the boundaries of Mexico, will reflect the day-beams, until they glitter on the golden gate of California and are quenched in the Pacific. Everywhere within these boundaries, on this day, the "bloom of banners" is in the air, but no foreign flag waves as a sign of sovereignty. The star spangled banner floats over the wide domain, the emblem of a nationality, which comprises more than forty millions of, thanks to God, united and free people.

In the City of Philadelphia, then having a population of less than forty thousand, more than seven hundred thousand people now dwell, and to-day the nation holds there its great festival, where its chief officers and representatives from all its States and

Territories meet, in fraternal congress, with the representatives of foreign powers from every continent, to keep its centennial birthday, amidst the splendors of an unparalleled exhibition of the products of science, art, industry, skill and wealth gathered from almost every nation under the sun.

Our own city, one hundred years ago, occupied a space of about three acres on the river, enclosed by pickets and defended by block-houses and guns, and traversed by streets or alleys from ten to sixteen feet wide. Its population was less than four hundred. It was, during the war of the revolution, the seat of the British power in the Northwest; and it remained in the possession of Great Britain until it was surrendered to the United States in 1796.

Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. He was buried within its walls and on one of them is the inscription to his memory:

"Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."

We have borrowed this for our State's motto, and applied it to our pleasant Peninsula.*

In contrasting our city with the Detroit of 1776, I will use no words of description, but say to each "circumspice," look around!

The prescribed and proper limits of this discourse will not allow a presentation of the development of our country in wealth, population, and industrial pursuits and results. These are in varying degrees common to us and to other civilized people. Never before has there been a century so full of arts and discoveries securing the progress and development of humanity.

Time is annihilated in the transmission of intelligence. We travel in an hour farther than our ancestors could go in a day. New laws of nature have been discovered and its powers subjugated for man's use. We have learned to weigh the planets, to analyze the burning gases of the sun and of other stars. The steam engine, the railroad, the telegraph, the labor-saving machin-

* The motto of Michigan is: "Si quæris peninsularis amoriam circumspice."

ery of power-looms in factories, of the sewing-machine in the house, of the mower and the reaper in the fields, have changed the habits of mankind and multiplied production and wealth.

The progress of other civilized nations and of our own with them in the last century cannot be now sketched; but there are some matters peculiar to ourselves which it is well to consider on this day.

Eleven years after the Declaration of Independence and four years from the close of the war, the Constitution was framed and adopted by the people of the United States, who declared that: "WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, secure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

One of the most notable provisions is found in the first words of the first article of the amendments, to wit: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibit the free exercise thereof."

This was the first time in history that the foundation of religious freedom was secured in the fundamental laws or institutions of a State, if we except the provision for it in the little colony of Rhode Island. The persecuted Puritans became forthwith proscribers of those who did not believe in their tenets and who adhered to other forms of worship. Every other colony, except the Catholic community of Maryland, made distinctions between different sects of nominal Christians; and even in Maryland a profession of faith in Christianity in some form was required. In our country this disposition to secure sectarian legislation and by governmental influences to discriminate between one form of faith and another has not been eradicated.

Some of the earlier State Constitutions did not forbid such legislation, and, in fact, gave preference to some forms of belief; and even now the friends of an entire and consistent and pure separation of Church and State, have to combat this propensity in legislation, in municipal ordinances, and in official administration.

The Constitution undoubtedly recognized the legal existence of SLAVERY as an established fact.

The relations of the citizens to their several States and to the Federal Government, were not so distinctly traced as to prevent the introduction into politics of a false and pernicious theory of STATE RIGHTS, and of a paramount allegiance to the State over that due to the nation.

The influence of slavery on the character of the communities where it prevailed, and on their views of the worth and dignity of labor, was fast making us two peoples. Mr. Lincoln was right when he so said, and that there must be all slave States or all free in our system.

Interwoven with the social fabric, and with all business relations, the wisest could see no way of disentangling slavery and getting rid of it. Its friends, clamorous generally for State rights, nevertheless insisted that the inhabitants of a Territory should not decide for themselves, whether it should be subject to slavery; and they even denied the right of a free State to forbid the introduction and employment of slaves within its own limits. How should this state of things be met and redressed? What way of escape could be found from the perplexities and collisions and bitterness yearly increasing? It came in a way we knew not of. The slave owners, in their contempt for the laboring men of the North—where all labor—brought on the conflict. It deepened, continued and was intensified, until it ended in laying the ax at the root and in the extirpation of the bitter and poisonous growth.

The wrath of a man made to praise God. The sword severed the shackle. It fell from the slave and he stood—and stands—redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled; and the amended Constitution of what is now his country, secures to him the inalienable rights with which the Creator endowed him—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The supremacy of the Union over all its citizens is now unquestioned. The doctrine of a right to secede from the Union, or so nullify its laws, while remaining nominally within its protection, is dead and buried and sealed up beyond revival or resurrection.

There is the old flag, with its stripes unrent, with its clustered stars in their places, and not running lawless through the sky.

"Again our banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain that on it fell;
And, bettered by His chastening rod,
With streaming eyes uplift to God
We say 'He doeth all things well.'"

This civil conflict bore other fruits. It proved the military strength and resources of our country and the patriotism and courage of our citizens.

We, in the North, were unwilling to believe that there was danger of civil war; yet when it had been actually commenced, how grand was the spectacle of the nation springing to arms to protect its integrity of territory and institutions.

Interlaced by railroads and rivers, there was no practicable place for a line of division—which would free the separated republics from interference and collision. A confederacy resting on slavery, certainly—would be insolent, aggressive, belligerent.

Our people in the North instinctively perceived that our institutions could not live if disunion triumphed. Here, in our State, the farmer left his plow, the woodman dropped his ax. Others went from their shops or their desks. More than 90,000 were enrolled or enlisted. More than 14,000 perished from wounds or disease. Again and again were thinned and wasted regiments filled up by new volunteers; and when the good fight had been fought and the conflict won, the survivors returned to their homes and former avocations, and "hung up their bruised arms for monuments."

In his history of England, Macaulay tells us that, when 50,000 troops were to be discharged after the restoration of monarchy, it was believed that: "This change would produce much misery and crime, that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage." And it seemed strange at that time that no such result followed, and that "In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed in the mass of the community."

The close of our civil struggle found in the armies of the North and South more than 1,000,000 soldiers, and all of them spontaneously and cheerfully "beat their swords into plowshares and

their spears into pruning hooks," and returned into civil life and industrial pursuits.

We recall the vivid picture drawn by the fancy of the poet, in the "Lady of the Lake," where Roderick Dhu's warriors sprang up before Fitz-James, and again disappeared at their chieftain's signal. When

> "From crag to crag the signal flew—
> Instant through copse and heath arose
> Bonnets and spears and bended bows.
> * * * * * * *
> The rushes and the willow wand
> Are bristling into axe and brand,
> And every tuft of broom gives life
> To plaided warrior armed for strife.
> * * * * * * *
> Short space he stood, then waved his hand,
> Down sunk the disappearing band;
> It seemed as if their mother earth
> Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
> The wind's last breath had tossed in air
> Pennon and plaid and plumage fair;
> The next but swept a lone hillside
> Where heath and fern were waving wide."

After the close of the war and restoration of the national supremacy, our government granted universal amnesty, and, substantially, universal restoration to civil rights. This is a new thing in history. Wars have been and for a long time will be among men. While among all civilized nations they have become more humane, our government has given the first example of clemency and pardon to all, after the successful close of civil war.

Rejoicing in the result, nevertheless, I for one do not wish to clasp hands with the plotters and authors of the terrible strife. It was deliberately planned and set in motion for personal ends by parties who saw their political supremacy in danger of departing, and who had the devil's feeling:

> "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

So soon as through their own scheming a President had been elected, without the votes of their section, they proceeded to carry

into effect their traitorous plotting, begun many years before. They enticed into the Confederacy State after State. The Southern people had been trained to believe that they owed no allegiance to the nation as against their respective States. Many of the educated men of the South so thought. Though opposed to secession, they went with their States, and in so doing they were honest and loyal to what they believed their true allegiance.

We do not exult over the defeat of these brave men, except for the reason that it was necessary to conquer them in order to crush their cause. It is sorrowful to think how many fell in endeavoring to maintain it. Next to a defeat, said Wellington, the saddest thing is a victory. Again at peace and with all acknowledging the supremacy of the nation, we rejoice over these, our brethren, who were lost, and are found. We heartily recognize and greet them as such. Their country is our country; and on this occasion, it is meet that they and we should join in proclaiming, that we have "one constitution, one country and one destiny."

But to those who schemed to inaugurate revolution, to kill the nation, to overturn its institutions, so that they might sit high on the ruins, although they would have to wade through blood to reach their bad eminence; who cared nothing for the prosperity and peace and supremacy of "their own, their native land," I would not accord the charity of forgetfulness, the shelter of oblivion. And while I thus express my sentiments I believe I share them with most of the loyal men of the land of all parties and localities.

On this memorial day it is meet that we recall the names and characters and services of the author of the Declaration of Independence and of its eloquent and strenuous supporters in Congress, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

Successively, after Washington, Presidents of the United States, they lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of its adoption, and then full of years and honors, when the half of a century had rolled around and their fellow-citizens were in the midst of their public gatherings on that day of jubilee, by the most marvellous coincidence in history, they both left the scene of their struggle and triumphs. Can imagination conceive a more fitting and glorious close to such lives? And does not the recollection of this event

give a deeper tone to the feeling with which we hail and keep this second jubilee?

The late civil war furnishes recollections of notable acts, the occurrence of which, on the anniversary of this day, are little less remarkable.

On the 4th of July, 1863, after three days of fierce fighting, the shattered and wasted army of the South, under Gen. Lee, retired from the bloody field of Gettysburg, thus ending the last and most desperate struggle to invade the Northern States. On the same day Vicksburg surrendered, and the rebellious element was hemmed in between the Atlantic and the Mississipi. These great victories alone should hallow this anniversary. They were the beginning of the end of the war. Its result was no longer doubtful.

However we may differ in our estimate of them, as politicians, or as civil administrators, yet we, in this city, where they respectively had their homes for years, on this occasion, will, I am sure, unite in grateful and honoring recollections of the illustrious and successful commanders to whom, under God, we owe these crowning victories—Gen. Meade and Gen. Grant.

We have no time to further recall the past. What is before us? What will the next Centennial exhibit? All of us will have gone to join the great congregation of the dead. Some of us are so near the allotted limits of life, that we almost hear the tread of the coming generations, who will soon walk over our graves. What will meet the vision of those who shall keep the second Centennial? If (as I firmly believe will be) our institutions and union continue, eye has not seen nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive what will then exist.

Under the influence of the teachings of Christianity and of extended civilization, of diffused knowledge by the press and of increased intercourse among the residents of different countries, the assured tendency is toward republicanism in each government and to peaceful relations among all of them.

Marked changes have taken place in the mode of living, in commercial transactions and in the distribution of population. Associated wealth is the dynasty of modern States. The vast accumulations of it in few hands, in connection with the railroad, the steamer and the telegraph concentrates business and population in

the larger cities. Industrial pursuits, once common in our villages, have disappeared. The individual artisan and the small shopkeeper work to great disadvantage, when they work at all. Capitalists readily enter into combination with other capitalists, and wages have not advanced in proportion with the profits of capital.

Trades' unions have naturally sprung into existence, and it is idle to deny that there is an increasing conflict between capital and labor. I believe that the solution will be found in the principle of association and co-operation, and that workmen will unite and carry on their labor in concert for their joint benefit, or will enter into combination with capitalists on specified and equitable terms, for the division of profits.

We cannot fail to see our prominent dangers. Among these is peril of inefficient government of the masses gathered in our great cities, and having the position and power of voters. To meet this we must rely on the general disposition of the American people, as individuals, or in communities and municipal organizations, to submit to the law, to acquiesce in the decrees of its ministers, and to compel their enforcement.

Another safeguard is the extending intelligence of the people.

Republican government cannot continue over people who are corrupt, or who do not love and prize liberty, or who are ignorant or uneducated. The masses of our citizens are honest, patriotic and conservative, and the means of education are generally supplied and used. Much remains to be done in the Southern States, but there is a moral certainty of its ultimate accomplishment. Our political and social institutions rest upon the COMMON SCHOOL as their chief corner-stone. It is meant for all. Its object is to furnish the means of education for all, of whatever race or creed.

Supported in various degrees by taxes paid by people of different religious beliefs, it should be confined in its teachings to what is objectionable to none. Kept free from sectarianism, furnishing intellectual culture, inviting and receiving and educating the children of all classes and creeds, without distinction or favor, it will be the strongest support and bulwark of our institutions.

Next to the common school, the most potent agency in educating the people and the most influential in its effects on their opinions and actions, in political matters, is found in the great and increas-

ing use of newspapers and periodicals. The influence of individual statesmen and politicians is much lessened. The debates in Congress and harangues from the hustings no longer form or direct public opinion. People read the newspapers, to a great extent judge for themselves, or adopt the views of their favorite editors. Wherever an avenue is opened the newspapers goes like sunlight into every place from which it is not positively excluded.

The results of each day in every part of our own land and in foreign lands, are reflected by the telegraph into a concentrated mass of information, which gives every reader an opportunity of knowing whatever is deemed worthy of note in the world's daily doings.

The information derived from the newspaper tends to lead the citizen to decide and act for himself in political matters. It furnishes the means and materials for forming his own judgment. Its power is vast and increasing. While it has unworthy members, who, for notoriety or money, invade private life or give distorted or false statements of passing events, yet it has of late years increased in ability and enterprise and independence; and foremost among the agencies which we trust will combine in maintaining republican institutions in vigor and purity we place the honest, truthful newspaper.

Our fathers founded and reared these in struggles and conflict, building, as did the Jews in the days of Nehemiah, when they renewed the walls of Jerusalem. "For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." To preserve these we have passed through the late stupenduous civil war. The monument before us was "erected by the people of Michigan in honor of the martyrs who fell and the heroes who fought in defense of liberty and union."

Around us are many who joined in the conflict and who live to receive this day the heartfelt thanks, the grateful greetings of their fellow-citizens here assembled. Whatever may be the future of our country, our duty is plain. With gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of events for the goodness and mercy which have marked the past and looking to Him for the future guidance, let us act in the living present and strive to maintain and to transmit to those who will live after us a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

THE GREAT GIFT OF GOD.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. WM. AIKMAN, D.D.

DELIVERED AT DETROIT (WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE), JULY 4, 1876.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :—With me you recognize the exceeding fitness of our gathering on the early morning of this Fourth of July. Our hearts would be wronged were we not publicly and together as citizens looking up to God as this great day opens benignly upon us. It is a day which He the Infinite God has made for us.

We may safely say that no nation but one has had a history so marked by the superintending Providence of God. He hid this Western continent until the ages were ripe for its discovery. He kept our portion of it safe and held it till His people, chosen out of three nations, were ready to take it.

He made them ready by His strange processes of oppression, persecution and impending death. They went under his guidance, these mighty men and angelic women, the greatest and the best of earth, from England, from Holland, from France. When in all the ages came such men and such women into a new land? God brought them here. They were as truly called and they went as truly at God's command as once the Patriarch was called out of Ur of the Chaldees. They went like him not knowing whither they went, but they went in faith and they found a land of whose glories Canaan was but an epitome and a type. God gave it to them.

What was not so clear at the beginning has been cleared as the years have gone on. Who can read the story of the Revolution and not see God's hand on every page? Lord Chatham said: "For myself I must avow that in all my readings—and I have read Thucydides and the master-states of the world—for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom under a complication of

difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress of Philadelphia. The history of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it." Never, we may add, in this world before or since were so many men of transcendant ability arrayed at one time around a common cause. They were God's masterworks, made for the hour.

God was at the birth of the nation. Think how, in spite of human contrivance and against human desire and ancestral prejudice, the bonds which hold so strongly the colonies to the parent states, were broken by that declaration which we celebrate to-day! By what combinations above and beyond human forecast it was brought about! God was in it.

He gave this people Washington. Among the marvellous creations of God where will we find a more wonderful than he? His character grows more sublime in each succeeding year, and his name as that of no other man has gone out over the earth and holds the increasing admiration of the people of every land and tongue.

Who can fail to see God's hand in the marvellous occurrence of the War of the Revolution, when out of more defeats than victories a triumph was won and the power of the foremost nation of the world was thrown off?

There were hours when no human eye could see a ray of hope, but God kept hope alive in those undaunted hearts, and again and again, above the agency of men, foiled the malice of traitors, broke the power of foes, inspired the courage of friends, and at the hour of rayless darkness gave light and deliverance.

Shall we fail to recognize the hand of God in the formation of our government? Our constitution has stood the test of nearly ninety years, and each one of them has spread its power wider and more beneficently abroad. It has stood strain and shock such as never tried government before. God made it strong.

Who will not see the almighty hand in the preservation of this nation? That we are not to-day weeping while we walk among the awful ruins of our country, that we are not hanging our heads in shame and mourning, that we have not blushes and groans on this anniversary instead of smiles and exultant songs, that we celebrate the day at all, is of God! It was an inspiration of the

Almighty that awakened the people, that gave them the courage to bear the toil, endure the sorrow, accept the bereavement of those days when brother struck at brother's life and countrymen sought to destroy the state.

It was God that gave us Lincoln. God made him the calm, patient, enduring, loving man that he was. God gave him his undying courage, his unfaltering faith, his far-reaching wisdom.

God gave us those men who fought and suffered, those who live and rejoice with us to-day, or who sleep in their glory and our love as we enshrine them in our hearts. They were God's gift.

Who that looks at this flag and knows that it waves over a land without a slave will not see in its starry folds the Goodness of God? We wished and we labored and we prayed that some time it might tell only of freedom, but we dared not hope to see the day. Now for these thirteen years we have been exulting; with dimmed eyes we watch its wavy rise and fall—it floats on this summer air—the flag of the free. God made it pure.

Thus we look over the solemn days of war, over the sweet days of peace, over the long-drawn years of prosperity, of religious liberty so like this ambient air that we forget that we breathe it, and with hearts too full for utterance we bow and worship and praise Him, our God and our fathers' God.

ADDRESS

HON. A. LEWIS, MAYOR OF DETROIT, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT DETROIT, MICH. JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—It seems fit and proper on an occasion like this that we should meet together to honor the memories of the Patriot Fathers, who brought our nation into existence, and to commemorate the great event of 1776. The assemblage of so vast a multitude here to-day speaks well for the descendants of those honored heroes who perilled their all that we might be free. From a small colony, in a century we have grown to be one of the mighty nations of the earth; and in Philadelphia to-day, within a stone's throw of where the Declaration of Independence was signed, is in progress the World's Fair that tells more forcibly than words can express of the growth and development of our country, as it surpasses in splendor and magnificence anything the world ever saw. No wonder, then that we feel proud of our inheritance and rejoice for the many blessings kind Providence has so liberally showered upon us. Long may we continue to increase and prosper, and deserve the many blessings that we enjoy.

THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF OUR REPUBLIC.

AN ORATION BY HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT GENESEE, JULY 4, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—Ours is a government, in the language of the immortal Lincoln, of the people, by the people, and for the people—a government in which the people are the rulers and the office-holders the agents. Office-holders seem to almost forget this sometimes, and imagine themselves the rulers and the people the servants ; but when that idea grows upon a man until he shows its effect upon his conduct, he suddenly finds himself one of the people, with his little brief authority gone, generally forever.

How can we judge, my friends, whether a nation is well founded or not?

"By their fruits ye shall know them." By the growth, wealth, learning, morality, and general condition of a people we may judge of the foundation principles of the government, and whether it has been well managed.

Our country has been almost if not quite without a parallel in growth and development in all that it takes to make a nation great.

Napoleon once said that "statistics mean the keeping the exact account of a nation's affairs, and without such an account there is no safety.

Goethe said "he did not know whether figures governed the world or not, but he did know that it showed how it was governed."

Following these suggestions, let us recur to our past history for a little while, giving some figures as to our growth and progress in several directions. One hundred years ago the United States contained only about 815,000 square miles of territory. To-day it includes over 3,500,000. One hundred years ago the population of America was less than 3,000,000—about as many people as we

have in Illinois to-day. Now we have over 40,000,000 of free people in the land. Then the population and improvements of the country skirted along the shores of the Atlantic, mainly east of the Alleghanies; now the busy hum of machinery driven at the will of an industrious, enterprising, progressive people, is lost upon the waves of the western ocean. Boundless prairies have been cultivated by the hand of industry; and vast wildernesses, the silence of which have never been broken by the voice of a human being save by the rude language and wild yell of the red man, have fallen before the woodman's ax, and from which the harvest is now being gathered. Cities are built all over the land; school-houses spreading their light and knowledge to the rich and poor alike, and churches of all creeds, pointing their way to virtue and purity, and teaching to all a religion which offers to man victory over death, and immortality beyond, and lifts the clouds and darkness that rests upon and envelops eternity.

At the close of the Revolution we were without a navy, and had but a small army imperfectly equipped. At the close of the late war we had a navy that was mistress of the seas, and an army that marshaled a million brave, patriotic heroes, and arms and artillery that never had been equalled. At the close of the war for independence our commerce was of little importance. Now our commercial vessels are seen on every river, and plowing every ocean, and trading in every mart. While the engine, with long trains of passengers and freight goes thundering along its track across plains and over hill and mountain with almost the speed of lightning, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf, bearing the products of a fertile soil and grateful toil to our great centers of home trade, then to be transferred to the markets of the world, our flag is respected as far as commerce spreads her sails upon the seas or civilization walks the earth. The telegraph conveys intelligence to all parts of this land, and by the use of the ocean cable communication is opened with all parts of the globe wherever enterprise and civilization have found a footing thereon. What next? The American people are perhaps giving more attention to the education of the masses than any other people. This is the natural result of our system of government—a necessity of its existence. According to the census of 1870 there were in this country, in the

States alone, over 6,500,000 pupils under instruction, at a cost of $94,000,000 a year—common schools and seminaries and colleges everywhere, and every child tendered an opportunity of a substantial education.

Free schools, free gospel and free ballot form a distinctive and important feature in this country. Other nations take account of themselves with reference to war. We with reference to peace and the individual happiness and prosperity of all the people.

The grand idea of the leading minds in the cause of education to-day is to leave no rational child in the State without a common-school education. There is no monopoly of education in this country, and there ought not to be of anything else so far as relates to matters under government control. We have been called a babe of 100 years. We are getting along pretty well for an infant, and can take care of ourselves pretty well. We have about 35,000 postoffices in the country, and, of course, that many postmasters, for I never knew a postoffice to remain vacant very long, especially if a representative in Congress had the appointment by courtesy. In such case there was generally more than one applicant, and the candidate for Congress had trouble.

There are 2,800 miles of postal service in this country, over 75,000,000 of postal orders issued in 1875—a sort of cheap bank arrangement to accommodate the people.

Take the question of railroads, in 1800 there was not a single railroad in the country anywhere. Now, there are over 70,000 miles of road in actual use. These lines of railroad are scattered all over this great country—6,000 miles in the New England States 13,000 miles in the Middle States, 36,000 miles in the Western States, 13,500 in the Southern States, and 2,000 miles in the Pacific States. Illinois alone has 7,109 miles of main line and branches of railroad, which is more than any other State in the Union, Pennsylvania coming next, having 5,750 miles, and New York third, having 5,500 miles. There is a mile of railroad in this State for 429 inhabitants, and every 8 2-10 square miles of territory. We have railroads all about us, carrying the people and the products of the soil, and skilled labor in every direction, satisfying the wants and equalizing the conditions of the people, bringing them all substantially on one grand level in opportunity to enjoy life and accumulate property.

The people have been extravagant and reckless beyond their real interest in the construction of railroads. National, county, city, and town subsidies have been voted for their construction. Almost beyond measure, and under the unnatural and extravagant impetus given such enterprises by the people, railroads have been built where they were not needed. Railroad corporations grew extravagant and arrogant, and it became apparent that the rights of the people and the present and future of the country demanded that corporations should be made to realize that this is a country of law, and that any man or set of men organized for whatever purpose must deal honestly, and yield obedience to law, or suffer the penalty.

Let it be understood once for all that there is nothing higher than the sovereign power of the State—the General in its sphere, and the State Government within its jurisdiction, and that all people and corporations must submit to whichever has rightful authority over us. The law books say there is no wrong without a remedy, and if the people suffer wrong from the oppressions of railroads or other corporations, they must have a remedy.

But I shall dwell too long on the growth and development of our country. To the Fathers again and their works. In the light of all observation and experience, and in the blazing brightness of this nineteenth century, we are compelled to say that the founders of our system of government, in laying down the lines which bound official authority and private rights—which divides the possessions of the one from the possessions of the other—approached nearer the infinite ways of an infinite God than any statesmen of former times.

They walked where justice and liberty led the way—the love of which the Great Author of all has placed in the bosom of man to lead him out of darkness into light and truth and happiness.

It is true that the authors of our system because of their weakness and the difficulties of the times, were unable to lift the slave on to the declaration of independence, but they unquestionably anticipated the time when the system would break the yoke of slavery.

The time finally came; and when the quickened conscience of the people was shown in the election of Lincoln to the office of President of the United States, the slaveholders were unwilling to

risk any longer the institution of slavery under our system, and they resolved to make a government of their own whose corner-stone should rest on the idea that slavery was a divine institution.

To establish such a government they raised the standard of rebellion and treason and attempted a dissolution of the Union.

The nation's downfall was predicted, but the guns at Sumter awoke the sons of freedom, relit the slumbering fires of patriotism in their bosoms, and they came from the various fields of toil and industry at the call of country, following the flag, keeping step to the music of the Union, and shouting the battle cry of freedom.

To the brave men who responded to the country's call in the late war for the preservation of the Union of our fathers we are greatly indebted. Many—very many—of them went down in the struggle, but a grateful people, ever grateful for their devotion to the country and the flag, as spring-time returns, strew their graves with flowers and express the emotions of their hearts in the voice of poetry and eloquence. They died that the nation might live.

> "They fell devoted, but undying—
> The very gales their names seem sighing;
> The meanest rill and the mightiest river
> Roll mingling with their fame forever."

With all our prosperity and progress, my friends, this country has not been free from trouble. Instead of undisturbed peace, we have come along through these hundred years sorely vexed with trials and tribulations. A seven years' war to secure our independence; a war in 1812 in which our national capital was burned to ashes; the Mexican war in 1847, and finally the late great civil war, in which millions of men were engaged and hundreds of thousands slain. Thousands from our own State, as brave men and patriotic as ever stood in battle array, fell in defense of the flag.

> "They now lie low, no more to hear
> The victory shout or clashing steel;
> No more of war's rude cares to hear;
> No more kind sympathy to feel!"

The history of the country on almost every page furnishes us great examples of virtue and patriotism.

One of the greatest of British poets, in the light of history, looked at the great names of ancient and modern times, saw self-sacrificing virtue—looked at courage and ambition as they climbed every hill and scaled every summit of fame and glory—viewed them in history, in poetry, and in song—and as he looked, he exclaimed:

> "Where shall the weary eye repose
> When gazing on the great—
> Where neither guilty glory glows
> Nor despicable state?
> Yes, one—the first, the last, the best—
> The Cincinnatus of the West,
> Whom envy dare not hate,
> Bequeath the name of Washington
> To make man blush there was but one."

You will allow me, my friends, to briefly refer to the life and character of Lincoln as another example of humble origin—early life veiled in necessity; a flatboatman; a rail-splitter; self-educated; a back-woods merchant; a surveyor; sent to the Legislature; became a lawyer. Entering upon the discussion of legal and political questions, he displayed such power of analysis, logic and penetration, candor and ability, that an appreciating and admiring people finally placed him at the head of the nation. Entering upon the duties of that high office, surrounded by secret and open treason, he appealed to the patriotism and love of liberty of his countrymen, and with his hand on the helm of state, and his eye fixed upon the Union as his guiding star, he at last struck the chains from 4,000,000 of slaves, and invited them up on to the Declaration of Independence, and kept his way, through the storm and blood, defeat and disaster, until he made the port of peace with every star on that glorious banner.

He heard the shouts of victory as they went up from the lips of millions of freemen. He expressed malice toward none—charity for all—a determination to pursue the right as God should permit him to see it, and passed away mourned by the lovers of liberty of every clime.

Such was an example of our own time. The Grecian mother might with much propriety point to Alexander and say to her son, be like him; but with how much more propriety can an American mother say to her son—try and imitate the examples of Washington and Lincoln.

Our fathers in laying the foundation of this Republic had respect for the rules of action which Infinite Wisdom designed for the government of His children. For the love of liberty is a part of man's nature, an instinct of the human love.

The same infinite author that sent out the laws of light and heat and life and death, all the laws which control the forces of the universe, gave to man the love of liberty.

The fires of liberty forever burn in the human breast. They may be smothered and lie buried beneath ages of oppression, but at some time or other, and at some place, they will break out and flame up to Heaven.

In this age the fires of liberty burn brightly. The people in the nations are awaking to an understanding of their rights. In England the mass of the people are constantly demanding additional rights. In France and Spain they are struggling to establish republican governments. In Russia the Czar grants new privileges to his subjects to prevent outbreaks; and so the fires of liberty burn, and the influence of free government is seen and felt upon the world.

The first hundred years of our national independence have now passed away, and at this hour men and women of almost every nationality, with the trophies of science and art, of discovery and invention achieved in different parts of the civilized world, are met in honor of this centennial day around that old hall in the Quaker City, from which, one hundred years ago, first pealed out the glad anthems of liberty and independence.

The men who were there then have all gone to their reward, but the government which they founded is still in the vigor of youth, and destined to perpetuate their names and fame through generations and centuries yet to come as the guardians, protectors, and benefactors of mankind.

May it stand as long as the sun endures and the stars shall shine through the veil of night, and here may the victims of persecution,

war, defeat, and disaster in every part of the world, after all their anxiety and toils, under the shelter of equal and impartial justice, find a peaceful home.

We enter this day upon the second century of our national existence. We are surrounded by circumstances calculated to inspire high hopes for the future.

May prosperity and eternal progress attend this nation in the time to come. May every link added to the mighty chain of generations be worthy of the glorious past, and as year after year, and century upon century shall roll away, upon each return of this glad day may a prosperous, happy, united, and free people welcome to these shores the sun in his coming with martial music, the booming of cannon, the voice of eloquence and sons of freedom.

ILLINOIS, RESOURCES AND RECORD.

AN ORATION BY CHARLES H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 29, 1876, AT THE REQUEST AND BY THE APPOINTMENT OF HIS EXCELLENCY, HON. J. L. BEVERIDGE, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW-CITIZENS OF ILLINOIS AND OF THE REPUBLIC, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—A peasant espoused a princess. She was heavily dowered and highly endowed. She had genius and culture. Her form was the perfection of symmetry. Her motion was the rhythm of poetry. Her face was the beauty of the morning. Her glance was the benediction that follows prayer. In repose she was a model. In motion she was a song. Seen, she was a hope; detained, an inspiration; retained, a transfiguration. The peasant went with her to a royal court where the guests were expected to compete for an hour on the throne by showing their rarest treasures. A high courtier, seeing the peasant empty-handed, yet hopeful, said, "Why hope?" The peasant replied, "You have not seen her!" That court is this company of the assembled nations. That princess is the Prairie State, from the great valley beyond the mountains. When you have seen her you will not question my presence or my hope. I am here at your invitation, by the authority of yonder commonwealth, to commend to you, and through you to all men everywhere, the great State of Illinois, only fourth in population and not second in honor or promise among all the States of the great Republic. If you do not grant us this day a favorable verdict, I shall appeal to mankind, to impartial history, and to the next Centennial.

The soil seems predestined to greatness. Albert Gallatin, who has prepared the best work upon the Indian languages, says that "Illinois is from a Delaware word, Leno, or Leni, or Illini, which signifies the *real or superior men.*"

Some of the vulgar may ask why the sons of Illinois are called Suckers, which, like nearly all nicknames, from Yankee to Wolverine, is a term of disrespect. The answer is found in the jealousies that always spring up in the presence of success. In the early days the settlers were in the habit of going up the river every spring to Galena, and, having worked in the famous lead mines during the summer, they returned down the river in the fall. This was the habit of suckers in the rivers. The transfer of the epithet was easy. It refers also to the poor whites from the South that followed the wealthy, like suckers on the corn. Its transformation has been certain. The nation has had abundant reason to bless the Suckers.

In area the State has 55,410 square miles of territory. It is about 150 miles wide and 400 miles long, stretching in latitude from Maine to North California. It embraces a wide variety of climate. It is tempered on the north by the great inland, saltless, tideless sea, which keeps the thermometer from either extreme. Being a table land, 600 feet above the level of the sea, one is prepared to find on the health maps prepared by the general Government an almost clean and perfect record. In freedom from fevers and malarial diseases and consumptions, the three deadly enemies of the American Saxon, Illinois as a State stands without a superior. She furnishes one of the essential conditions of a great people—sound bodies. I suspect that this fact lies back of that old Delaware word, Illini, superior men.

The great battles of history that have been determinative of dynasties and destinies have been strategical battles, chiefly the question of position. Thermopylæ has been the war-cry of freemen for twenty-four centuries. It only tells how much there may be in position. All this advantage belongs to Illinois. It is in the heart of the greatest valley in the world, the vast region between the mountains—a valley that could feed mankind for a thousand years. It is well on toward the centre of the Continent. It is in the great temperate belt, in which have been found nearly all the aggressive civilizations of history. It has sixty-five miles of frontage on the head of the lake. With the Mississippi forming the western and southern boundary, with the Ohio running along the south-eastern line, with the Illinois River and Canal dividing the

State diagonally from the lake to the lower Mississippi, and with the Rock and Wabash Rivers furnishing altogether 2,000 miles of water-front, connecting with, and running through, in all, about 12,000 miles of navigable waters.

But this is not all. These waters are made most available by the fact that the lake and the State lie on the ridge running into the great valley from the east. Within cannon-shot of the lake the water runs away from the lake to the Gulf. The lake now empties at both ends, one into the Atlantic, the other into the Gulf of Mexico. The lake thus seems to hang over the land. This makes the dockage most serviceable; there are no steep banks to damage it. Both lake and river are made for use.

The climate varies from Portland to Richmond; it favors every product of the Continent, including the tropics, with less than half-a-dozen exceptions. It produces every great nutriment of the world, except bananas and rice. It is hardly too much to say that it is the most productive spot known to civilization. With the soil full of bread and the earth full of minerals, with an upper surface of food and an under layer of fuel, with perfect natural drainage and abundant springs and streams, and navigable rivers, half-way between the forests of the North and the fruits of the South, within a day's ride of the great deposits of iron, coal, copper, lead, and zinc, containing and controlling the great grain, cattle, pork, and lumber markets of the world, it is not strange that Illinois has the advantage of position.

The next plateau in the advance of history is the coming of the white race, in the person of La Salle, who discovered the wide prairies of Illinois in 1670. Trained a Jesuit, and leading a business life, he saw at once the future field of the Church and of commerce. Three years later came two other noted characters, who, like La Salle, gave their heroic faith and purpose to the new land, and left their names on its early settlement—Joliet, a fur trader of Quebec, and Père Marquette, a Jesuit of France. Coasting the northern shore of Lake Michigan, they entered Green Bay, ascended Fox River, crossed over into the Wisconsin River, thus taking France and Romanism into the Mississippi Valley a hundred years in advance of all rivals. A mile north of Evanston, on the old Green Bay road, I have stood upon a cleared and barren

spot where Marquette planted the cross and built a church, two hundred years ago. Then it was on the shore of the lake; now it is some distance inland.

It is a good thing to plant in a country first a cross, and take possession of it in the spirit of missionaries and in the name of God. For conscience finally gains all battles.

The first military occupation was at Fort Servecœur, in 1680.

The first settlement in the Mississippi Valley, was in Illinois, at Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois River, in 1682. Constructively, in the old way of constructing geographies and empires, Illinois was for one hundred years a part of Florida, though no Spaniard ever set foot on it. In 1675, it became a possession of the French crown, a dependency of Canada, and a part of Louisiana. In 1765 the English flag was run up on old Fort Chartres, and Illinois was counted among the treasures of Great Britain.

In 1779 it was taken from the English by Colonel Clark. This man was resolute in nature, wise in council, prudent in policy, bold in action, and heroic in danger. Few men who have figured in the history of America are more deserving than the colonel. Nothing short of first-rate, first-class ability could have rescued Vincens and all Illinois from the English. And it is not possible to over-estimate the influence of this achievement upon the Republic. In 1779 Illinois became a part of Virginia. It was soon known as Illinois County. In 1784 Virginia ceded all this territory to the General Government, to be cut into States, to be Republican in form, with "the same right of sovereignty, freedom and independence as the other States."

In 1787 it was the subject of perhaps the wisest and ablest legislation found in any merely human records. No man can study the secret history of the "Compact of 1787," and not feel that Providence was guiding with sleepless eye these unborn States. The ordinance that on July 13, 1787, finally became the incorporating act, has a most marvellous history. Jefferson had vainly tried to secure a system of Government for the Northwestern territory. He was an emancipationist of that day, and favored the exclusion of slavery from the territory Virginia had ceded to the General Government; but the South voted him down as often as it came up. In 1787, as late as July 10, an organizing

act without the anti-slavery clause was pending. This concession to the South was expected to carry it. Congress was in session in New York City. On July 5, Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, of Massachusetts, came into New York to lobby on the North-western Territory. Everything seemed to fall into his hands. Events were ripe.

The state of the public credit, the growing of Southern prejudice, the basis of his mission, his personal character, all combined to complete one of these sudden and marvellous revolutions in public sentiment that once in five or ten centuries are seen to sweep over a country like the breath of the Almighty. Cutler was a graduate of Yale—received his A. M. from Harvard, and his D. D. from Yale. He had studied and taken degrees in the three learned professions, medicine, law, and divinity. He had thus America's best indorsement. He had published a scientific examination of the plants of New England. His name stood second only to that of Franklin as a scientist in America. He was a courtly gentleman of the old style, a man of commanding presence, and of inviting face. The Southern members said they had never seen such a gentleman in the North. He came representing a company that desired to purchase a tract of land now included in Ohio, for the purpose of planting a colony. It was a speculation. Government money was worth eighteen cents on the dollar. This Massachusetts company had collected enough to purchase 1,500,000 acres of land. Other speculators in New York made Dr. Cutler their agent, (lobbyist); on the 12th he represented a demand for 5,500,000 acres. This would reduce the National debt. Jefferson and Virginia were regarded as authority concerning the land Virginia had just ceded. Jefferson's policy wanted to provide for the public credit, and this was a good opportunity to do something. Massachusetts then owned the territory of Maine, which she was crowding on to the market. She was opposed to opening the North-western region. This fired the zeal of Virginia. The South caught the inspiration, and all exalted Dr. Cutler. The English Minister invited him to dine with some of the Southern gentlemen. He was the center of interest.

The entire South rallied round him. Massachusetts could not vote against him, because many of the constituents of her members

were interested personally in the Western speculations. Thus Cutler, making friends with the South, and, doubtless, using all the arts of the body, was enabled to command the situation. True to deeper convictions, he dictated one of the most compact and finished documents of wise statesmanship that has ever adorned any human law book. He borrowed from Jefferson the term "Articles of Compact," which, preceding the Federal Constitution, rose into the most sacred character. He then followed very closely the Constitution of Massachusetts, adopted three years before. Its most marked points were,

1. The exclusion of slavery from the territory forever.

2. Provision for public schools, giving one township for a seminary, and every section numbered sixteen in each township; that is, one thirty-sixth of all the land for Public Schools.

3. A provision prohibiting the adoption of any constitution, or the enactment of any law that should nullify pre-existing contracts.

Be it forever remembered that this Compact declared that "*Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall always be encouraged.*"

Dr. Cutler planted himself on this platform, and would not yield. Giving his unqualified declaration that it was that or nothing—that unless they could make the land desirable they did not want it—he took his horse and buggy, and started for the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia. On July 13, 1787, the bill was put upon its passage, and was unanimously adopted, every Southern member voting for it, and only one man, Mr. Yates, of New York, voting against it. But as the States voted as States, Yates lost his vote, and the Compact was put beyond repeal. Thus the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin—a vast empire, the heart of the great valley—was consecrated to freedom, intelligence and honesty. Thus the great heart of the nation was prepared for a year and a day and an hour. In the light of these eighty-nine years I affirm that this act was the salvation of the Republic and the destruction of slavery. Soon the South saw their great blunder, and tried to repeal the Compact. In 1803 Congress referred it to a committee of which John Randolph was chairman. He reported that this ordinance was a

Compact, and opposed repeal. Thus it stood, a rock, in the way of the on-rushing sea of slavery.

The population, of 12,282, that occupied the territory in A. D. 1800, increased to 45,000 in A. D. 1818, when the State Constitution was adopted, and Illinois took her place in the Union, with a star on the flag and two votes in the Senate.

Shadrack Bond, a farmer, was the first Governor, and in his first message he recommended the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

The simple economy in those days is seen in the fact that the entire bill for stationery for the first session of the Legislature was only $13.50. Yet this simple body actually enacted a very superior code.

There was no money in the territory before the war of 1812. Deer-skins and coon-skins were the circulating medium. In 1821 the Legislature ordained a State bank on the credit of the State. It issued notes in the likeness of bank-bills. These notes were made a legal tender for everything, and the bank was ordered to loan to the people $100 on personal security, and more on mortgages. They actually passed a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to receive these notes for land. The old French Lieutenant-Governor, Col. Menard, put the resolution as follows: "Gentlemen of de Senate: It is moved and seconded *dat de notes of dis bank* be made land-office money. All in favor of dat motion say Aye; all against it say No. It is decided in de affirmative. Now, gentlemen, I bet you one hundred dollars he never be land-office money!" Hard sense, like hard money, is always above par.

The old Frenchman presents a fine figure up against the dark back-ground of most of his nation. They made no progress. They clung to their earliest and simplest implements. They never wore hats or caps. They pulled their blankets over their heads in the winter like the Indians, with whom they freely intermarried.

One of the great elements in the early development of Illinois is the *Illinois and Michigan Canal*, connecting the Illinois and Mississippi River with the Lakes. It was of the utmost importance to the State. It was recommended by Governor Bond, the first Governor, in his first message. In 1821 the Legislature

appropriated $10,000 for surveying the route. Two bright young engineers surveyed it, and estimated the cost at $600,000 or $700,000. It finally cost $8,000,000. In 1825 a law was passed to incorporate the Canal Company, but no stock was sold. In 1826, upon the solicitation of Cook, Congress gave 300,000 acres of land on the line of the work. In 1828 another law—commissioners appointed, and work commenced, with new survey and new estimates. In 1834–35 George Farquhar made an able report on the whole matter. This was, doubtless, the ablest report ever made to a Western Legislature, and it became the model for subsequent reports and action. From this the work went on till it was finished, in 1848. It cost the State a large amount of money; but it gave to the industries of the State an impetus that pushed it up into the first rank of greatness. It was not built as a speculation any more than a doctor is employed on a speculation. But it has paid into the treasury of the State an average annual net sum of over $111,000

Pending the construction of the Canal, the land and town-lot fever broke out in the State, in 1834-35. It took on the malignant type in Chicago, lifting the town up into a city. The disease spread over the entire State and adjoining States. It was epidemic. It cut up men's farms without regard to locality, and cut up the purses of the purchasers without regard to consequences. It is estimated that building lots enough were sold in Illinois alone to accommodate every citizen then in the United States.

Towns and cities were exported to the Eastern market by the ship-load. There was no lack of buyers. Every up-ship came freighted with speculators and their money.

This distemper seized upon the Legislature in 1836–37, and left not one to tell the tale. They enacted a system of internal improvement without a parallel in the grandeur of its conception. They ordered the construction of 1,300 miles of railroad, crossing the State in all directions. This was surpassed by the river and canal improvements. There were a few counties not touched by either railroad, or river, or canal, and these were to be comforted and compensated for their misfortune by the free distribution of $200,000 among them. To inflate this balloon beyond credence it was ordered that work should be commenced on

both ends of each of these railroads and rivers, and at each river-crossing, all at the same time. The appropriations for these vast improvements were over $12,000,000, and Commissioners were appointed to borrow the money on the credit of the State. Remember that all this was in the early days of railroading, when railroads were luxuries; that the State had whole counties with scarcely a cabin; and that the population of the State was less than 400,000, and you can form some idea of the vigor with which these brave men undertook the work of making a great State. In the light of history I am compelled to say that this was only a premature throb of the power that actually slumbered in the soil of the State. It was Hercules in the cradle.

At this junction the State bank loaned its funds largely to Godfrey Gilman & Co., and to other leading houses, for the purpose of drawing trade from St. Louis to Alton. Soon they failed and took down the bank with them.

In 1840 all hope seemed gone. A population of 480,000 were loaded with a debt of $14,000,000. It had only six small cities, really only towns, namely, Chicago, Alton, Springfield, Quincy, Galena, Nauvoo. This debt was to be cared for when there was not a dollar in the treasury, and when the State had borrowed itself out of all credit, and when there was not good money enough in the hands of all the people to pay the interest of the debt for a single year. Yet, in the presence of all these difficulties, the young State steadily refused to repudiate. Governor Ford took hold of the problem and solved it, bringing the State through in triumph.

Having touched lightly upon some of the more distinctive points in the history of the development of Illinois, let us next briefly consider the material resources of the State. It is a garden four hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty miles wide. Its soil is chiefly a black sandy loam, from six inches to sixty feet thick. On the American bottoms it has been cultivated for one hundred and fifty years without renewal. About the old French towns it has yielded corn for a century and a half without rest or help. It produces nearly everything grown in the temperate and tropical zones. She leads all other States in the number of acres actually under plow. Her products from 25,000,000 of acres are

incalculable. Her mineral wealth is scarcely second to her agricultural power. She has coal, iron, lead, copper, zinc, many varieties of building stone, fire clay, china clay, common brick clay, sand of all kinds, gravel, mineral paint—everything needed for a high civilization. Left to herself, she has the elements of all greatness. The single item of coal is too vast for any appreciative handling in figures. We can handle it in general terms, like algebraical signs, but long before we get up into the millions and billions the human mind drops down from comprehension to mere symbolic apprehension.

When I tell you that nearly four-fifths of the entire State is underlaid with a deposit of coal more than forty feet thick on the average, (now estimated, by recent surveys, at seventy feet thick,) you can get some idea of its amount, as you do of the amount of the national debt. There it is! 41,000 square miles—one vast mine into which you could put many of the States; in which you could bury scores of European and ancient empires, and have room enough all round to work without knowing that they had been sepulchered there. Put this vast coal-bed down by the other great coal deposits of the world, and its importance becomes manifest. Great Britain has 12,000 square miles of coal; Spain, 3,000; France, 1,719; Belgium, 578; Illinois about twice as many square miles as all combined. Virginia has 20.000 square miles; Pennsylvania, 16,000; Ohio, 12,000. Illinois has 41,000 square miles. One-seventh of all the known coal on this Continent is in Illinois.

Could we sell the coal in this single State for one-seventh of one cent a ton, it would pay the national debt. Converted into power, even with the wastage in our common engines, it would do more work than could be done by the entire race, beginning at Adam's wedding, and working ten hours a day through all the centuries till the present time, and right on into the future at the same rate, for the next 600,000 years.

Great Britain uses enough mechanical power to-day to give to each man, woman, and child in the kingdom the help and service of nineteen untiring servants. No wonder she has leisure and luxuries. No wonder the home of the common artisan has in it more comforts and luxuries than could be found in the palace of good old King Arthur. Think, if you can conceive of it, of the

vast army of servants that slumber in the soil of Illinois, impatiently awaiting the call of Genius to come forth to minister to our comfort.

At the present rate of consumption England's coal supply will be exhausted in 250 years. When this is gone she must transfer her dominion either to the Indies; or to British America, which I would not resist; or to some other people, which I would regret as loss to civilization. Coal is King. At the same rate of consumption (which far exceeds our own) the deposit of coal in Illinois will last 120,000 years. And her kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom.

Let us turn now from this reserve power to the *annual products* of the State. We shall not be humiliated in this field. Here we strike the secret of our national credit. Nature provides a market in the constant appetite of the race. Men must eat, and if we can furnish the provisions we can command the treasure. All that a man hath will he give for his life.

According to the last census Illinois produced 30,000,000 of bushels of wheat. That is more wheat than was raised by any other State in the Union. She raised last year 130,000,000 of bushels of corn—twice as much as any other State, and one-sixth of all the corn raised in the United States. She harvested 2,747,000 tons of hay, nearly one-tenth of all the hay in the Republic. It is not generally appreciated, but it is true, that the hay crop of the country is worth more than the cotton crop. The hay of Illinois equals the cotton of Louisiana. Go to Charleston, S. C., and see them peddling handfuls of hay or grass, almost as a curiosity, as we regard Chinese gods or the cryolite of Greenland; drink your coffee and *condensed milk;* and walk back from the coast for many a league through the sand and burs till you get up into the better atmosphere of the mountains, without seeing a waving meadow or a grazing herd; then you will begin to appreciate the meadows of the Prairie State, where the grass often grows sixteen feet high.

The value of her farm implements is $211,000,000, and the value of her live stock is only second to the great State of New York. Last year she had 25,000,000 hogs, and packed 2,113,845, about one-half of all that were packed in the United States. This

is no insignificant item. Pork is a growing demand of the old world. Since the laborers of Europe have gotten a taste of our bacon, and we have learned how to pack it dry in boxes, like dry goods, the world has become the market. The hog is on the march into the future. His nose is ordained to uncover the secrets of dominion, and his feet shall be guided by the star of Empire.

Illinois marketed $57,000,000 worth of slaughtered animals—more than any other State, and a seventh of all the States.

Be patient with me, and pardon my pride, and I will give you a list of some of the things in which Illinois excels all other States.

Depth and richness of soil; per cent. of good ground; acres of improved land; large farms—some farms contain from 40,000 to 60,000 acres of cultivated land, 40,000 acres of corn on a single farm; number of farmers; amount of wheat, corn, oats, and honey produced; value of animals for slaughter; number of hogs; amount of pork; number of horses; three times as many as Kentucky, the Horse State.

Illinois excels all other States in miles of railroad and miles of postal service, and in money orders sold per annum, and in the amount of lumber sold in her markets.

Illinois is only second in many important matters. This sample list comprises a few of the more important: Permanent school fund, (good for a young State;) total income for educational purposes; number of publishers of books, maps, papers, etc.; value of farm products and implements, and of live stock; in tons of coal mined.

The shipping of Illinois is only second to New York. Out of port during the business hours of the season of navigation she sends forth a vessel every ten minutes. This does not include canal boats, which go one every minute. No wonder she is only second in number of bankers and brokers, or in physicians and surgeons.

She is third in colleges, teachers, and schools; cattle, lead, hay, flax, sorghum, and beeswax.

She is fourth in population, in children enrolled in public schools, in law schools, in butter, potatoes, and carriages.

She is fifth in value of real and personal property, in theological

seminaries and colleges exclusively for women, in milk sold, and in boots and shoes manufactured, and in book-binding.

She is only seventh in the production of wood, while she is the twelfth in area. Surely that is well done for the Prairie State. She now has much more wood and growing timber than she had thirty years ago.

A few leading industries will justify emphasis. She manufactures $205,000,000 worth of goods, which places her well up toward New York and Pennsylvania. The number of her manufacturing establishments increased from 1860 to 1870, 300 per cent.; capital employed increased 350 per cent., and the amount of product increased 400 per cent. She issued 5,500,000 copies commercial and financial newspapers—only second to New York. The *Tribune*, in the hands of Medill, and the *Times*, under Story, and the *Inter-Ocean*, are not second to any for ability and push. She has 6,759 miles of railroad, thus leading all other States, worth $636,458,000, using 3,245 engines, and 67,712 cars, making a train long enough to cover one-tenth of the entire road. Her stations are only five miles apart. She carried last year 15,795,000 passengers, an average of thirty-six and a half miles, or equal to taking her entire population twice across the State. More than two-thirds of her land is within five miles of a railroad, and less than two per cent. is more than fifteen miles away.

But little mob violence has ever been felt in the State. In 1817 Regulators disposed of a band of horse thieves that infested the territory. The Mormon indignities finally awoke the same spirit. Alton was also the scene of a pro-slavery mob, in which Lovejoy was added to the list of martyrs. The moral sense of the people makes the law supreme, and gives to the State unruffled peace.

With $22,300,000 in Church property and 4,298 Church organizations, the State has that divine police, the sleepless patrol of moral ideas, that alone is able to secure perfect safety. Conscience takes the knife from the assassin's hand and the bludgeon from the grasp of the highwayman. We sleep in safety, not because we are behind bolts and bars—these only fence against the innocent; not because a lone officer drowses on a distant corner of a street; not because a sheriff may call his posse from a

remote part of the country; but because *Conscience* guards the very portals of the air, and stirs in the deepest recesses of the public mind. This spirit issues within the State 9,500,000 copies of religious papers annually, and receives still more from without. Thus the crime of the State is only one-fourth that of New York, and one-half that of Pennsylvania.

Illinois never had but one duel between her own citizens. In Belleville, in 1820, Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett arranged to vindicate injured honor. The seconds agreed to make it a sham and make them shoot blanks. Stewart was in the secret. Bennett mistrusted something, and, unobserved, slipped a bullet into his gun and killed Stewart. He then fled the State. After two years he was caught, tried, convicted, and, in spite of friends and political aid, was hung. This fixed the code of honor, and terminated its use in Illinois.

The early preachers were ignorant men, who were accounted eloquent according to the strength of their voices. But they set the style for all public speakers. Lawyers and political speakers followed this rule. Gov. Ford says: "Nevertheless, these first preachers were of incalculable benefit to the country. They inculcated justice and morality. To them are we indebted for the first Christian character of the Protestant portion of the people."

In *education* Illinois surpasses her material resources. The ordinance of 1787 consecrated one thirty-sixth of her soil to common schools, and the law of 1818, the first law that went upon her statutes, gave three per cent. of all the rest to education instead of highways. The old compact secures this interest forever, and by its yoking morality and intelligence it precludes the legal interference with the Bible in the public schools. With such a start it is natural that we should have 11,050 public schools, and that our illiteracy should be less than New York or Pennsylvania, and only about one-half of Massachusetts. We are not to blame for not having more than one-half as many idiots as the great States. These public schools soon made colleges inevitable. The first college, still flourishing, was started in Lebanon, 1828, by the M. E. Church, and named after Bishop M'Kendree. Illinois College, at Jacksonville, supported by the Presbyterians, followed, in 1830. In 1832, the Baptists built Shurtliff College at Alton.

Then the Presbyterians built Knox College, at Gallesburgh, in 1838, and the Episcopalians built Jubilee College, at Peoria, in 1847. After these early years colleges have rained down. A settler could hardly encamp on the prairie but colleges would spring up by his wagon. The State now has one very well endowed and equipped university, namely, the North-western University, at Evanston, with six colleges, ninety instructors, over 1,000 students, and $1,500,000 endowment.

Rev. J. M. Peck was the first educated Protestant minister in the State. He settled at Rock Spring, in St. Clair County, 1820, and left his impress on the State. Before 1837 only party papers were published, but Mr. Peck published a Gazetteer of Illinois. Soon after John Russell, of Bluffdale, published essays and tales showing genius. Judge James Hall published the *Illinois Monthly Magazine* with great ability, and an annual, called *The Western Souvenir*, which gave him an enviable fame all over the United States. From these beginnings Illinois has gone on till she has more volumes in public libraries even than Massachusetts, and of the 44,500,000 volumes in all the public libraries of the United States, she has one-thirteenth. In newspapers she stands fourth. Her increase is marvellous. In 1850 she issued 5,000,000 copies: in 1860, 27,500,000; in 1870, 113,140,000. In 1860 she had eighteen colleges and seminaries; in 1870 she had eighty. That is a grand advance for the war decade.

This brings us to a record unsurpassed in the history of any age,

THE WAR RECORD OF ILLINOIS.

I hardly know where to begin, or how to advance, or what to say. I can at best give you only a broken synopsis of her deeds, and you must put them in the order of glory for yourself. Her sons have always been foremost on fields of danger. In 1832–33, at the call of Gov. Reynolds, her sons drove Blackhawk over the Mississippi. One call was enough. When the Mexican war came, in May, 1846, 8,370 men offered themselves when only 3,720 could be accepted. The fields of Buena Vista and Vera Cruz, and the storming of Cerro Gordo, will carry the glory of Illinois soldiers long after the infamy of the cause they served has been forgotten. But it was reserved till our day for her sons to find a field and cause and foemen that could fitly illustrate their spirit and heroism.

Illinois put into her own regiments for the U. S. Government 256,000 men, and into the army through other States enough to swell the number to 290,000. This far exceeds all the soldiers of the Federal Government in all the war of the Revolution. Her total years of service were over 600,000. She enrolled men from eighteen to forty-five years of age when the law of Congress in 1864—the test time—only asked for those from twenty to forty five. Her enrollment was otherwise excessive. Her people wanted to go, and did not take the pains to correct the enrollment. Thus the basis of fixing the quota was too great, and then the quota itself, at least in the trying time, was far above any other state.

Thus the demand on some counties, as Monroe, for example, took every able-bodied man in the county, and then did not have enough to fill the quota. Moreover, Illinois sent 20,844 men for ninety or one hundred days for whom no credit was asked. When Mr. Lincoln's attention was called to the inequality of the quota compared with other States, he replied, "The country needs the sacrifice. We must put the whip on the free horse." In spite of all these disadvantages Illinois gave to the country 73,000 years of service above all calls. With one-thirteenth of the population of the loyal States, she sent regularly one-tenth of all the soldiers, and in the peril of the closing calls, when patriots were few and weary, she then sent one-eighth of all that were called for by her loved and honored son in the White House. Her mothers and daughters went into the fields to raise the grain and keep the children together, while the fathers and older sons went to the harvest fields of the world. I know a father and four sons who agreed that one of them must stay at home: and they pulled straws from a stack to see who might go. The father was left. The next day he came into camp, saying "Mother says she can get the crops in, and I am going, too." I know large Methodist Churches from which every male member went to the army. Do you want to know what these heroes from Illinois did in the field? Ask any soldier with a good record of his own, who is thus able to judge, and he will tell you that the Illinois men went in to win. It is common history that the great victories were won in the west. When everything else looked dark Illinois was gaining victories all down the river, and dividing the Confederacy. Sher-

man took with him on his great march forty-five regiments of Illinois infantry, three companies of artillery, and one company of cavalry. He could not avoid going to the sea. If he had been killed I doubt not the men would have gone right on. There was hardly an Illinois regiment in the field that did not have brains enough to set up and run any Government on earth. Lincoln answered all rumors of Sheridan's defeat with "It is impossible; there is a mighty sight of fight in 100,000 Western men." Illinois soldiers brought home 300 battle flags. The first United States flag that floated over Richmond was an Illinois flag. Illinois tested her courage in the supreme trial. She gave 875 victims to the fiends at Andersonville. Let us cover our faces as the shadowy skeletons of these silent and uncomplaining heroes—our mothers' sons—pass by to join the company of the glorious dead. The sight is not a means of grace. God grant that just retribution may be averted from the chivalry, who might have prevented this most cowardly and most beastly brutality of all history!

It is a relief to turn from this scene to another, in which the great state of Illinois is sending messengers to every field and hospital, to care for her sick and wounded sons. She said, "These suffering ones are my sons, and I will care for them."

When individuals had given all, then cities and towns came forward with their credit to the extent of many millions, to aid these men and their families.

Nothing can be said or done in honor of Illinois soldiers better than to repeat the story of their deeds. As we gaze upon the luminous page of their history the first form that comes out of the smoke of battle and rises in the chariot of fire before our weeping eyes, is that one solitary hero, who, at the first tap of the war drums, sprang from the couch of his ease and the home of his comfort, armed amid the gathering darkness of impending peril took a hasty farewell of wife and loved ones, and went forth to hunt for masked batteries in the darkness and to die, if need be, rather than survive his imperilled liberties; who actually bared his bosom to storms of iron and rows of glistening steel; who did press over the breastwork and rush over slippery fields, and stand mute under hostile guns; who did actually stand in death's highway that the Republic might be saved. I see first of all, and, in the impartial

judgment of infinite equity, above all, the one solitary hero of the war, the Common Soldier. Honor to whom honor is due.

Next I see the women of America, in the person of the mother. This is she who was in the heat of battle every hour; who never knew what each caller had come to break to her; who seldom slept on a dry pillow when the babe she had nursed might have none for his dying head; who, with a heroism never needed by the soldier in action, dressed her boy with reference to having his body robbed after the battle, and who said, like the Spartan mother handing her son his shield, "With it, or upon it." When the awards are made for actual service, this one shall not lack monument or crown or throne.

I do not lose sight of another character, upon whom rested the care and burden of responsibility; who shared the trench with the soldier, and fared on the same half biscuit; who was watching and planning while the soldier slept. I do not lose sight *of the officer*, who deserved all the honor he received. Illinois furnished her full share of these burden-bearers. See what a list of heroes: one general—all the country needed—seven major-generals, eighteen brevet major-generals, forty-five brigadier-generals, and 120 brevet brigadier-generals. See what names they bear to posterity! Two Titans to-day in the Senate: J. A. Logan, who faced 20,000 majority in his own district in Egypt, and carried it all over to the loyal cause; who moved on the field of battle like a thunderbolt; whose voice rings in the Senate with no uncertain sound, who sees the core of things, and calls them by their right names; who first comprehended the situation when restored rebels had seized upon the Government; who adds to the courage of the soldier and the wisdom of the statesman the loyalty of a patriot and the faith of a Christian.

By him stands stout Senator Oglesby, whose victories and wounds do him perpetual honor. Here too, is the present Governor of Illinois, J. L. Beverage, who, in the storm of battle, was wont to say as he rode up and down in the thickest of the fight, "There is a God in Israel"—a man whom the State is glad to honor. May I pause to name such men as Rawlins, who organized the armies, and secured victory in advance? Governor Palmer, General White General Wallace, General M'Arthur, Colonel Mulligan, and Wil-

liam Pitt Kellogg? Party spirit will die, and the future will vindicate this man. Surely this list could be continued with satisfaction, but—I desist.

I am now brought to another name that needs no mention here. I wish to speak with due deliberation, and for the hour lift myself out of the smoke and heat of party politics, up into the pure air and clarified visions of impartial history. Studying the theme from that stand-point which respects only achievements and weighs only results, I stand in the presence of the *one supreme military commander of this century*, ULYSSES S. GRANT, THE TANNER OF ILLINOIS. History will not forget that this man fought more than a score of great battles, and won more than a score of great victories, before he went to the East to turn the tide there in favor of the Union; that he never turned his back on the foe; that he only, of all our commanders, never lost a battle; that he gained nearly all the great victories that were gained; that he made his way to the supreme command with no aid but his sword, and held it to the end without a blunder or a defeat.

On these facts impartial history will do what we all did when our brothers and sons were with him in the field—give him the first place of honor and confidence. This is no place for party discussion, and I shall not trespass on the proprieties of this hour. This I will say, that, when the annoyances of the day are passed, and posterity studies our sorrows, the great outlines of his administration will not dim his military glory; and his treaty of Washington will be held by the confederated Republics of all lands, gathered in the coming future, as the first great achievement that made their peaceful relations possible—as we now hold the Declaration of Independence.

Nothing is more useless in the work of life than a hiltless sword. It is all edge and metal, with no way to utilize its power. All you can do with it is to hang it up in your Memorial Hall, to await the worship of your grandsons. So it is with ex-Presidents. Full of edge and metal, they lack use. Place them, then, in the Halls of History, and a grateful posterity, inheriting liberties so bravely defended, will venerate each scar, and niche, and rust spot from foeman's blood. Illinois turns from the past to the future, confidenly awaiting that supreme judgment that must place upon the

brow of her great Captain the chaplet to which none other has yet attained.

One other name from Illinois comes up in all minds embalmed in all hearts, that must have the supreme place in this story of our glory and of our nation's honor; that name is ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS. Neither you nor that great commonwealth beyond the mountains that has sent me here would pardon me for not giving both time and space to this grandest character of American history.

The analysis of Mr. Lincoln's character is difficult on account of its symmetry. Its comprehension is to us impossible on account of its immensity, for a man can be comprehended only by his peers. Though we may not get its altitude, nor measure its girth, nor fathom its depths, nor estimate its richness, we may stretch our little selves up against it, and get somewhat of the impress of its purity, the inspiration of its heroism, and the impulse of its power. It was centered about a few strong points. His moral sense, his reason, and his common sense, were the three fixed points through which the perfect circle of his character was drawn—the sacred trinity of his great manhood. Had he lacked either of these he would have failed, and we would have been buried in the ruins of the Republic. Without the first, he would have been a villain; without the second, a bigot or a fool; without the third, a fanatic or a dreamer. With them all, he was Abraham Lincoln.

In this age we look with admiration at his uncompromising honesty. And well we may, for this saved us. Thousands throughout the length and breadth of the country who knew him only as "Honest Old Abe," voted for him on that account; and wisely did they choose, for no other man could have carried us through the fearful night of the war. When his plans were too vast for our comprehension, and his faith in the cause too sublime for our participation; when it was all night about us, and all dread before us, and all sad and desolate behind us; when not one ray shone upon our cause; when traitors were haughty and exultant at the South, and fierce and blasphemous at the North; when the loyal men here seemed almost in the minority; when the stoutest hearts quailed, the bravest cheeks paled; when generals were defeating each other for place, and contractors were leeching out the very

heart's blood of the prostrate Republic; when everything else had failed us, we looked at this calm, patient man standing like a rock in the storm, and said, "Mr. Lincoln is honest, and we can trust him still." Holding to this single point with the energy of faith and despair we held together, and, under God, he brought us through to victory.

He was the representative character of this age. He incarnated the *ideal* Republic. No other man ever so fully embodied the purposes, the affections, and the power of the people. He came up among us. He was one of us. His birth, his education, his habits, his motives, his feelings, and his ambitions, were all our own. Had he been born among hereditary aristocrats he would not have been *our* President. But born in the cabin, and reared in the field and in the forest, he became the GREAT COMMONER. The classics of the schools might have polished him, but they would have separated him from us. But trained in the common school of adversity, his calloused palms never slipped from the poor man's hand. A child of the people, he was as accessible in the White House as he had been in the cabin.

His practical wisdom made him the wonder of all lands. With such certainty did Mr. Lincoln follow causes to their ultimate effects, that his foresight of contingencies seemed almost prophetic. While we in turn were calling him weak and stubborn and blind, Europe was amazed at his statesmanship, and awed into silence by the grandeur of his plans. Measured by what he did, Mr. Lincoln is a statesman without a peer. He stands alone in the world. He came to the government by a minority vote. Without an army, without a navy, without money, without munitions, he stepped into the midst of the most stupendous, most wide-spread, most thoroughly equipped and appointed, most deeply planned and infamous, rebellion of all history. Traitors were in every department. Treason was the rule, loyalty was the exception. He was alone in Washington; armed foes were close at hand; his friends were away yonder in the North, and traitors hissed and rattled all over the loyal States. He conciliated rivals, united friends, flanked politicians, marshalled Wall-street, defeated Copperheads, and conquered foes. He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men leaped forward. He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest

navy the world ever saw crowned every wave. He breathed into the air, and money and munitions rained upon the people.

Taken all and in all, he rises head and shoulders above every other man of six thousand years. I would not pluck one laurel from the statues of the noble dead; I would rather place in their midst another statue that shall adorn and honor their glorified company. We are, indeed, too near Mr. Lincoln to award him the glory he deserves. We remember too well his long, lank form, his awkward movements, to realize that this man, standing among us like a father, yet looms above us like a monarch. I turn to the past; I see behind me a noble company. There is Napoleon, the man of destiny. Armies move at his bid as if they were the muscles of his body; kings rise and fall at his nod; but he lived for himself. His entire life was a failure. He did not accomplish one of his great purposes. I see a Wellington; great as a military chieftain, competent to command armies against a *foreign and hereditary foe.* I see Marlborough; but on every stone of his monument and in every page of his history I see the frauds by which he enriched himself from the plunder of his country. There is Cromwell—a fine old man, England's noblest son; but his arena was small, the work he undertook limited, the work he accomplished ephemeral. The revolution from the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts to the hereditary dictatorship of the Cromwells was not so great as the change from executing the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston to the Constitutional Emancipation of the slave in Maryland. Yet upon his death the Government reverted to the Stuarts. But upon the death of Abraham Lincoln, Freedom rears a monument, and for new conquests marches boldly into the future. I do see a Cæsar yonder; but his power is the purchase of fraud and crime, and falls about his grave like withered weeds. And away down yonder in the dark vortex of history, looking out upon the centuries, is old Pericles. But the thirty thousand citizens of Athens are lost in some inland town of America, with her thirty millions of citizens. There are many noble heroes who illumine the darkness behind us with the radiance of some single virtue; but among them all I see no Lincoln. He is radiant with all the great virtues, and his memory shall shed a glory upon this age that *shall fill the eyes of men* as they look into history. Other men

have excelled him in some one point, but, taken at all points, all and in all, he stands head and shoulders above every other man of six thousand years. An Administrator, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled *civil* war. A Statesman, he justified his measures by their success. A Philanthropist, he gave liberty to one race and salvation to another. A Moralist, he bowed from the summit of human power to the foot of the Cross, and became a Christian. A Mediator, he exercised mercy under the most absolute abeyance to law. A Leader, he was no partisan. A Commander, he was untainted with blood. A Ruler in desperate times, he was unsullied with crime. A Man, he has left no word of passion, no thought of malice, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition. Thus perfected, without a model and without a peer, he was dropped into these troubled years to adorn and embellish all that is good and all that is great in our humanity, and to present to all coming time the representative of the divine idea of Free Government.

It is not too much to say that away down in the future, when the Republic has fallen from its niche in the wall of time; when the great war itself shall have faded out in the distance like a mist on the horizon; when the Anglo-Saxon language shall be handed only by the tongue of the stranger; then the generations looking this way shall see the great President as the supreme figure in this vortex of History.

As we to-day think that Athens is Greece because it was the home of Socrates and of Pericles, so in the future men shall think that Illinois is America, because it is the home of Lincoln and of Grant.

Faulty, indeed, would be the view of Illinois that omitted suitable reference to her learned professions, though no more than a reference can be made. The work of her *Ministry* is seen in the high moral tone of the people. By their fruits ye shall know them. From Père Marquette to her living pulpit orators, her ministry have always been an essential element in any estimate of her forces.

The *Bar* of Illinois has been an honorable Bar from the beginning. Few States have equalled it. In many noble respects none have surpassed it.

Nor does the State suffer when we turn toward the *Medical Profession.* Need I mention Daniel Brainard, the surgeon whose knife played like a thing of life? or N. S. Davis, of the Chicago Medical College, creator of the American Medical Association, author of the long and graded courses for medical students? We must not omit Volk, the sculptor who made the first bust west of the Alleghanies, and whose busts of Lincoln and Douglas are the standards for the present and models for the future.

We may not close this outline of the great State without turning your attention to *the great city at the head of the lakes.* The subject itself is too vast for the brief moments that remains to this speech.

Spur your horse for a half-day up the base of "The Cap of Liberty," in the Yosemite Valley; stop at noon, worn and weary, on the borders where vegetation ceases; stretch your arms up toward the bold, far-away summit, and then you will feel the impossibility of compassing that bold old peak in one thought. In like manner set your thought upon the subject before us—this mysterious, majestic, mighty city, born first of water, and next of fire; sown in weakness, and raised in power; planted among the willows of the marsh, and crowned with the glory of the mountains; sleeping on the bosom of the prairie, and rocked on the bosom of the sea; the youngest city of the world, and still the eye of the prairie, as Damascus, the oldest city of the world, is the eye of the desert. With a commerce far exceeding that of Corinth on her isthmus, in the highway to the East; with the defenses of a Continent piled around her by the thousand miles, making her far safer than Rome on the banks of the Tiber; with schools eclipsing Alexandria and Athens; with liberties more conspicuous than those of the old Republics; with a heroism equal to the first Carthage, and with a sanctity scarcely second to that of Jerusalem—set your thoughts on all this, lifted into the eyes of all men by the miracle of its growth, illuminated by the flame of its fall, and transfigured by the divinity of its resurrection, and you will feel, as I do, the utter impossibility of compassing this subject as it deserves. Some impression of her importance is received from the shock her burning gave to the civilized world.

When the doubt of her calamity was removed, and the horrid

fact was accepted, there went a shudder over all cities, and a quiver over all lands. There was scarcely a town in the civilized world that did not shake on the brink of this opening chasm. The flames of our homes reddened all skies. The city was set upon a hill, and could not be hid. All eyes were turned upon it. To have struggled and suffered amid the scenes of its fall is as distinguishing as to have fought at Thermopylæ, or Salamis, or Hastings, or Waterloo, or Bunker Hill.

Its calamity amazed the world, because it was felt to be the common property of Mankind.

The early history of the city is full of interest, just as the early history of such a man as Washington or Lincoln becomes public property, and is cherished by every patriot.

Starting with 500 acres in 1833, it embraced and occupied 23,000 acres in 1869, and, having now a population of more than 500,000, it commands general attention.

Colbert, of the Chicago *Tribune*, so highly honored by, and so honoring, our daily press—that strange compound of music and mathematics, of the sciences of the books and the items of a daily newspaper—develops the fact that the first white man that ever settled in Chicago was a negro. He opened trade with the Indians in 1796, and consecrated this soil to the Fifteenth Amendment. But more than a hundred years before that, in 1673, Father Marquette spent some months here, on his way from the North to the Mississippi, and, laboring as a missionary among the Indians, consecrated this soil to Christianity. Old Fort Dearborn with its wall of piles, sharpened at the top, and its concealed dug-way to the river, and its officers' mansion of logs, was planted in 1812. The first house was built by H. J. Kinzie in 1815. A mere trading-post was kept here from that time till about the time of the Blackhawk war, in 1832. It was not the city. It was merely a cock crowing at midnight. The morning was not yet. In 1833 the settlement about the Fort was incorporated as a town. The voters were divided on the propriety of such incorporation, twelve voting for it and one against it. Four years later it was incorporated as a city, and embraced five hundred and sixty acres.

The produce handled in this city is an indication of its power. Grain and flour were imported from the East till as late as 1837,

The first exportation by way of experiment was in 1839. Exports exceeded imports first in 1842. The Board of Trade was organized in 1848, but it was so weak that it needed nursing till 1855. Grain was purchased by the wagon-load in the street.

I remember sitting with my father on a load of wheat, in the long line of wagons along Lake street, while the buyers came and untied the bags, and examined the grain, and made their bids. That manner of business had to cease with the day of small things. Now our elevators will hold 15,000,000 bushels of grain. The cash value of the produce handled in a year is $215,000,000, and the produce weighs 7,000,000 tons or 700,000 car loads. This handles thirteen and a half tons each minute, all the year round. One tenth of all the wheat in the United States is handled in Chicago. Even as long ago as 1853 the receipts of grain in Chicago exceeded those of the goodly city of St. Louis, and in 1854 the exports of grain from Chicago exceeded those of New York and doubled those of St. Petersburg, Archangel, or Odessa, the largest grain markets in Europe.

The manufacturing interests of the city are not contemptible. In 1873 manufactories employed 45,000 operatives; in 1876, 60,000. The manufactured product in 1875 was worth $177,000,000.

No estimate of the size and power of Chicago would be adequate that did not put large emphasis on the railroads. Before they came thundering along our streets, canals were the hope of our country. But who ever thinks now of travelling by canal packets? In June, 1852, there were only forty miles of railroad connected with the city. The old Galena division of the Northwestern ran out to Elgin. But now, who can count the trains and measure the roads that seek a terminus or connection in this city? The lake stretches away to the north, gathering in to this center all the harvests that might otherwise pass to the north of us. If you will take a map and look at the adjustment of railroads, you will see, first, that Chicago is the great railroad city of the world, as New York is the commercial city of this Continent, and, second, that the railroad lines form the iron spokes of a great wheel whose hub is this city. The lake furnishes the only break in the spokes, and this seems simply to have pushed a few spokes together on

each shore. All these roads have come themselves by the infallible instincts of capital. Not a dollar was ever given by the city to secure one of them, and only a small per cent. of stock taken originally by her citizens, and that taken simply as an investment. Coming in the natural order of events, they will not be easily diverted.

There is still another showing to all this. The connection between New York and San Francisco is by the middle route. This passes inevitably through Chicago. St. Louis wants the Southern Pacific or Kansas Pacific, and pushes it out through Denver, and so on to Cheyenne. But before the road is fairly under way, the Chicago road shoves out to Kansas City, making even the Kansas Pacific a feeder, and actually leaving St. Louis out in the cold. It is not too much to expect that Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territory, will find their great market in Chicago.

But these are not all. Perhaps I had better notice here the ten or fifteen new roads that have just entered, or are just entering, our city. Their names are all that is necessary to give. Chicago and St. Paul, looking up the Red River country to the British Possessions; the Chicago, Atlantic and Pacific; the Chicago, Decatur and State Line; the Baltimore and Ohio; the Chicago, Danville and Vincennes; the Chicago and La Salle Railroad; the Chicago, Pittsburg and Cincinnati; the Chicago and Canada Southern; the Chicago and Illinois River Railroad. These, with their connections, and with the new connections of the old roads already in process of erection, give to Chicago not less than ten thousand miles of new tributaries from the richest land on the Continent. Thus there will be added to the reserve power, to the capital within the reach of this city, not less than $1,000,000,000.

Add to all this transporting power the ships, that sail one every nine minutes of the business hours of the season of navigation; add, also, the canal boats, that leave one every minute during the same time—and you will see something of the business of the city.

The commerce of this city has been leaping along to keep pace with the growth of the country around us. In 1852 our commerce

reached the hopeful sum of $20,000,000. In 1870 it reached $400,000,000. In 1871 it was pushing up above $450,000,000. And in 1875 it touched nearly double that.

One half of our imported goods come directly to Chicago. Grain enough is exported directly from our docks to the Old World to employ a semi-weekly line of steamers of 3,000 tons capacity. This branch is not likely to be greatly developed. Even after the great Welland Canal is completed, we shall have only fourteen feet of water. The great ocean vessels will continue to control the trade.

The banking capital of Chicago is $24,431,000. Total exchange in 1875, $659,000,000. Her wholesale business in 1875 was $294,000,000. The rate of taxes is less than in any other great city.

The schools of Chicago are unsurpassed in America. Out of a population of 300,000 there were only 186 persons between the ages of six and twenty-one unable to read. This is the best known record.

In 1831 the mail system was condensed into a half-breed, who went on foot to Niles, Mich., once in two weeks, and brought back what papers and news he could find. As late as 1848 there was often only one mail a week. A post-office was established in Chicago in 1833, and the postmaster nailed up old boot-legs on one side of his shop to serve as boxes for the nabobs and literary men.

It is an interesting fact in the growth of the young city that in the active life of the business men of that day the mail matter has grown to a daily average of over 6,500 pounds. It speaks equally well for the intelligence of the people and the commercial importance of the place, that the mail matter distributed to the territory immediately tributary to Chicago is seven times greater than that distributed to the territory immediately tributary to St. Louis. The improvements that have characterized the city are as startling as the city itself.

In 1831, Mark Beaubien established a ferry over the river, and put himself under bonds to carry all the citizens free for the privilege of charging strangers. Now there are twenty-four large bridges and two tunnels.

In 1833 the Government expended $30,000 on the harbor.

Then commenced that series of manœuvers with the river that has made it one of the world's curiosities. It used to wind around in the lower end of the town, and make its way rippling over the sand into the lake at the foot of Madison-street. They took it up and put it down where it now is. It was a narrow stream, so narrow that even moderately small crafts had to go up through the willows and cat's tails to the point near Lake-street bridge, and back up one of the branches to get room enough in which to turn round.

In 1844 the quagmires in the streets were first pontooned by plank roads, which acted in wet weather as public squirt-guns. Keeping you out of the mud, they compromised by squirting the mud over you. The wooden block pavements came to Chicago in 1857. In 1840 water was delivered by peddlers in carts, or by hand. Then a *twenty-five horse-power engine* pushed it through hollow or bored logs along the streets till 1854, when it was introduced into the houses by new work. The first fire-engine was used in 1835, and the first steam fire-engine in 1859. Gas was utilized for lighting the city in 1850. The Young Men's Christian Association was organized in 1858, and horse railroads carried them to their work in 1859. The museum was opened in 1863. The alarm telegraph adopted in 1864. The Opera House built in 1865. The city grew from 560 acres in 1833 to 23,000 in 1869. In 1834 the taxes amounted to $48.90, and the trustees of the town borrowed sixty dollars more for opening and improving streets. In 1835 the Legislature authorized a loan of $2,000, and the Treasurer and Street Commissioners resigned rather than plunge the town into such a gulf.

Now the city embraces thirty-six square miles of territory, and has thirty miles of water front, besides the outside Harbor of Refuge, of 400 acres, inclosed by a crib sea-wall. One third of the city has been raised up an average of eight feet, giving good pitch to the 203 miles of sewerage. The water of the city is above all competition. It is received through two tunnels extending to a crib in the lake two miles from shore. The closest analysis fails to detect any impurities, and, received thirty-five feet below the surface, it is always clear and cold. The first tunnel was five feet two inches in diameter and two miles long, and can deliver

50,000,000 of gallons per day. The second tunnel is seven feet in diameter, and six miles long, running four miles under the city, and can deliver 100,000,000 of gallons per day. This water is distributed through 410 miles of water mains.

The three grand engineering exploits of the city are: First, lifting the city up on jack-screws, whole squares at a time, without interrupting the business, thus giving us good drainage; second, running the tunnels under the lake, giving us the best water in the world; and, third, the turning the current of the river in its own channel, delivering us from the old abominations, and making decency possible. They redounded about equally to the credit of the engineering, to the energy of the people, and to the health of the city.

That which really constitutes the city, its indescribable spirit, its soul, the way it lights up in every feature in the hour of action, has not been touched. In meeting strangers, one is often surprised how some homely women marry so well. Their forms are bad, their gait uneven and awkward, their complexion is dull, their features misshapen and mismatched, and when we see them there is no beauty that we should desire them. But when once they are aroused on some subject, they put on new proportions. They light up into great power The real person comes out from its unseemly ambush, and captures us at will. They have power. *They have ability to cause things to come to pass.* We no longer wonder why they are in such high demand. So it is with our city. To the stranger it seems flat, and cheap, wooden. There is plenty of wind, and no lack of dust, and a full supply of mud. There is no grand scenery except the two seas, one of water, the other of prairie. Nevertheless, there is a spirit about it, a push, a breath, a power, that soon makes it a place never to be forsaken. One soon ceases to believe in impossibilities. Balsams are the only prophets that are disappointed. The bottom that has been in the point of falling out has been there so long that it has grown fast. It cannot fall out. It has all the capital of the world itching to get inside the corporation. As when you kill a Chicago rat a hundred more will come to the funeral, so when one man falls or is crushed, a hundred large ones leap for his place.

When we turn our gaze towards the future—and turn it we

must, for we are all prophets, and the sons of prophets—from questioning that which is to come, we are startled with the developments that are insured by the inevitable march of events.

May I tell you what I see, and be allowed to depart in peace? I must tell you. This is the purpose for which I am here. In the language of an old hero, I say, "*Strike, but hear!*"

I see Chicago in the future as the greatest city in the world. It is in league with events, and must grow to this measure. It is inland, protected from all foreign foes. It is on the productive belt of the temperate zone, where thrive all the aggressive civilizations. It is near the center of the Continent, and the center of the great valley that could support a thousand million people; and it commands more territory than any ten great cities of the world combined. The two great laws that govern the growth and size of cities are, first, the amount of territory for which they are the distributing and receiving points; second, the number of medium or moderate dealers that do this distributing. Monopolists build up themselves, not the cities. They neither eat, wear, nor live in proportion to their business. Both these laws help Chicago.

The tide of trade is eastward—not up or down the map, but across the map. The lake runs up a wing dam for five hundred miles to gather in the business. Commerce cannot ferry up there for seven months in the year, and the facilities for seven months can do the work for twelve. Then the great region west of us is nearly all good, productive land. Dropping south into the trail of St. Louis, you fall into vast deserts and rocky districts, useful in holding the world together. St. Louis and Cincinnati, instead of rivaling and hurting Chicago, are her greatest sureties of dominion. They are far enough away to give sea-room—farther off than Paris is from London—and yet they are near enough to prevent the springing up of any other great city between them.

St. Louis will be helped by the opening of the Mississippi, but also hurt. That will put New Orleans on her feet, and with a railroad running over into Texas, and so west, she will tap the streams that now crawl up the Texas and Missouri road. The current is east, not north, and a sea-port at New Orleans cannot permanently help St. Louis.

Chicago is in the field almost alone, to handle the wealth of one-

fourth of the territory of this great Republic. This strip of sea-coast divides its margins between Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Savannah, or some other great port to be created for the South in the next decade. But Chicago has a dozen empires casting their treasures into her lap. On a bed of coal that can run all the machinery of the world for five hundred centuries; in a garden that can feed the race by the thousand years; at the head of the lakes that give her a temperature as a summer resort equalled by no great city in the land; with a climate that insures the health of her citizens; surrounded by all the great deposits of natural wealth in mines and forests and herds, Chicago is the wonder of the day, and will be The City of the future.

Fellow-citizens of Illinois, and fellow-citizens of the Republic, I am unable to eulogize the Prairie State. I have simply recited some of the facts with which her history abounds. I can do no more. There she stands, to speak for herself. Her soil, her mines, her herds, her improvements, her schools, her churches, her intelligence, her liberties, her learned professions, her war record, her heroes, her martyrs, her Presidents, and her great city—these are her glory, and shall be, so long as the nation endures. While I look into the future, the ages are rolled together; the Commonwealth of Illinois puts on purple and fine linen, and Europe and Asia, coming from the East and from the West, find their exchange in her great marts. Brothers, it remains for us to complete the marvellous record by making Illinois as good as Providence will make her great. Then she will be both the garden of the world and the garden of the Lord.

THE MEANING OF THE DECLARATION.

AN ORATION BY COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS, JULY 4, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—You have just heard read the grandest, the bravest, and the profoundest political document that was ever signed by man. It is the embodiment of physical and moral courage and of political wisdom. I say of physical courage, because it was a declaration of war against the most powerful nation then on the globe; a declaration of war by thirteen weak, unorganized colonies; a declaration of war by a few people, without military stores, without wealth, without strength, against the most powerful kingdom on the earth; a declaration of war made when the British navy, at that day the mistress of every sea, was hovering along the coast of America, looking after defenceless towns and villages to ravage and destroy. It was made when thousands of English soldiers were upon our soil, and when the principal cities of America were in the possession of the enemy. And so, I say, all things considered, it was the bravest political document ever signed by man. And if it was physically brave, the moral courage of the document is almost infinitely beyond the physical. They had the courage not only, but they had the almost infinite wisdom to declare that all men are created equal. Such things had occasionally been said by some political enthusiasts in the olden time, but for the first time in the history of the world, the representatives of a nation, the representatives of a real living, breathing, hoping people, declared that all men are created equal. With one blow, with one stroke of the pen, they struck down all the cruel, heartless barriers that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft had raised between man and man. They struck down with one immortal blow, that infamous spirit of caste that makes a god

almost a beast, and a beast almost a god. With one word, with one blow, they wiped away and utterly destroyed all that had been done by centuries of war—centuries of hypocrisy—centuries of injustice.

What more did they do? They then declared that each man has a right to live. And what does that mean? It means that he has the right to make his living. It means that he has the right to breathe the air, to work the land, that he stands the equal of every other human being beneath the shining stars; entitled to the product of his labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain.

What more? That every man has the right to pursue his own happiness in his own way. Grander words than these have never been spoken by man.

And what more did these men say? They laid down the doctrine, that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people. The old idea was that people existed solely for the benefit of the state—that is to say, for kings and nobles.

And what more? That the people are the source of political power. That was not only a revelation, but it was a revolution. It changed the ideas of the people with regard to the source of political power. For the first time it made human beings men. What was the old idea? The old idea was that no political power came from, nor in any manner belonged to, the people. The old idea was that the political power came from the clouds; that the political power came in some miraculous way from heaven; that it came down to kings, and queens, and robbers. That was the old idea. The nobles lived upon the labor of the people; the people had no rights; the nobles stole what they had and divided with the kings, and the kings pretended to divide what they stole with God Almighty. The source, then, of political power was from above. The people were responsible to the nobles, the nobles to the kings, and the people had no political rights whatever, no more than the wild beasts of the forest. The kings were responsible to God: not to the people. The kings were responsible to the clouds; not to the toiling millions they robbed and plundered.

And our forefathers, in this declaration of independence, reversed this thing, and said, No; the people, they are the source of politi-

cal power, and their rulers, these presidents, these kings, are but the agents and servants of the great, sublime people. For the first time, really, in the history of the world, the king was made to get off the throne and the people were royally seated thereon. The people became the sovereigns, and the old sovereigns became the servants and the agents of the people. It is hard for you and me now to imagine even the immense results of that change. It is hard for you and for me at this day to understand how thoroughly it had been ingrained in the brain of almost every man, that the king had some wonderful right over him; that in some strange way the king owned him; that in some miraculous manner he belonged, body and soul, to somebody who rode on a horse, with epaulettes on his shoulders and a tinsel crown upon his brainless head.

Our forefathers had been educated in that idea, and when they first landed on American shores they believed it. They thought they belonged to somebody, and that they must be loyal to some thief, who could trace his pedigree back to antiquity's most successful robber.

It took a long time for them to get that idea out of their heads and hearts. They were three thousand miles away from the despotisms of the old world, and every wave of the sea was an assistant to them. The distance helped to disenchant their minds of that infamous belief, and every mile between them and the pomp and glory of monarchy helped to put republican ideas and thoughts into their minds. Besides that, when they came to this country, when the savage was in the forest and three thousand miles of waves on the other side, menaced by barbarians on the one side and by famine on the other, they learned that a man who had courage, a man who had thought, was as good as any other man in the world, and they built up, as it were, in spite of themselves, little republics. And the man that had the most nerve and heart was the best man, whether he had any noble blood in his veins or not.

It has been a favorite idea with me that our forefathers were educated by Nature; that they grew grand as the continent upon which they landed; that the great rivers—the wide plains—the splendid lakes—the lonely forests—the sublime mountains—that

all these things stole into and became a part of their being, and they grew great as the country in which they lived. They began to hate the narrow, contracted views of Europe. They were educated by their surroundings, and every little colony had to be, to a certain extent, a republic. The kings of the old world endeavored to parcel out this land to their favorites. But there were too many Indians. There was too much courage required for them to take and keep it, and so men had to come here who were dissatisfied with the old country, who were dissatisfied with England, with France, with Germany, with Ireland and Holland. The kings' favorites stayed at home. Men came here for liberty, and on account of certain principles they entertained and held dearer than life. And they were willing to work, willing to fell the forests, to fight the savages, willing to go through all the hardships, perils and dangers of a new country, of a new land, and the consequence was that our country was settled by brave and adventurous spirits; by men who had opinions of their own and were willing to live in the wild forest for the sake of expressing those opinions, even if they expressed them only to trees, rocks, and savage men. The best blood of the old world came to the new.

When they first came over they did not have a great deal of political philosophy, not the best ideas of liberty. We might as well tell the truth. When the Puritans first came, they were narrow. They did not understand what liberty meant—what religious liberty, what political liberty, was; but they found out in a few years. There was one feeling among them that rises to their eternal honor like a white shaft to the clouds—they were in favor of universal education. Wherever they went they built school houses, introduced books, and ideas of literature. They believed that every man should know how to read and how to write, and should find out all that his capacity allowed him to comprehend. That is the glory of the Puritan fathers.

They forgot in a little while what they had suffered, and they forgot to apply the principal of universal liberty—of toleration. Some of the colonies did not forget it, and I want to give credit where credit should be given. The catholics of Maryland were the first people on the new continent to declare universal religious toleration. Let this be remembered to their eternal

CENTRAL RESERVE

honor. Let this be remembered to the disgrace of the Protestant government of England, that it caused this grand law to be repealed. And to the honor and credit of the catholics of Maryland let it be remembered that the moment they got back into power they re-enacted the old law. The Baptists of Rhode Island also, led by Roger Williams, were in favor of universal religious liberty. And these were the only colonies that were in favor of religious freedom. Yet it may truthfully be said that they did not understand the idea of religious liberty as we understand it, to-day.

But the people finally met in congress in the old city of Philadelphia. They had become tired of being colonists—of writing and reading and signing petitions, and presenting them on their bended knees, to an idiot king. They began to have an aspiration to form a new nation, to be citizens of a new republic instead of subjects of an old monarchy. They had the idea—the Puritans, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Quakers, and a few Free Thinkers, all had the idea—that they would like to form a new nation.

Now, do not understand that all of our fathers were in favor of independence. Do not understand that they were all like Jefferson; that they were all like Adams or Lee; that they were all like Thomas Paine or John Hancock. There were thousands and thousands of them who were opposed to American independence. There were thousands and thousands who said, "When you say men are created equal, it is a lie; when you say the political power resides in the great body of the people, it is false." Thousands and thousands of them said, "We prefer Great Britain." But the men who were in favor of independence, the men who knew that a new nation must be born, went on in full hope and courage, and nothing could daunt or stop or stay these heroic, fearless men.

They met in Philadelphia; and the resolution was moved by Lee of Virginia, that the colonies ought to be independent states, and ought to dissolve their political connection with Great Britain.

They made up their minds that a new nation must be formed. All nations had been, so to speak, the wards of some church. The religious idea as to the source of power had been at the foundation of all governments, and had been the bane and curse of man.

Happily for us, there was no church strong enough to dictate to

the rest. Fortunately for us, the colonists not only, but the colonies differed widely in their religious views. There were the Puritans who hated the Episcopalians, and Episcopalians who hated the Catholics, and the Catholics who hated both, while the Quakers held them all in contempt. There they were, of every sort, and color, and kind, and how was it that they came together? They had a common aspiration. They wanted to form a new nation. More than that, most of them cordially hated Great Britain; and they pledged each other to forget these religious prejudices, for a time at least, and agreed that there should be only one religion until they got through, and that was the religion of patriotism. They solemnly agreed that the new nation should not belong to any particular church, but that it should secure the rights of all.

Our fathers founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world. Recollect that. The first secular government; the first government that said every church has exactly the same rights, and no more; every religion has the same rights, and no more. In other words, our fathers were the first men who had the sense, had the genius, to know that no church should be allowed to have a sword; that it should be allowed only to exert its moral influence. You might as well have a state united by force with art or with property, or with oratory, as with religion. Religion should have the influence upon mankind that its goodness, that its morality, its justice, its charity, its reason, and its argument give it, and no more. Religion should have the effect upon mankind that it necessarily has, and no more. The religion that has to be supported by law is without value, not only, but a fraud and curse. The argument that has to be supported by a musket, is no argument. A prayer that must have a cannon behind it, had better never be uttered.

So, our fathers said, "We will form a secular goverment, and under the flag with which we are going to enrich the air we will allow every man to worship God as he thinks best. They said, "Religion is an individual thing between each man and his Creator, and he can worship as he pleases and as he desires." And why did they do this? The history of the world warned them that the liberty of man was not safe in the clutch and grasp

of any church. They had read of and seen the thumb-screws, the racks and the dungeons of the inquisition. They knew all about the hypocrisy of the olden time. They knew that the church had stood side by side with the throne; that the high priests were hypocrites, and that kings were robbers. They also knew that if they gave to any church power, that power would corrupt the best church in the world. And so they said, power must not reside in a church or in a sect, in a few or in a nobility, but power must be wherever humanity is, in the great body of the people; and the officers and servants of the people must be responsible to them. And so I say again, as I said in the commencement, this is the wisest, the profoundest, the bravest political document that ever was written and signed by man. They turned, as I tell you, everything squarely about. They derived all their authority from the people. They did away forever with the theological idea of government.

And what more did they say? They said that whenever the rulers abused this authority, this power, incapable of destruction, returned to the people. How did they come to say this? I will tell you. They were pushed into it. How? They felt that they were oppressed; and whenever a man feels that he is the subject of injustice, his perception of right and wrong is wonderfully quickened. Nobody was ever in prison wrongfully who did not believe in the writ of *habeas corpus*. Nobody ever suffered wrongfully without instantly having ideas of justice.

And they began to inquire what rights the king of Great Britain had. They began to search for the charter of his authority. They began to investigate and dig down to the bed rock upon which society must be founded, and when they got down there, forced thereto by their oppressors, forced against their own prejudices and education, they found at the bottom of things, not lords, not nobles, not pulpits, not thrones, but humanity and the rights of men. And so they said we are men; we are *men*. They found out they were men. And the next thing they said, was, "we will be free men; we have got weary of being colonists; we are tired of being subjects; we are men; and these colonies ought to be states; and these states ought to be a nation; and that nation ought to drive the last

British soldier into the sea. And so they signed that brave Declaration of Independence.

I thank every one of them from the bottom of my heart for signing that sublime declaration. I thank them for their courage —for their patriotism—for their wisdom—for the splendid confidence in themselves and in the human race. I thank them for what they were, and for what we are—for what they did and, for what we have received—for what they suffered, and for what we enjoy.

What would we have been if we had remained colonists and subjects? What would we have been to-day? Nobodies,—ready to get down on our knees and crawl in the very dust at the sight of somebody that was supposed to have in him some drop of blood that flowed in the veins of that mailed marauder—that royal robber, William the Conqueror.

They signed that Declaration of Independence, although they knew that it would produce a long, terrible, and bloody war. They looked forward and saw poverty, deprivation, gloom, and death. But they also saw on the wrecked clouds of war, the beautiful bow of freedom. These grand men were enthusiasts; and the world has only been raised by enthusiasts. In every country there have been a few enthusiasts who have always given a national aspiration to the people. The enthusiasts of 1776 were the builders and framers of this great and splendid government; and the enthusiasts there saw, although others did not, the golden fringe of the mantle of glory that will finally cover this world. They knew it and they felt it; and they said, notwithstanding the horrors of war, notwithstanding the privations of war, we will give a new constellation to the political heavens; we will make the Americans a grand people,—grand as the continent upon which they live.

The war commenced. There was no money, no credit. The new nation had no means and but few friends. To a great extent each soldier of freedom had to clothe and feed himself.

What did the soldier leave when he went? He left his wife and and children. Did he leave them in a beautiful home, surrounded by civilization, in the security of a great and powerful republic? No. He left his wife and children on the edge, on the fringe

of the boundless forest, in which crouched and crept the red savage, who was at that time the ally of the still more savage Briton. He left his wife to defend herself, and he left the prattling babes to be defended by their mother and by nature. The mother made the living; she planted the corn and the potatoes, and hoed them in the sun, raised the children, and in the darkness of night, told them upon what a sacred expedition their brave father had gone.

The soldiers of 1776 did not march away with music and banners. They went in silence, looked at and gazed after by eyes filled with tears. They went not to meet an equal, but a superior —to fight five times their number—to make a desperate stand—to stop the advance of the enemy, and then, when their ammunition gave out, seek the protection of rocks, of rivers and of hills.

Let me say here: The greatest test of courage on the earth is to bear defeat without losing heart. That army is the bravest, that can be whipped the greatest number of times and fight again.

Over the entire territory, so to speak, then settled by our forefathers, they were driven again and again. Now and then they would meet the English with something like equal numbers, and then the eagle of victory would proudly perch upon the stripes and stars. And so they went on as best they could, hoping and fighting until they came to the dark and somber gloom of Valley Forge. There were very few hearts then beneath that flag that did not begin to think that the struggle was useless; that all the blood and treasure had been spent in vain. But there were some men gifted with that wonderful prophecy that fulfils itself, and with that wonderful magnetic power that makes heroes of everybody they come in contact with.

And so our fathers went through the gloom of that terrible time, and still fought on. Brave men wrote grand words, cheering the despondent, brave men did brave deeds, the rich man gave his wealth, the poor man gave his life, until at last, by the victory at Yorktown, the old banner won its place in the air, and became glorious forever.

Seven long years of war—fighting for what? For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth that nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel; nobody, nobody in the entire history of this

world. No man ever denied that truth who was not a rascal, and at heart a thief, never, never, and never will. What else were they fighting for? Simply that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Nobody ever denied that except a villain; never, never. It has been denied by kings—they were thieves. It has been denied by statesmen—they were liars. It has been denied by priests, by clergymen, by cardinals, by bishops and by popes—they were hypocrites.

What else were they fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the people. The great body of the people make all the money; do all the work. They plow the land, cut down the forests; they produce everything that is produced. Then who shall say what shall be done with what is produced except the producer? Is it the non-producing thief, sitting on a throne, surrounded by vermin?

Those were the things they were fighting for; and that is all they were fighting for. They fought to build up a new, a great nation; to establish an asylum for the oppressed of the world everywhere. They knew the history of this world. They knew the history of human slavery.

The history of civilization is the history of the slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race. In the olden times the family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch. The mother and children were the veriest slaves. The will of the father was the supreme law. He had the power of life and death. It took thousands of years to civilize this father, thousands of years to make the condition of wife and mother and child even tolerable. A few families constituted a tribe; the tribe had a chief; the chief was a tyrant; a few tribes formed a nation; the nation was governed by a king, who was also a tyrant. A strong nation robbed, plundered, and took captive the weaker ones. This was the commencement of human slavery.

It is not possible for the human imagination to conceive of the horrors of slavery. It has left no possible crime uncommitted, no possible cruelty unperpetrated. It has been practised and defended by all nations in some form. It has been upheld by all religions. It has been defended by nearly every pulpit. From the profits derived from the slave trade churches have been built, cathedrals

reared and priests paid. Slavery has been blessed by bishop, by cardinal and by pope. It has received the sanction of statesmen, of kings and of queens. It has been defended by the throne, the pulpit and the bench. Monarchs have shared in the profits. Clergymen have taken their part of the spoil, reciting passage of scripture in its defense at the same time, and judges have taken their portion in the name of equity and law.

Only a few years ago our ancestors were slaves. Only a few years ago they passed with and belonged to the soil, like coal under it and rocks on it. Only a few years ago they were treated like beasts of burden, worse far than we treat our animals at the present day. Only a few years ago it was a crime in England for a man to have a Bible in his house, a crime for which men were hanged, and their bodies afterwards burned. Only a few years ago fathers could and did sell their children. Only a few years ago our ancestors were not allowed to speak or write their thoughts that being a crime. Only a few years ago to be honest, at least in the expression of your ideas, was a felony. To do right was a capital offense; and in those days chains and whips were the incentives to labor, and the preventives of thought. Honesty was a vagrant, justice a fugitive, and liberty in chains.

As soon as our ancestors began to get free, they began to enslave others. With an inconsistency that defies explanation, they practised upon others the same outrages that had been perpetrated upon them. As soon as white slavery began to be abolished, black slavery commenced. In this infamous traffic nearly every nation of Europe embarked. Fortunes were quickly realized; the avarice and cupidity of Europe were excited; all ideas of justice were discarded; pity fled from the human breast; a few good, brave men recited the horrors of the trade; avarice was deaf; religion refused to hear; the trade went on; the governments of Europe upheld it in the name of commerce—in the name of civilization and of religion.

Our fathers knew the history of caste. They knew that in the despotisms of the old world it was a disgrace to be useful. They knew that a mechanic was esteemed as hardly the equal of a hound, and far below a blooded horse. They knew that a nobleman held a son of labor in contempt—that he had no rights the royal loafers were bound to respect. The world has changed.

The other day there came shoemakers, potters, workers in wood and iron from France, and they were received in the city of New York as though they had been princes. They had been sent by the great republic of France to examine into the arts and manufactures of the great republic of America. They looked a thousand times better to me than the Edward Alberts and Albert Edwards—the royal vermin, that live on the body politic. And I would think much more of our government if it would fete and feast them, instead of wining and dining the miserable imbeciles of a rotten royal line.

Our fathers devoted their lives and fortunes to the grand work of founding a government for the protection of the rights of man. The theological idea as to the source of political power had poisoned the web and woof of every government in the world, and our fathers banished it from this continent forever.

What we want to-day is what our fathers wrote down. They did not attain to their ideal; we approach it nearer, but have not reached it yet. We want, not only the independence of a State, not only the independence of a nation, but something far more glorious—the absolute independence of the individual. That is what we want. I want it so that I, one of the children of Nature, can stand on an equality with the rest; that I can say this is *my* air, *my* sunshine, *my* earth, and that I have a right to live, and hope, and aspire, and labor, and enjoy the fruit of that labor, as much as any individual or any nation on the face of the globe.

We want every American to make to-day, on this hundredth anniversary, a declaration of individual independence. Let each man enjoy his liberty to the utmost—enjoy all he can; but be sure it is not at the expense of another. The French convention gave the best definition of liberty I have ever read: "The liberty of one citizen ceases only where the liberty of another citizen commences." I know of no better definition. I ask you to-day to make a declaration of individual independence. And if you are independent, be just. Allow everybody else to make his declaration of individual independence. Allow your wife, allow your husband, allow your children to make theirs. Let everybody be absolutely free and independent, knowing only the sacred obligation of honesty and affection. Let us be independent of party, independent of every-

body and everything except our own consciences and our own brains. Do not belong to any clique. Have the clear title deeds in fee simple to yourselves, without any mortgage on the premises to anybody in the world.

Only a few days ago I stood in Independence Hall—in that little room where was signed the immortal paper. A little room, like any other; and it did not seem possible that from that room went forth ideas, like cherubim and seraphim, spreading their wings over a continent, and touching, as with holy fire, the hearts of men.

In a few moments I was in the park, where are gathered the accomplishments of a century. Our fathers never dreamed of the things I saw. There were hundreds of locomotives, with their nerves of steel and breath of flame—every kind of machine, with whirling wheels and curious cogs and cranks, and the myriad thoughts of men that have been wrought in iron, brass, and steel. And going out from one little building were wires in the air, stretching to every civilized nation, and they could send a shining messenger in a moment to any part of the world, and it would go sweeping under the waves of the sea with thoughts and words within its glowing heart. I saw all that had been achieved by this nation, and I wished that the signers of the Declaration—the soldiers of the revolution—could see what a century of freedom has produced. That they could see the fields we cultivate—the rivers we navigate—the railroads running over the Alleganies, far into what was then the unknown forest—on over the broad prairies—on over the vast plains—away over the mountains of the West, to the Golden Gate of the Pacific.

All this is the result of a hundred years of freedom.

Are you not more than glad that in 1776 was announced the sublime principle that political power resides with the people? That our fathers then made up their minds nevermore to be colonists and subjects, but that they would be free and independent citizens of America?

I will not name any of the grand men who fought for liberty. All should be named, or none. I feel that the unknown soldier who was shot down without even his name being remembered—who was included only in a report of "a hundred killed," or "a hundred missing," nobody knowing even the number that attached to his

august corpse—is entitled to as deep and heartfelt thanks as the titled leader who fell at the head of the host.

Standing here amid the sacred memories of the first, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask: Will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane. I believe there is more human kindness, more real, sweet human sympathy, a greater desire to help one another, in the United States, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. Wait; there will be grander things; there will be wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature, and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we have years, and many of us will live until a hundred million stand beneath the flag. We are getting more real solid sense. The school-house is the finest building in the village. We are writing and reading more books, we are painting and buying more pictures; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal sphinx; we are looking in every direction—investigating; in short, we are thinking and working. Besides all this, I believe the people are nearer honest than ever before. A few years ago we were willing to live upon the labor of four million slaves. Was that honest? At last, we have a national conscience. At last, we have carried out the Declaration of Independence. Our fathers wrote it—we have accomplished it. The black man was a slave—we made him a citizen. We found four million human beings in manacles, and now the hands of a race are held up in the free air, to-day, without a chain.

I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it, my eyes were filled with tears. I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence,—that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he

were white and worth a million. I would protect him more, because the rich white man can protect himself.

All who stand beneath our flag are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality —the three grandest words in all the languages of men.

Liberty: Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hands and of his brain.

Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother.

Equality: The rights of all are equal: Justice, poised and balanced in eternal calm, will shake from the golden scales, in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste: No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men.

The Declaration of Independence has been carried out in letter and in spirit.

The second century will be grander than the first.

Fifty millions of people are celebrating this day. To-day, the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues to distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath—this day belongs to you.

We are celebrating the courage and wisdom of our fathers, and the glad shout of a free people, the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the Atlantic, is following the sun to the Pacific, across a continent of happy homes.

We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty —thirteen States to thirty-eight. We have better homes, better clothes, better food and more of it, and more of the conveniences of life, than any other people upon the globe.

The farmers of Peoria county live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. I want every person here to believe in the dignity of labor—to know that the respectable man is the useful man—the man who produces or helps others to produce something of value, whether thought of the brain or work of the hand.

I want you to go away with an eternal hatred in your breast of injustice, of aristocracy, of caste, of the idea that one man has more rights than another because he has better clothes, more land, more

money, because he owns a railroad, or is famous and in high position. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the discharge of obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. I am willing to swear to this.

What has made this country? I say again, liberty and labor. What would we be without labor? I want every farmer, when plowing the rustling corn of June—while mowing in the perfumed fields—to feel that he is adding to the wealth and glory of the United States. I want every mechanic—every man of toil, to know and feel that he is keeping the cars running, the telegraph wires in the air; that he is making the statues and painting the pictures; that he is writing and printing the books; that he is helping to fill the world with honor, with happiness, with love and law.

Remember that our country is founded upon the dignity of labor and the equality of man. Remember this, and the second century will be grander than the first.

THE PERMANENCY OF THE REPUBLIC.*

AN ORATION BY REV. WM. A. BARTLETT, D. D., PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, CHICAGO.

DELIVERED AT AURORA, ILL. JULY 4TH. 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We celebrat to-day the centennial of American independence. We have come to this high occasion, the conclusion of the one hundredth year of national freedom. We stand upon a pinnacle, from which we can review the past and forecast the future. We see the fulfilment of the Fourth of July, 1776, in the Fourth of July, 1876. To-day, one hundred years ago, American independence had its birth. Let forty millions of freemen bend before this august century that to-day lies dead. Speak with all the noise of powder and nitro-glycerine, flare all the trumpets, sound every human voice; the procession of the century closes to-day, and out of its dead hands we pick up its legacy and bear it on to a higher issue. The Fourth of July, 1776, was not an extemporized or sudden occasion. It had been approached through one hundred and fifty years of the history of the colonies. More than a year before the Declaration of Independence was adopted, Patrick Henry had said: "The appeal to the God of battles is all that is left us. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." Sam Adams said: "Independent we are, and independent we shall remain." In the little county of Mecklenburgh, North Carolina, more than a year before the Philadelphia declaration, the people had declared their independence of the British government. So it was no sudden or unlooked-for thing when, on the 7th day of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, introduced his resolutions in the congress of the united colonies, asserting that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." On the 11th day of June a

*From Phonographic sketch, as published in the local paper.

committee was appointed to prepare a declaration of independence. Of that committee Jefferson was the chairman, and Benjamin Franklin, Robert R. Livingston, John Adams and Roger Sherman were his associates. This committee made a report upon the 2d day of July, and the declaration was finally passed in the form in which it has been read to us on the Fourth of July. It was not read to the people till the 8th of July, nor was it signed until some time after. But in the lapse of a century we can gather these several days together and make of them the birth-day of a great national life. We can hear the voice of that brazen speaker in the bell tower as it clangs forth: "Let freedom be proclaimed to all the nation and all the inhabitants thereof." And it was then and there proclaimed, and the sound of it has never died away.

It was then that Jefferson, that slender, red-haired young man, reared in the lap of luxury, struck to the root of all human society, and became the great commoner for all time. Let us not forget, too, that Jefferson, in writing to his daughter—he was asking about her progress in music and Spanish—said: "My daughter, remember, also, that I ask whether you can make a pudding, whether you can knit a stocking and set a hen." Then comes forward the portly and dignified John Hancock, who, as he grasped the pen to affix that well-known signature to the Declaration, said: "Gentlemen, we must be unanimous in this thing; let us hang together." To this Dr. Ben. Franklin slyly replies: "Yes, let us hang together, for if we don't we shall hang separately." And it was about that time that General Washington told Congress that he only had about seven thousand men to make that Declaration good with. Washington, a man whose stature was over six feet, a man with a round head covered with brown hair, and with his almost expressionless face pock-marked with the ravages of that dreadful disease, —Washington was accustomed to put great confidence in Jonathan Trumbull; and when any trouble was encountered, he would say; "Let us wait and see what Brother Jonathan will say about it." And so we have all come to be Brother Jonathans. There, too, was old John Adams, whom Jefferson called the "Colossus of Independence." There, also, was one to whom, with pardonable pride to-day, as a namesake, you will permit me to allude—a man from New Hampshire, an educated physician, who, though

an officer under the King's government, resigned his office and fought through the war under Gen. Stark; the second man to sign the Declaration, his name coming first after John Hancock's; an officer under the last royal governor of New Hampshire, and the first governor of the State after independence was achieved; at one time the chief justice of his State. I will speak his name—it was Josiah Bartlett. I must not forget that man from Baltimore, Charles Carroll. When he came to write his name, some one said; "Who knows Charles Carroll?" It seems there were a great many Carrolls in Maryland. And the patriot wrote, "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton."

We come here to-day as patriots. This occasion is not one of section or party, for we are whelmed in the grander thought of nationality. To-day we all belong to one great party—that of our country. Let all our little individualities be this day swallowed up. Let us contemplate that personality of the nation, whose head lies in the snows of the north, whose heart beats in the fertile prairies of the west, and whose body stretches to the far savannahs of the south; whose days are a century; the wheels of whose progress are driven by a forty-millionman power; whose charter is the Declaration of Independence; whose articles of incorporation are the constitution and laws of the Union; whose will is the law of the land; who holds in his left hand the army and the prison to enforce his decrees, and in his right hand the cornucopia of peace and righteousness. This grand personality of the nation let us celebrate. If you stand at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, you behold a mountain 3,200 feet high, throwing forth lava to the heavens. But it is nothing compared with Ætna, which is 10,000 feet high, and whose eruptions are proportionately greater. And that, again, is nothing compared with Cotopaxi, where eternal snow and ice reign 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, and which throws the very entrails of the earth bleeding into the sky. Or you may go to Mount Washington, which, 6,000 feet high, is very hard to climb on a hot day. But it is not to be compared to Mont Blanc, 15,000 feet high. And this, again, is not to be compared with Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, which sends its white crown into the face of the sun 29,000 feet above the ocean's level. I feel as though this day, crowned with the glorious memories of a hun-

dred years, were a Cotopaxi in the fiery ardor of its patriotism, a Mount Everest in its white purity and lofty grandeur of its associations. We have the day of all days. This republic has lived, and its life has been a century of great achievements. . We should be heated with the very flames of patriotism. But in the midst of our rejoicing comes the great question that has been iterated and reiterated since the signing of the great Declaration—the question that our poet sang about just now. It is this: Is this government to be permanent? Will this Republic last? Is it a phenomenal speck in the world's history, or will it endure to become a yet greater blessing to mankind? Have we planted its principles so deeply that nothing shall uproot them? Have we built the ship of state so strongly that it will outride all the storms? I invite your attention to the consideration of this problem. I say that this Republic shall abide, because its ante-natal preparation was a prophecy of its permanence. Before it was born it had the seed of permanence planted in its being. If you would make a full and fair estimate of a man, you must look at the stock from which he sprang.

Take the period from the middle of the fourteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century—one of those great ages in which all the future is controlled. It was an age of great popular uprising. The art of printing had been invented, and America had been discovered. Philip II. had been driven from the Netherlands, and the Spanish Armada had been defeated and scattered on the coasts of England. The Thirty Years' War had been fought under the great Protestant champion. Gustavus Adolphus had fallen on the field of Lutzen while the shouts of his victorious soldiers rang in his ears. It was an age in which the great East India Company was formed, which achieved control of an empire. It was an age in which great things were done in the world of literature and art. It was an age in which Galileo was compelled to say, "I renounce and abjure the heresy of the earth's motion." It was an age in which Tintoretto flashed the full light of his genius on the canvas, and in which Paul Veronese achieved his renown. It was an age in which Cervantes laughed to death that great joke of decaying feudalism —an absurd devotion to the forms of chivalry. It was an age in

which Calderon wrote his immortal works. It was the age in which Titian played upon his one color, as Paganina played upon his one string. It was an age in which Michael Angelo's chisel was still at last, but not till his genius had been sheltered in St. Peters, whose dome he failed to finish. It was an age in which Richelieu ruled, not only in France, but over Europe—Richelieu, of whom it was said he made his King the first sovereign and the second gentleman in Europe. It was an age in which marvelous things were reported and believed. Travelers told of a people in the East who carried their heads under their arms, and related the discovery of a fountain in Florida whose waters conferred eternal youth on those who tasted them. People believed these marvels, and were prepared to believe others even more wonderful. Science was in its infancy. Astronomy was still clogged with the superstitions of astrology. It was an age in which the telescope first looked into the heavens, bringing within human vision worlds hitherto unseen. It was an age in which the microscope first revealed the wonders that are hid in the drop of water; the age in which the barometer first felt the breath of the coming storm, and in which the thermometer first felt the pulse of the air. It was an age in which Harvey told the world of the circulation of the blood; in which electricity was discovered, and in which logarithms were brought into use, by which the angles of the stars may be measured and their distances calculated. It was the age of Milton and Descartes and Newton; and Shakespeare, like the sun, was the central attraction and illumination, paling all other lights into insignificance.

Now I say the seed maturing at such a time is a great seed. It has the germinal elements of permanency. The Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620 and the settlers at Jamestown in 1607 bore the fœtus of the new republic. The young child whose manhood we celebrate was delivered amid the snow and ice of winter. The wintry winds were its swaddling clothes, and the savage Indians sung its lullaby. But it was born living and live it did and live it must. If you take a seed and electrify it, it will germinate quicker. This great seed of liberty had been electrified by the struggle and victory, the suffering and achievement of the preceding age, and hence it came into being surcharged with life. Out of this great century men were picked here and there, and

destined for a great work they knew not of. The truest and the best were planted on these shores, and the result of the work they did is what is celebrated to-day.

My next point is that diverse elements are means of strength, although they have been considered means of weakness. You must get two elements to antagonize each other before you can get anything permanent. The machine that has the most conflicting forces, held under one supreme harmony, is the highest achievement of mechanism. It is the antagonism of forces that holds the earth in its place as it revolves about the sun. Even tea must have hot water applied to it to develop its qualities. Every particle of that red hot ball we call the sun is crazy, out of its head with antagonisms, whose united power sends the solar heat through that boundless space whose bottom only God's hand can touch.

It has been said, too, that our climate was against us. But we want to bring all the climates into one. We take the climate where the Walrus and the Penguin feed their young on the original ice and snow, and of this latitude where the grain fills the mighty elevators, and of the south where the orange blooms, and where the very essence of sunshine and dew ripen's California's fruits—we will take them all, and we will make a food that shall develop such a man as the world has never seen; not partial food, but great food, complete food. We will sift all the various products of this broad land and get their essential elements. When we feed the coming man, we expect great thought, great life. We will temper the southern man's lethargy with the activity and energy of our own clime. The western man's roughness shall be modified by the dilletanteism and refinement of the east. In that way, putting all these diverse elements together, we shall get in rounded completeness the American citizen.

It is said, again, that our diversified nationality is an element of weakness. We have received from the old world 8,500,000 immigrants—enough ballast to sink any other ship of state but our own. We have received and welcomed the Italian with his organ, the Irishman with his shillelah, the Scotchman with his bagpipes, the German, the Englishman, the Frenchman, and every other nationality of Europe. One might well think we should be swamped by this mighty influx. But we have such a thing as American spirit,

American character, and it is gradually leavening this great mass They are overborne by this dominant force that we call American character. This force always has them under control. It punishes the guilty and honors the deserving. It takes Hesing and sends him to the county jail. It takes Carl Schurz and sends him to the United States Senate. So they are manipulated. Divide this Union because of the diversity of its elements? I guess not! It is bound together by too many ligaments, crossing each other in every direction. As well pluck out the eye because it hasn't a toe-nail, or cut off the toe because it cannot see. You might as well attempt to cut the Mississippi river with a pair of scissors, or dig up the Rocky Mountains with a hair-pin. We have a great weight to carry. We are dragging together the blocks to build the greatest nation of the earth. The blocks are of a stupendous size and weight, but they are moving to the spot. They say in Rhode Island they do not need the telegraph. If a man wants anything he hollers. We are a chemical caldron, boiling together all things that we may get the best.

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble."

But we are making no witches' broth. We expect to produce a broth that will kill tyranny and override wickedness; a broth which, if a true man drinks it, will make him a freeman forever.

I want to say next that I think we shall be permanent from the fact, that we have had the severest test that a nation can encounter — the test of internal war. External war often strengthens a nation. But internal war—a war that makes every man's heart quake with dread, a war that brings into action every dark passion, every heart surcharged with malignity —well may a nation shrink from it. In that little fight of the revolution we only had 232,000 men in arms during the whole period, and but a very small number in the field at a time. In the war of the rebellion we called into the field 2,600,000 soldiers, and yet the old continent did not break. It bent, but it held. Think of the vast powers that were brought together in this war. Yet notwithstanding the mighty struggle the country stood. I do not propose to fight any of those battles over again,

but would bury them in oblivion forever, except and so far as we have the right to the maintenance of the principles which were at stake till God's day of doom. Slavery was cut out. What is slavery? Is it a disease—is it a fever? Yes, yellow fever. Is it a cutaneous disease? Yes, small pox, the worst kind. Is it a cancer? Yes, the firiest and deepest. Is it consumption? Both lungs gone. Is it heart disease? It is the very explosion of the heart, the shutting of every valve. Yet the terrible ravages of these combined diseases, and the terrible process of throwing them off—the miracle of miracles—this nation endured and lived. Disease is eradicated, and if we can now only get rid of the doctors, I think we will live forever. No, my friends, that bridge over which the elephant has passed, the mouse need not be afraid to walk.

My next argument in favor of the permanency of the republic is the fact that it stands growth. It endures the expansion of the nineteenth century, with its endless succession of new inventions and new ideas. There is nothing so detonating as intelligence, and it is a just test of any nation, can it stand enlightenment? Can it endure the growth of this marvellous age of progress? And no compliment can be paid to the fathers of the nation so high as that they laid the keel of the ship so firmly and built her of such stern stuff that she has been enabled to ride the century and take in all its growth, and not be burst asunder. They gave us a bag that will hold a bushel, and which will just as easily accommodate the contents of all the elevators in Chicago. One hundred years ago the fleetest motor on this continent was called "the flying machine." It was a stage-coach that made the trip from Philadelphia to Boston in about a week. Within a month we have had a train of cars snatched from where the oysters grow to California in eighty hours. One hundred years ago we had two or three cities whose population would reach 20,000; now we have cities by the score whose population exceeds that figure, and one that was not born till sixty years after the Declaration crowds hard upon half a million. One hundred years ago there was not a woollen shirt in the American army that was woven by machinery, to-day the woollen factories of the land employ 100,000 operatives, and their annual pay-roll is $25,000,000. One hundred years ago the manu-

facture of cotton scarcely existed; last year there was 1,722,000,000 yards of cotton cloth manufactured in the United States, giving employment to 135,000 operatives, and paying them $35,000,000. As to population, we had, a hundred years ago, a mere fringe of settlements on the Atlantic coast, numbering scarcely 3,000,000. To-day we have 44,000,000 at least, and this is not an army of occupation. They are merely the videttes on the outposts, the picket line of the hundred millions that are sure to come.

We had then eight or nine newspapers; we have now between 6,000 and 7,000 papers, daily and weekly. They photograph the life of the day. They catch its smiles and its frowns, its joys and sorrows, its goodness and its viciousness. Whatever happens to be on the face gets on the photagraph. And think of their power. Even after they are read, they become more potent than many swords—as wrapping paper, as good things to stuff in a broken pane, and they are capital material to compose a pullback. In art, in that day, the country had Trumbull and Stuart and West; and to-day we have artists that vie with them all. In education, there were then but nine colleges in the whole country; the past year there were expended in voluntary contributions to educational institutions $1,640,000. This takes no account of the 70,000 schools supported at the public expense. There are 8,000,000 children attending the public schools to-day. I cannot stop to speak of the inventions in the mechanic arts. They are all in the Centennial Exhibition. Go and see them. There is a sample of everything, from Noah's ark down.

To recapitulate; I say this republic shall abide, because it had a pre-natal preparation and prophecy for permanency. Its seed was good. It will abide because it has diverse elements contributing to its strength. It will stand, because it has stood the greatest civil conflict that ever nation could stand and live. It has passed through this mighty struggle, and has arisen like a giant refreshed with slumber. Lastly, I say, it will abide, because it has endured the marvellous growth of this wonderful age of expansion. These are the eternal principles that are essential to the permanency of a nation. But let me say that the future of the nation needs the care and thought of every patriot. Ignorance and

superstition will kill her. Select for your officers impure and venal men, shut up your schools, scoff at religion, tear down your churches, feed your spiritual life with a modified form of the speculations of Socrates and Seneca—pursue such a course, and the nation may not die a violent death, but it will become deoxygenized, devitalized. No animal can stand fire-damp. They suffocate and smother, and that may become the fate of the great American republic. See to it, then, as you stand upon the crest of this newborn century, that the national life is kept pure, and that it is infused with the energizing principles of right.

You are wearied with this talk, but let me assure you I do not intend to go on for another hundred years. I was going to say that there are some great questions yet to be solved. There is the race question. We have not settled that yet. Our constitution and laws declare the equality of all men before the law, and yet we fight the principle to the bitter end. How long it was, and how much blood and treasure had been shed before we were willing to make the negro even free. Yet the first blood poured out in the Revolution was that of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, who was shot down by British soldiery in the streets of Boston. The blood has cried from the earth till the shackles were stricken from every negro slave. But it yet remains for us to hold the members of that despised race fairly on their feet, and electrify them with the magnetism of popular education.

The Indian question, too, has always been badly managed by the nation, I honor President Grant for his Indian policy. He would keep it from the army, for he is a soldier, and he knows what soldiers are, and he puts it into the hands of benevolent men. And I honor Gen. Logan for his position on this question. It is worth electing him six years to the Senate just for the one speech he recently made on the subject. I will relate but one incident to illustrate the worse than barbarism that has characterized our Indian policy in past years. In St. Louis an Indian was put in jail on the charge of murder. The members of his tribe asserted his innocence, and sent a deputation to procure his release. According to the peculiar diplomacy of the officers of the bureau, these Indians were first made drunk, and were then induced to sign a

treaty deeding away 14,000,000 acres of land, and this is part of it on which we stand to-day. In consideration of this treaty, the Indian was let out of jail, but as he went forth the commanding officer told the guard to shoot him in the back; the guard obeyed, and the Indian was killed. That is only a specimen of our treatment of the Indian.

Then there is the Chinaman. Every principle of justice and right that applies to the German, the Irishman, the Englishman or the Frenchman applies with the same force to the Chinaman. No different treatment can be accorded to him except on the philosophy of lying. And what are the charges brought against him? Why, it is said that he can live on less money than a Californian, and that he is more industrious and thrifty. Good Lord! don't let us go into that! Why can't they petition to have him turned out because he wears a pigtail. There would be something square and reasonable in that. Or hold, let us banish him because he invented fire-crackers. I tell you, my friends, this land has yet to come up to the plane of the equality of all men—white men, black men, yellow men; men of every clime and every tongue—all shall have equal rights here forever. That is the problem yet to be solved. The Chinaman pays $2,000,000 of customs duties, and $250,000 poll-tax. What right have we to strip him of these taxes and yet refuse him the common rights of humanity? Rather handle him with your larger politics. Don't trample him under foot, or you make him lose heart and hope for the future.

Then, too, there are the questions of labor, of currency, and woman's rights. But these can well afford to wait for the present. Labor and currency may be relegated to scientific professors for solution, You want to hand them over to men who can generalize from past history. You cannot work them out by mass meetings and the popular vote. As to woman's rights, I believe, as a man said to me on the cars this morning—and he probably got the idea from a recent utterance of Gladstone—that you may pick out a thousand women and a thousand men, and a larger majority of the women will be true and pure and patriotic than of the men. In regard to their voting, I do not consider the question as a fundamental one. It is rather an incident of governmental policy that will be taken cognizance of in due time. The language of the future.

One of the questions of the future is that of language. The English language is now spoken by 100,000,000 people, the German, by 70,000,000, the French by 40,000,000, and the Italian and Spanish by about 40,000,000. At the end of another century, at the present rate of increase, the French, Spanish and Italian languages will be spoken by 200,000,000, the German by 225,000,000; while the English language will convey the thoughts and express the emotions, will bear the history and poetry, will convey the rhetoric and science, of *eight hundred millions of people!* And with that vantage-ground, the English speaking nations may conquer the earth with the weapons of intelligence and education.

Defend your rights and your freedom, fellow-citizens, by keeping alive the sacred fires of intelligence. Never put off the armor of patriotism. Fling a kiss to liberty. Bare the head and bow submissively to the God of all hearts, that it has been your high privilege to stand in this noon-day light under these beneficent institutions. Remember, all who would rest in the seat of free government, that it is not covered with cushions of luxurious down. It is a rock angular with righteousness, adamantine with justice, and snowy white with purity. Let us fit ourselves to occupy it by lives of blameless rectitude and unselfish devotion to freedom.

WARNINGS FOR THE FUTURE.

AN ORATION BY HON. ANDREW SHUMAN.

DELIVERED AT LERA, JULY 4, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I greet you with patriotic congratulation. The circuit of the first century of the American Republic is this day accomplished, and fortunate we who are living witnesses of the great consummation. Fortunate we who are citizens of a country so free, so blessed, so progressive, so glowing with auspicious auguries for the future.

Hail illustrious day! commemorating the birth of a nation of free men, indexing from year to year, through 100 years, a national history abounding with conspicuous achievements of human bravery, genius and government, and now marking the dawn of a new century of national life. Hail illustrious day! now crowned with a diadem of an hundred precious jewels, shining like a circle of suns in the boundless firmament of Time!

The occasion is an appropriate one, not only for congratulation, but also for retrospection and thoughtful forecast.

We can felicitate ourselves that the past is secure; its wars have been fought and won; its labors have been performed and their fruits gathered; all its trials have been survived, all its dead are buried, and all its events, activities and achievements are embalmed in those indubitable evidences of our national growth and greatness which are visible all around us and all over our favored land; it is a century of completed history, the incidents of which are quite too familiar to us to need recapitulation. These lessons, and the instruction we have derived from our national experience, are irrepressibly suggestive, and ought to serve us to excellent purpose as practical guides. We can avoid the rocks upon which other ships of State have foundered, and steer clear of

others which wisdom, a trustworthy pilot, discerns in the billowy sea of civil government.

Looking first on the bright side, then, we see much to encourage us hopefully to anticipate the continued advancement of our country, and the stability of our republican form of government, with its free institutions and its power, under popular support, to maintain its integrity. The fact that the Republic has survived all the trials, perils and embarrassments of an hundred years—having been neither crippled by misfortune nor spoiled by prosperity—is itself the most inspiring evidence that it possesses the elements of national endurance and permanency. Other new nations have in the meantime arisen and disappeared, while old ones have dissolved and vanished from the map of the world. Only a few which existed when ours was born are greater to-day than they were then, and none of them—not one—has in any respect progressed as ours has in the elements of civilization and real greatness and power. England and Germany and Russia alone, of all the older nations, are stronger and greater now than they were a century ago. France has been twice humbled and dismembered; Italy and Spain and Austria have each had their national vicissitudes and disasters, by which their progress has been retarded, their glory tarnished, and their territory contracted. Turkey, besotted with licentiousness and crazed with a fanaticism that is as stubborn as it is stupid, is still the "sick man" of Europe, and becomes sicker continually, his miserable and useless life being spared only because his neighbors, each coveting his possessions, are afraid to go to war with each other over the question as to which of them shall secure the largest and best part of his territory and navigable waters. The other and smaller nationalities of Europe are likewise spared only as a matter of prudence and discretion by the greater powers, the jealousy of these of each other being the only guaranty those have of continued life. Crossing over to Africa and Asia, we find that their ancient nations are standing still, decaying, or being gradually absorbed by foreign conquest, the only exceptions being China and Japan, the former of which merely vegetates, as she has vegetated for centuries, behind her stone wall of exclusiveness, and the latter of which has of late given hopeful signs of a

progressive impulse by her admiration of our modern system of popular education and the importation of foreign machinery of agriculture, manufacture and transportation. As regards the South American and Central American nationalities, they are as unstable as the weather in March, and as unprogressive as their long-smothered volcanoes. Brazil is the solitary exception, but it is questionable whether even her progressive tendencies of the current epoch will outlive her present wise and liberal ruler, to whose good sense she owes her tranquility and prosperity. Our neighbor Republic of Mexico, of whom we have so often and so anxiously expected much, but been always disappointed, is but little better off to-day than when she was a dependency of Spain, and, unless her government should hereafter more successfully than of late years demonstrate its ability to compel her marauding free-booters to cease their depredatory incursions across the border, it is merely a question of time when the American eagle will pounce down upon her and mercifully spread the stars and stripes all over her mountains and plains.

And this leads us to the consideration of that first manifested symptom of a decline in the patriotism of a free people—*indifference to political duty on the part of good citizens*—a symptom which bodes no good to a Republic, the successful maintenance of which is entirely dependent upon the faithful exercise of the elective franchise by its men of intelligence, honesty and public spirit. It is a fact to which we cannot shut our eyes, that this is the most alarming cause of apprehension now existent in this country—this growing indifference to the most vital duty of citizenship by the very class of men who have the most at stake in the honorable and efficient management of our public affairs—the men of property, conscience and thoughtfulness. It is the neglect of this class of men to which most of our political evils are attributable. They too often stand aloof from active participation in the work and duty of politics, and it follows, as a matter of course, that selfish and unprincipled men, by means of those methods and appliances which the professional politician knows so well how to employ, are left to manage affairs, not for the public welfare, but for the subservience of individual interests and the gratification of unworthy ambitions. Thus the powers of unconscionable greed

and unreasoning ignorance, the one becoming the hired servant of the other, usurp the reins of government, which should never for an instant be intrusted out of the control of the sober-minded, intelligent, tax-paying, patriotic portion of the community. And thus it is that corrupt rings and venality in office become possible, and that one designing man or a few sharpers in politics so often succeed in fastening themselves upon the public treasury, like leeches, sucking themselves full and fat at the people's expense. Wherever and whenever in this country corruption creeps into our legislative bodies and into our public offices, the so-called "good citizens," who naturally become disgusted and indignant at the disgraceful results, are generally responsible, not because of their own acts, but because of their inexcusable non-action at the proper time, when they might have prevented bad men from worming themselves into positions which should never be given to any but good men. It is an established theorem in our modern political philosophy, that official representatives and agents usually reflect the average intelligence and morality of their immediate constituents—that is, those who by their votes elect them. Now, we are aware that, in almost every town, district, or city in this country, the majority of the population is fairly intelligent, honorable, and patriotic. This being so, when corrupt or unworthy men are elected to office, it only proves that a majority of those entitled to the elective franchise virtually disfranchised themselves, either by failing to take an active part in the primary caucuses, at which better candidates could have been selected, or by neglecting to do their duty as electors at the polls, where better men could have been elected.

Happily, of late there have been evidences of a general re-awakening to the importance of all good citizens taking an active part in politics. They are just discovering the sad truth that while they have been politically asleep, dreaming pleasant dreams of security, wakeful plunderers have been despoiling their treasures; that they have too long left to others the performance of duties which can never safely be intrusted to proxies; and now, appalled and indignant, they have arisen and gone to work with the one grand purpose of making up for lost time. Such popular awakenings and uprisings are sublime and salutary. Their effect upon

the body politic is similar to that of a rushing torrent through a long-stagnating pool of water, cleansing and purifying it. But what if the rushing torrent should never come? What if the waters of the stagnant pool should be left undisturbed, to thicken with accumulated putridity, to breed malarial vapors, and contaminate all the air around it with noxious offensiveness, without ever receiving a purifying visitation from the heaven or the earth! Would not the ardent midsummer sun, angered at the poisoner of his medium of radiation, bring the power of his irresistible shafts to bear upon it, evaporating and dispersing in noisome atoms, drying up its foul bed, and covering it over with a crop of the rankest weeds? It is fortunate for our Republic that the mass of intelligent, patriotic citizens do occasionally, even though spasmodically, wake up to the necessity of cleansing and purifying the stagnating pool of politics; but what if, at some period in the coming century, they should neglect to awaken from one of their sleeps of apathy and indifference, and the foul stagnation should be left to thicken and putrify, without ever receiving a cleansing visitation from the heaven or the earth! Would not the sun of Destiny, angered at the noisome offense, evaporate its elements, and fill its place upon the earth with rankest weeds? This—this my fellow countrymen, is the most solemn danger to our national future—this possibility that, at some time, those of the people who have the most direct interest in the proper and honorable administration of public affairs will fall into such a deep stupor of political indifference that they will awaken, if ever at all, only to see their Republic in irretrievable ruins, and themselves the helpless slaves of an usurper or a conqueror! If there is one warning that should be sounded abroad over all this free and broad land, more loudly and emphatically than all others, it is this: *If they would preserve their liberties and maintain their national integrity, let all citizens of intelligence and patriotic feeling participate actively and earnestly in all political movements*, hold in check the over-presumptuous, ever-selfish arts and devices of demagogism, and keep the reins of government, both local and general, in their own strong hands.

All the American people ought to be active politicians. They ought to study political principles, systems and economies, and the science of statesmanship, with the same interest with which in the

schools they study mathematics and the practical sciences. In a Republic, where the individual interests and personal liberty of every man are dependent upon the efficient administration of the government, politics is as much a part of the citizen's business as is the pursuit by which he earns his daily bread. Taxation, protection of individual and popular rights, and private as well as public security are matters of politics, and therefore of vital concern to every man. The citizens are the sovereigns—they, in their aggregate capacity, are the possessors and rulers of the land. To understand how to rule wisely should be their ambition, and this they cannot understand unless they study politics, familiarizing themselves with the principles of Government, the spirit and letter of the organic laws, and the causes and effects of political action. Unless the mass of intelligent citizens do become politicians, we will be governed by an oligarchy, consisting of an irresponsible class of men, who will make politics *their* business—they will be the governing class—and class government in a Republic would in time degenerate into as obnoxious and burdensome a system as would be an absolute dictatorship, towards which it would gradually tend, and in which, if permitted to have uninterrupted sway, it would ultimately culminate.

Other dangers there are in our pathway into the now veiled future, which are equally deserving of sober thought. Among these is that aggressive phase in our human nature—we will call it unreasoning selfishness—which tends to the assumption of excessive license on the one hand and to bigoted intolerance on the other. I mean that repulsive, anti-republican manifestation of supreme self-assertion which, in one extreme, develops itself in communism, and, in the other, in persecution for opinion's sake. These, if suffered to gain power, would in time eventuate in legalized piracy and plunder on the one hand, or legalized tyranny on the other, both being equally in conflict with the spirit and harmonious existence of popular government. Being a heterogeneous people, with a variety of tastes, creeds, customs, prejudices and interests, we must, if we would continue to live together in peace and harmony, be exceedingly tolerant towards each other in matters of opinion, and exceedingly respectful of each other's personal rights and prerogatives as citizens who stand on an equality under the law.

Then, too, we must carefully cherish our peculiar system of free schools and guard it against encroachment from sectarian agencies or other influences which would seek to transform it into an instrumentality of bigotry, factious ambition, social disorder or political mischief. More depends upon our schools, their faithful maintenance and their efficient management, for the future of this Republic, than upon all other agencies and influences combined. Popular intelligence is the rock upon which our national structure rests, and so long as the youth of each generation—the poor man's as well as the rich man's children—shall freely enjoy the advantages of liberal education, the nation will have its strongest possible guaranty of continued life, and popular liberty an impregnable safeguard.

In conclusion, it may reasonably be anticipated by the patriotic citizen of this grand Republic whose peculiar privilege it is this day to witness the close of the first and the dawning of a second century of national existence, that there will be a glorious future as there has been a glorious past; that our posterity will be as faithful to their sacred trust as we have been and as our forefathers have been; that those who will follow us as the possessors of this priceless inheritance of national blessings, will appreciate it as we do—that they will be thoughtful patriots, true and faithful citizens, moral and intelligent men. Let us, in the earnestness of our patriotic devotion, in the fulness of our hopeful and trustful hearts, pray to Him who is the Supreme Ruler of Nations that they may be so, and that centuries after our poor dust shall have mingled with that of the patriots, the heroes, and the statesmen of America's eventful history, the Republic of the United States, free and independent, will still maintain, with ever-increasing luster, its proud place among the nations of the earth.

AMERICA AND JUDAISM.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. N. I. BENSON, D. D.

DELIVERED AT THE JEWISH TEMPLE, JACKSON, MISS., JULY 4, 1876.

When the hoary hand of time passed the hour of midnight in the preceding day, America had passed a century, and entered upon a new one; and in consequence the same enthusiastic millions of people inhabiting its free soil and enjoying the liberty and energy's reward sent forth to the King of all kings, Ruler of all nations, a thanksgiving which was appropriate for past dispensations, and an earnest solicitation for future grace. The enthusiasm manifested to-day by America's children is one of no idle clamor or noisy shouting—it is the voice of the people, acknowledging the gifts of their divine Ruler. If anything in the wide world should call forth a national, and in fact, a universal enthusiasm, it is the celebration of this anniversary, in which a grateful people can behold the realization of what were but hopes, one hundred years ago. The grievances stated by a suffering people in the Declaration of Independence, one of which alone were sufficient to impede the progress and cultivation of any class of people, when the freedom of speech was not tolerated, when the chains of despotism were around their necks, when the yoke of oppression by the tyrannical laws of an unscrupulous tyrant, as the then King of Great Britain was, where the germs of greatness could not be developed, —then I say it was a time to revolt and throw off the yoke of oppression, and to endeavor to show to that tyrannical monarch, that man has no master, save one, their Creator. And they rallied! they harmonized! and with one unanimous voice the representatives of 40,000 000 people proclaimed themselves free and independent. With one unanimous struggle they threw off the yoke of despotism, and laid before the world their pent-up grievances which gave cause to their revolt. And they succeeded! and what, my

friends, think you was the cause of their success? Perhaps you may think it was physical strength which produced these wonders! Oh no! for we are well aware that the English army outnumbered the Americans vastly in equipments, in regularity, in military tactics and manœuvres. What then was the secret spring of success? Ah, my friends, it was right against might! Yes, my friends, America had a most noble ally right in its ranks; that ally was right arrayed against might; and thank God, in this instance, right won the day. Behold, was it not Providential during the war, where a handful of ragged men drives out from its soil a well regulated army! Yes, my friends, it was the hand of God, and America is much likened to my beloved creed Judaism. For behold, were we not slaves in Egypt under a tyrannical Pharoah, and by the goodness of the Almighty God, He sent unto us Moses, who carried out the word of God according to revelation. Even so was America in bondage to Britain's despotic monarch, and God hearing the voice of the oppressed, sent unto you George Washington, America's Moses, who, inspired by God, led the ragged and suffering men entrusted to him by Congress, to the field of glory and triumph; and as the children of Israel went out of the land of Egypt unto perpetual liberty, and finally entered into the promised land in glory and triumph, even so did Washington by his patriotism finally and eventually conquer his opponents, and America became the beacon of perpetual liberty, the wonder of the world, a land which we may indeed call the land of milk and honey.

In no country is labor so highly respected, and so well remunerated as in the United States; and in none therefore are the laboring class so happy, and we may add enlightened. No restrictions are laid on industry; political privileges are extended to all, and the humblest citizen may raise himself to the proudest position in the Republic.

Our mechanics have brought a high degree of ingenuity as well as skill to their work; and through their means America has become justly famous for her inventions and improvements. Among a host of things that might be mentioned, it is undeniable that the best locks, life-boats, printing presses and agricultural implements, come from America.

The labor of building up the resources of a new country has as

yet left the people of the United States little time and opportunity for cultivating literature and the arts. Yet we point with pride to our metaphysician Edwards; our lexicographer, Noah Webster; our mathematicians, Bodwitch and Rittenhouse; our naturalists, the Audubons; our novelists, Irving and Cooper; our poets, Bryant and Longfellow; our sculptors, Powers and Greenough; our painters, Copely, Stuart, Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Allston, Peale and Sully. If there is one thing on which, more than all others, America may pride herself, and found high hopes of stability for her glorious institutions, it is her system of common schools; she offers the advantage of education to the young without money and without price, convinced that their enlightenment is her best safeguard. Now, having thus enumerated the results of a hundred years' growth, let us see what could be the cause of this prosperity. In reviewing back the history of other nations, we cannot behold the same results. Instead of progress and amelioration, decay and strife hath proved its career. The secret upon which these noble results are based, is framed in a very few words in the Constitution, wherein is quoted the following words: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." Ah, noble words! upon these rests the progress of the nation. To how many countries has the non-observance of these words proved a downfall and ruin? How many millions of people have been put to death in the universe on account of the non-adoption of this noble principle; but America, prosperous and fortunate country, thou hast taken unto thee a precept which will eventually develop itself; and the world will look upon thee with admiration and respect. Never will there be in this soil a governor as Appeles, in the days of the Maccabees, who endeavored to enforce conformity in the religious observances and to abolish the laws of Moses; nor will there nestle in thy bosom tyrants like Syro Grecians, who having discovered the fact that the Jews would not use any arms on the Sabbath, even in self-defense, and taking advantage of this scrupulous observance of the holy day of the Lord, attacked a cave near Jerusalem wherein secreted themselves a thousand pious worshippers of God, and slaughtered them without mercy; nor will there ever be on this soil a madman like An-

tiochus, who, because they would not renounce their ancestral faith caused, a mother and her seven sons to be put to a death the most ignominious by tortures the most revolting.

The spirit of liberty—liberty of conscience, liberty of thought and speech, the inalienable right of man, has made rapid progress upon the free soil of this vast and blessed Republic, which has been inhabited by human beings hailing hither from all parts of the globe; and Israelites too have sought and found shelter and protection under the banner of the stars and stripes, and settled themselves also in the State of Mississippi. Pursuing the annals of this State we discover traces of Jewish steps in your midst as far back as at least a half a century ago. Most of the early Jewish inhabitants of this State have already long since departed from this world of sorrow and woe for the unknown regions of eternity. But some of them by their constant adherence to the laws of equity and justice, of loyalty and benevolence, left behind them imprints more lasting than monuments of cold marble, and which will never be erased from the memory of Jew or Gentile.

Judaism teaches the equality of person and universal salvation. And it is but just to acknowledge that you, my Christian friends, have tacitly expressed your acknowledgment that the Jew is as good as any other man, that we all have but one Father; one God created us all; and by that acknowledgment, which to us speaks louder than words, you have expressed your belief that in the kingdom of Heaven, there is no distinction made between the Jew and Gentile.

Then indeed, may I uplift my hands to Providence and thank Him, upon this anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, that He, in his benign grace, caused the day to dawn at last, when Jew and Gentile shall walk hand and hand in life, to see at last, that they are indispensable to each other, and I trust that the Creator of the Universe shall strengthen and cement these filial bonds of brotherhood, that when our children shall celebrate one hundred years hence, that this bond of brotherhood shall have become so strong and mutual, that no false doctrines, nor sectarian dogmas, shall be able to sever not even the smallest link.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

AN ADDRESS BY MISS SARAH DOHERTY.

DELIVERED IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AT JACKSON, MISS., JULY 4, 1876.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Highly do I appreciate the honor conferred upon me on this bright Centennial morn—that of being chosen to crown the banner, which has for so many years waved over the heads of all the brave and noble of our fair land.

What heart among us will not feel a thrill of pride, when we remember the glory which this standard has brought to our country?

Let us pass over all that would cause us to experience a pang of sorrow, or of any other emotion which would be unworthy of this great day. Let us consider the struggle of our forefathers—how they bravely pressed forward amid trials and hardships, at which the very heart sickens, determined, cost what it would, that this tri-colored flag should nobly be unfurled over "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Witness the labors of Washington, the great "father of his country." Through how many reverses did he not press onward. Then there were our brave Putnam, Warren, Montgomery, Adams, Lee, Marion, and a host of others, all of whom devoted their noblest efforts to the cause of liberty.

If Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Sherman, Livingston, Adams and Lee could preside over the grand festival which is now being celebrated all over the United States, how their bosoms would heave with emotions of gratitude to God who has preserved the Republic during the past century. It would recall to their minds the first grand festival of this nation—the 4th of July, 1776, when under their auspices the United Colonies were first declared free and independent States.

Oh, what exultant joy must have filled the heart of every devoted

republican, when, in the month of July, 1777, he beheld for the first time, the Star-Spangled Banner nobly waving over our beloved land.

This Centennial Feast should cause every Catholic heart to thrill with special emotions of gratitude. The Constitution of the country provides for the free exercise of religion, and see how this provision has conducted to the propagation of our holy faith.

From the Atlantic-washed coasts to the Pacific-girt shores of California and Oregon the Roman Catholic Faith is preached and our Sacramental Lord has His devoted adorers. Really then have we not cause to rejoice on this hundredth anniversary of the declaration of Independence.

Truly the freedom guaranteed to us by the public has not always been inviolate, but we are willing that bygones should be bygones. We will voluntarily drink of Lethe's limpid waters, that whatever may cause a moment's sadness on this glorious Centennial morn may be consigned to oblivion.

Yes, let us glory in our country. Let us be faithful to its cause. Let us never consent to see its glory dwindle away, or to see it lose the high rank it has held among the nations! Let England boast of being the sun whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth! Let France claim to be the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful! But our United States has proved to be a Joshua at whose command both the sun and moon stand still! Yes, the war of the revolution proves to England that the noble sons of America spurn the yoke of British tyranny. And France too, on more than one occasion has discovered that the offsprings of our Republic will nobly defend their rights.

We Catholics have the greatest cause for glorying in America. Columbus, the great discoverer of the new world, was a Catholic. But for his deep enthusiasm, his humble perseverance, his meek and gentle remonstrances, the vast lands of America might yet be unknown. The first act of our hero after he landed on the soil of America was to kneel and kiss the earth, returning thanks to the Great Being whom the Roman Catholics had taught him to adore. His next act was to erect a cross, before which the Roman Catholic

Priest who accompanied him on his voyage offered up a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

Oh, then, let us rejoice, let us give thanks to the Lord, whose mercy endureth forever. And now, oh noble banner, accept thy crown. May it, a token of the esteem we bear for thee, be to thee an emblem of the glory which we humbly hope and pray that thou wilt bring to our fair land.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF 1776.

AN ORATION BY HON. JOHN W. WATTS, GOV. OF ALA.

DELIVERED AT MONTGOMERY, ALA., JULY 4, 1876.

Ladies and Fellow-Citizens.—One hundred years ago this day, a body of patriots, delegates from thirteen separate yet united Colonies, in solemn Congress assembled, proclaimed the immortal truths just read in your hearing. These Colonies were established by Great Britain, and for years had been under the government of Great Britain. They had their Legislative Assemblies, and had been accustomed, under charters from the British Crown, to exercise the powers of local self-government. But as these Colonies grew in population and wealth, the British Parliament, in an evil hour, assumed the authority to legislate for them in all cases whatsoever, denying the right to the people of representation in Legislative Assemblies. This usurpation, so inconsistent with the spirit of English freedom, aroused the spirit of independence in America. A series of unjust and oppressive measures towards this country, by the Crown and Parliament, created a spirit of intense indignation and determined resistance, and thus fostered that spirit of independence which freed the Colonies from British tyranny and established American freedom.

Before the 4th of July, 1776, the Colonies had been separate and independent peoples in all that appertained to their domestic affairs; and they were united only for common defence against common danger. So they remained separate and independent States, when this Declaration of Independence was made good at the point of the sword. The articles of Confederation made during the progress of the Revolutionary war, carefully preserved this separation and independence. So that, when, after their independence of Great Britain was acknowledged by the British Parliament; and the United States became a nation amongst nations,

these separate and independent States, not only made their separate and independent State constitutions, each for itself; but all united made a common constitution through their separate delegates in convention assembled. This common constitution, now known as the Federal constitution, was submitted separately to each of these separate and independent States, for voluntary ratification or rejection. So that, when each of these States had adopted this common constitution it thereby became the constitution of each one of these States, the supreme law of the land, as firmly binding on the people thereof as were the respective State constitutions on the separate people of each State.

The original thirteen States thus became one nation for intercourse with foreign powers; one nation for foreign commerce and commerce between the several states; one nation for common defence and for the preservation of the liberties of each and all; but they were and are separate and independent of each other and of the Federal government, in all their domestic and home affairs. "Distinct as the billows—one, as the sea."

One of the great principles of this Declaration of Independence, and of the government founded thereon, is that those whom the people select to represent them in the different departments of government are the agents and servants of the people; and the offices these agents and servants fill are not their private property, but they are great public trusts, to be executed with an eye single to the good of the great body of the people. These offices are not property to be bought and sold, and their emoluments, privileges and influences are not to be used to corrupt and debauch the virtue and integrity of the people. But they are the instrumentalities through which liberty is to be protected and preserved, prosperity promoted, and general tranquillity and happiness accomplished. This idea of offices being property sprang from countries where kings and lords ruled by "divine right," and where offices were transmitted from father to son, like lands and chattels.

You will permit me, fellow-citizens, to remark, without any allusion to mere party politics, that one of the saddest and most portentous evils of our times is the prevalence of the idea that the public offices are the property of the persons holding them. From such perverted notions spring corruption of officers, corruption of

public virtue and a demoralized people. The common expression, when applied to the offices of government, that "to victors belong the spoils" is a perversion of the theory of our republican government; and its practice is destructive of the ends of all good government. Offices are not "spoils" in a republican government. The expression itself sprang from the corruptest times of old Rome; and it is but a translation of one sentence uttered by Catiline to his conspirators. Such a sentiment should receive no countenance in a Christian land, in a republican government in the 19th century, and especially should it be denounced on the one-hundredth anniversary of our national independence, when the purity of our patriot fathers is to be commended to the love and admiration of our people.

Another of the grand truths announced in this Declaration of Independence is that all men are created equal in political rights. In the formation of governments and in the administration of governmental powers this equality becomes inequality only by differences of intellectual power, and of public and private virtue. And from this equality of political rights springs that principle of religious freedom which is the peculiar privilege and glory of the American people. Each man here has the right, unmolested by princes, powers or potentates, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Our government establishes no religion and fosters none, whilst all are protected by the broad ægis of constitutional liberty. Freedom of religion, freedom of the press and freedom of the people to petition for redress of all grievances, the right of trial by jury, and the writ of *habeas corpus*, are watchwords of our republican faith.

To understand properly, and to appreciate rightly, the grand results which have sprung from the establishment of such a government on such a Declaration of Independence, we must turn our eyes and through the light of history look back to one hundred years ago.

We then had an East, a North and a South, but no West. The West, from the mountains of Virginia to the coast of the Pacific, was an unbroken forest—trees and rocks and rivers and lakes—unseen by civilized man.

From Georgia to Philadelphia, and from New Hampshire to

Philadelphia, the seat of government, the Delegates of the Continental Congress traveled on horseback. The railroads which sprang into existence from the application of the expensive power of steam, as a motive power, and which now by iron bands connect all parts of our country, were then unknown. A sparse and mainly agricultural people, with few wants, and those supplied by the productions of the soil, occupied the States. Commerce, manufactures and the arts, which now constitute the wealth and pride of the land, were little known to our forefathers. But under the benign influence of our free institutions, they have become the controlling elements of the power and progress of our country.

Within these one hundred years the thirteen States of revolutionary times have swelled to thirty-eight separate and independent States, and the three millions of population have increased to forty millions. The forests, the rocks, the rivers and the lakes, which constituted our West in revolutionary times have become the homes of civilized men, and 25 States have been added to our National family, with rights and privileges on an equal footing with the original thirteen. The great wave of population has extended from the shores of the Atlantic across mountains, lakes and rivers, to the shores of the Pacific. From sunrise to sunset. And now these thirty-seven States and forty millions of people (under the same Constitution and Union, speaking the same language, under the same propitious bend of the heavens, worshipping the same God), with one heart and with one destiny, are to-day paying tribute to the valor and wisdom of our patriot fathers, and shouting hosannahs to the benefactors of mankind. Voices from the North, from the East, from the South, and from the new-born West, unite to-day, 1876, in one grand National chorus of praise to the heroes and statesmen, the patriots and philosophers of 1776.

In Independence Hall, one hundred years ago, Richard Henry Lee, a Southern man, first proposed in Continental Congress, resolutions declaring that the thirteen Colonies "are of right and ought to be free and independent States." John Adams, a son of the North, seconded these resolutions. Thomas Jefferson, a son of the South, wrote the immortal Declaration of Independence; John Hancock, a son of the North, the presiding officer of the Congress, first signed his name to that document, which pledged the

lives, the fortunes and the sacred honor of its signers for its support.

On this day fifty years ago Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, and John Adams, "the Colossus" of its support on the floor of the Continental Congress, both died, and together took their flight to the land of spirits. Providence vouchsafed to them no common boon in not only permitting them to live to see the consummation of their great work, but in permitting each, in his turn, the one as the successor of the other, to enjoy the high privilege of being the Chief Magistrate of that government their joint labors established. In youth each labored for the rights of the Colonies; in manhood they stood shoulder to shoulder in the Continental Congress, and pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to maintain the liberties of America, and in death, when all their labors were over, they were not parted, but together they appeared before the High Chancery of Heaven. May we not suppose that holy lips uttered and the Heavenly courts echoed the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Another one of the signers of this Declaration, Benjamin Franklin, though born in Massachusetts, a delegate from Pennsylvania in the Continental Congress, cannot be assigned to any clime or country. He belongs to universal mankind. He snatched the live thunder from the clouds of Heaven, and with his key and kite tamed it and made it subservient to the purposes of man.

And now, by the power of science, this "live thunder" is driven all over our and other lands, on railroad highways; and along iron cables it flashes from continent to continent and makes the civilized world one universal brotherhood.

By its means the man on the golden shores of California speaks, face to face, as it were, to his friend in New York! The man in Boston talks familiarly with his friend in Liverpool; and Europe, Asia and America, hold daily converse together! The wonders achieved within these hundred years, through the developments of physical science, enable us to rival, if not surpass, apparently, one of the miracles of Holy Writ.

We are told that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and the sun stood still until the battle was fought and the victory won.

But witness the miracle which electricity works for us. What is done to-day in Liverpool up to two o'clock p. m. is known here in Montgomery at ten o'clock a. m. of to-day! Not only seemingly the sun has stood still; but the great clock of Old Time has seemed to turn back its pounderous wheels four hours! Wonderful power of prophecy which, through Franklin's "live thunder," then enables us, at ten o'clock this morning, to know and tell what transpires at Liverpool this evening!

On the fourth of July, a hundred years ago, South Carolina united her voice with that of New Hampshire, and the whole thirteen States, all of the East, all of the North and all of the then South, united their voices in proclaiming independence; and thus mingled their blood on many a hard-fought field, in maintaining it.

George Washington, a son of the South, the chief military commander of the whole, marched through a wilderness of dangers to crown his grand triumph at Yorktown. And he, by the voice of mankind, was the "first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In the Convention of States of 1787, the men of the North, the East, the West and the South, united in framing the "magna charta" of our liberty and Union!

The 4th of July is therefore, by all the sacred memories of the past; by the remembrances of common sufferings and common dangers; and by the common hopes, a brighter future. Our Fourth of July, the Declaration of Independence, is our Declaration of Independence. The Constitution is our Constitution, and the Union, the child of the Constitution, is our Union! And we can utter with sincere hearts the words of the great Webster, "Union and liberty now and forever, one and inseparable!"

In former days on the 4th day of July the hoarse voice of party was still. We made it our national holiday, The trials, the triumphs, and the glories of our common ancestry were the themes of our discourse, and thousands of tongues grew eloquent over the valor of our revolutionary soldiers and the wisdom of our revolutionary fathers. If in the bitterness of party strife ought had been said to offend, on the 4th of July, that "charity which thinketh no evil" covered with its broad mantle of forgiveness the wrongs of the past.

It is true, that for the last fifteen years, the 4th of July has not been commemorated as of yore in the South. We seemed to have forgotten the prophetic words of John Adams, written in July 1776, that it (the day) "ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn act of devotion to Almighty God, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

It was the late contest between the two great sections of the Union, begun in 1861 and ended in 1865, which suspended our celebration of the 4th of July. This contest has, in its principles and purposes, been greatly misunderstood in the North, and even amongst our own people. It never was the purpose of the South, in commencing that fearful contest, to destroy the principles of free government embodied in the Constitution of the United States. Quite the reverse was the purpose. It was not to destroy but to preserve this great charter of liberty from what was supposed to be an attack on some of its vital principles, that the South commenced that contest. The Constitution which the Confederate States made for their own government, and which they struggled to maintain for four long years, shows that the South was not the less a lover of liberty, because she sought to separate from the North.

But the contest was ended by the overthrow of the Confederate cause and power; and we of the South, I trust, with becoming fortitude and dignity, have acquiesced in the results of that contest. And whilst we may have thought that harsh treatment has been extended to us, in the 11 years of peace, since the war ended; still, now that the strife and din of war are hushed, and the exacerbations engendered have, by the mellowing influences of time, ceased to agitate our bosoms, we are and have been ready to renew our faith to the Constitution, and to the Union which is the offspring of the Constitution.

This is the Centennial of our National Independence. Let it be as well our National jubilee. If anyone complains of us for the past few years let him remember, that when the storm on the ocean arises, shuts out the sunlight of heaven and covers with its blackness the whole horizon; moved by the wind the billows ride mountain high on the surface of the sea, and with fury lash the

shore. The storm may end; the clouds which darkened the sky may all be gone; the wind's hollow sound may be silent; the sunshine, in all its beauty and magnificence, may reappear; and yet for hours, may be for days, the waves, the children of the storm, may still lash the shore.

Here in the city of Montgomery, where the Confederate States were born, and where their President was inaugurated, amid the booming of cannon and the shouts of the excited populace—Confederate cannon, before the rising of the morning sun, salute the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence.

And now, if it is permitted by Providence for the spirits of the great and good to revisit earth, the scene of their former strifes and glories, we may fondly suppose that on this day the spirits of our revolutionary fathers are hovering over us. And right here in their presence, and in the presence of the Heavenly Host, may the God of Nations forgive all our national and individual sins.

Indulge me one moment longer, fellow-citizens. Imagine that some one of us—it may be some bright-eyed boy—could witness our next Centennial anniversary, the celebration of the 4th of July, 1976. What a spectacle would ravish his sight! The beatific vision of St. John on the Isle of Patmos was scarcely more enrapturing, than this spectacle would be!

If our people be true to the Constitution; if good will and internal peace prevail; if science continue its giant stride; if God be our God, and we be His people; judging the future by the past, the States composing the American Union will be multiplied to one hundred States; the population will be increased from forty to four hundred millions; our territory will extend to the Isthmus of Panama from the frozen lakes of the North; railroads, like a network, will connect all parts of this vast country, and intelligence will flash along innumerable telegraph wires from State to State, from city to city and from village to village! The school-house and the church will adorn every hill and beautify every valley! And these four hundred millions of people from one hundred free, separate, independent, and co-equal States, protected by the same Federal Constitution, speaking the same language, worshipping the same God, will unite their voices in anthems of praise and adoration to the Ruler of the Universe, and of gratitude to the patriots

of two hundred years ago, for the blessings of American freedom.

And then, when one hundred stars shall be emblazoned on our national flag, these four hundred millions of people may turn, as we to-day turn, and apostrophize that flag as the ensign of a great Confederate Republic.

"When Freedom, from her mountain height
  Unfurled her banner to the air,
She tore the azure robe of Night,
  And set those stars of glory there!
Flag of the free heart's only home!
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in Heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Breathes there a foe who dare oppose us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

AN ORATION BY HON. GEO. F. TALBOT.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT PORTLAND, ME., JULY 4, 1876.

Fellow-Citizens,—We have arrived at a solemn epoch in our country's life. The centuries bring to nations, what the years do to individuals, their birthdays. So transient are our single lives, so miserably inadequate to the toils and pains and exhausting arts by which we acquire wealth, reputation and power, are the fleeting years allowed to us for their use and enjoyment, that we can only give zest to our activities and dignity to our employments by devoting them to the work of providing a better fortune for our families. But the family succumbs sooner or later to the inevitable alternation of death and life, and distributes its envied accumulations of property, character and genius to men of other name and lineage. In contemplating the grand millenniums, which are the lifetime of nations, in pouring our rill of thought into the general intelligence, in contributing upright lives to swell the aggregate of the public virtue, we forget our petty deaths in the immortality of our race, and make our humble employments noble, in that they help to make our country greater, and the world more in accord with the aspirations of the soul. With minds enlarged by such contemplation, we lose our individuality in the deathless career of our country. All her history seems to enter into our experience, and in her growth and glory, our hopes and sympathies bring to us the consciousness of immortality.

One great goal is reached. A rounded century of nationality lies behind us, and a common sentiment summons a great and united people to contemplate its history. It naturally divides itself into two periods of peril, and one of prosperity. From 1776 to 1789 we were occupied with the weary war, by which Independ-

ence was secured, and with the organization into a harmonious political system of the discordant elements that made up our population. Organized into a homogeneous nationality under the authority, which the virtue and patriotism of Washington chiefly inspired, we entered then upon our halcyon years, which lasted down to 1860. Fortunate was the generation of our fathers, whose serene lives lay within this favored period. Exempt from the wars and revolutions that kept Europe alarmed, crippled its industry, arrested its progress, and deciminated its inhabitants, our people were left unmolested to multiply themselves and attract a migration of the bravest and best among the oppressed classes of the older world. The wilderness was cleared and cultivated; ships were built and sent to gather wealth from the most distant seas; intelligence was diffused, and invention stimulated, by which new forces were won from nature, increasing the efficiency, and adding to the rewards of human labor. Probably in no country and in no period were the best conditions of a happy human existence so completely realized, as in the United States during this its early golden age. Then broke upon us our final and greater peril, not wholly unforeseen by patriotic seers, but not the less on that account unprovided for. So potent a demon as slavery could not be cast out of the body politic without rending and tearing; and we come up to this our high centennial festival, the wounds of the great struggle still bleeding, and grasp each other's hands in an honest purpose of reconciliation and repentance, the tears of grief and mutual resentment not yet dried in our eyes.

Going back to the time and place, when the statesmen, whose counsel guided and whose courage inspired our fathers, wisely rash, resolved upon Independence, we may say:

> "Here was the doom fixed: here is marked the date
> When this New World awoke to man's estate,
> Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind."

The American people had taken their fortunes into their own hands. They began to recognize the fact that the new continent, with its majestic stretch of mountain, forest and plain, bounded only by lakes, oceans and tropic seas, had a destiny of its own, which it was their duty to develop.

The feudal and aristocratic forms of European society seemed nowhere capable of transplantation into the soil of the New World. Come whence they might, from monarchical England and France, from feudal Germany, even from despotic and ecclesiastic Spain, the colonists of both North and South America became democracies at the outset, or lapsed into that condition, as soon as foreign constraint was withdrawn. In Virginia, even in New England, a few grand families tried to maintain in society a prestige, which they could not claim in the State, but their liveried servants, their gay apparel, and their stately manners were as ludicrously out of place among the homespun settlers, as were the chivalric feats and knightly bearing of Don Quixote in the prosaic times upon which he fell. Our sickly domestic aristocracies, whose monuments are still seen in dilapidated mansions, and heirlooms of plate, portraits and brocades, soon perished under the necessity, imposing first or last upon all hands, of earning a livelihood.

Metternich said to an American in 1836: "Democracy is natural to you; you have always been a democrat, and democracy is therefore a verity in America. In Europe it is a falsehood, and I hate all falsehood." So when it fell to our forefathers to establish a national government to replace that whose allegiance they had disowned, a few theorists believed that we might copy the very form of government that had oppressed us, and use the popularity of Washington to establish a royal line, and the generals and statesmen of the revolution as the nucleus of an order of nobility; but to all clear-headed men it was apparent, that we could not create a new form of society, but must take that which had come by natural growth. We had always had the Republic in free States; many of whose constitutions survived unchanged down to our own times, and a Democracy in the New England town meeting. Accordingly the Federal constitution was wisely built upon no model of antiquity, no ideal theory, but upon the reality of the situation, and with its adoption came a harmonious order in our municipal, state and national governments.

In this inevitable step a wise sagacity shaped the enthusiastic politics of our fathers. The instinct of independence had in it the promise and potency of our future growth and glory. For from

the national independence sprang personal independence, self-reliance, the daring to undertake difficult things, that impatience of obstacle and restraint, which though sometimes offensively and ludicrously exhibited in boasting and vain-glory, lie at the basis of all that is effective in the American character.

The ancient Hebrews, blest in a country of marvellous fertility, a land, in their own poetic language, flowing with milk and honey, established the ordinance, that every fiftieth year was a year of jubilee. The land was not to be cropped; the slave went free of his master; all mortgaged estates, with the exception of dwelling-houses in walled cities (a provision favoring rural life) went back without payment to the mortgagor, and every Israelite returned from the obligation of servitude, to which poverty or debt had subjected him, free to his family and redeemed homestead. It was a year of rest to the land, during which, though it was lawful to buy of one's neighbor, and to sell to him, no hard bargains and no oppression or extortion was permitted. Contented with past gains, trustful in the bounties of coming seasons, the people rested, and gave thanks; the rich and the poor fed alike on what nature supplied without labor, and on the surplus harvests of the working years.

Our nation's birth-year seems to have fallen upon such a jubilee. The slave has gone free of his master. The land, though cultivated, only fairly repays the labor of tillage. The thousand wheels of our immense manufacturing no longer grow fervid under the hot propulsion of gain. Buying and selling go languidly on, as though a Centennial generosity to our neighbor had for this sabbatical season overborne the national spirit of thrift. We build houses and ships, bridges, railways and cities rather in memory of the prosperous traffic of years gone by, or in expectation of that of years to come, than with any assurance of immediate returns.

It may be well to apply the brakes to a too headlong material progress. Those years of a man's life, when, instead of constant accumulation, he finds himself compelled to lose and spend, are not his most unfortunate nor least happy years. They bring him experience, the wisdom and strength that are acquired in warding off or enduring calamities. Doubtless we shall find it good that our sabbatical year, our time of retrospection, thanksgiving, and

high resolving, has fallen upon us, neither occupied upon one hand with any great national calamity, like a civil war or an invasion, nor on the other hand overdriven with our sordid cares, the noise and indecorum of our complicated building and thrift. We have invited the world to visit us on our great birth-festival, to behold the working for a century of a free government in the formation of national character; and courtesy requires, that we come in-doors from our shops and mills, our ship-yards and cattle-sheds, put on our coats, and do fit though frank and simple honors to our guests.

But the occasion is too rare and serious to be given wholly to etiquette and civility. Whatever may be due to visitors and strangers, our principal concern is with ourselves. The solemn anniversary, which no eye, that looks upon it intelligently, will be likely to see again, brings with it serious thoughts and imperative duties. It is a time for new devotion to noble purposes.

In the finished century what have we achieved? I must pass over as unfit for this occasion, and incapable of being compressed into the limits of this brief discourse, a recapitulation, however summary, of our progress in population, in breadth of territorial occupation, in military strength, in overflowing abundance of production, in agriculture and manufactures, in education, arts and inventions. But

> "What constitutes a State?
> Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
> Thick walls or moated gate;
> Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
> Not bays and broad-armed ports,
> Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
> Not starred and spangled courts,
> Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
> No:—men, high-minded men."

Political institutions are only valuable for the quality of men they help to form. What in a hundred years has our trial of government given us in the order of men it has produced? We cannot shrink from the investigation. I know how frequent, during the disclosures of last year, of corruption in politics and fraud in the public service, have been our confessions of degene-

racy and decay. Much of this is due to a wholesome quickening of the public conscience; much to the salutary exposure and universal discussion of evil practices, which, under more despotic governments, and in earlier periods of our own, were decorously suppressed to avoid general scandal; much at last to the small economy and scrupulous thrift that belonged rather to the virtue of our ancestors. Besides, there is a glamor about the past that hides all traits of character in historic men, but those that are luminous with heroism. We forget the disreputable intrigues among the generals and patriots of the revolution to undermine the influence of Washington, and to take from him the chief command. We sigh for the devotion, fidelity and integrity that characterized the times of Jefferson and Madison, and have forgotten the partisan animosities which alienated citizens, and embittered all the intercourse of political, professional and social life. Men compete with each other now, as in the last century, as in all centuries, for the goods of life, for wealth, lucrative employments and honorable stations, rather with less than greater rancor and unfairness. The usages of civil life always tend to enlarge our respect for the rights of other men; and we learn justice, which is the law of affairs, as we learn courtesy, which is the law of society, by use. Neither the virtues nor the vices of any age are like the virtues or vices of another age; and if the weakness of the public virtue has exhibited itself of late in the direction of the greed of gain, it is due to the deranged standards of value, one of the calamities of a great war; to the increased difficulties of obtaining subsistence, intensifying the struggle for life; and to the sudden access of luxury among classes enriched by the unfair distributions of gains, only possible under commercial disorders.

But I do not wish to say a single word to assuage the keenness of the popular conscience, which must be left by the overwhelming shame of a palpable evil to work out our repentance and deliverance. Metternich once said to George Ticknor, speaking of the tendencies of monarchies and republics; "I labor chiefly, almost entirely, to prevent evils. In a democracy you cannot do this; there you must begin by the evil, and endure it till it has been felt and acknowledged, and then, perhaps, you can apply the remedy." Mr. Ticknor himself afterwards acknowledged this re-

proach of democratic institutions entirely just. "We must," he said, "first suffer from an evil before we can apply the remedy. We have no preventive legislation upon such subjects. But then, on the other hand, when the people do come to the rescue, they come with a flooding force, which your societies, where power is balanced between the government and the masses, know nothing about."

We are slow to provide against anticipated and problematical evils, however threatening they may seem to dispassionate observers. We permitted, even cherished slavery, while philanthropists and publicists among ourselves and in foreign States, gave eloquent warning of its destructive tendencies. But when it armed itself in rebellion against the Union, and demanded half our territory, as a theatre upon which to put to the test its plan of a government built upon a dominant and subject race, the people rose in their might, and crushed the evil thing with a thoroughness that brooked neither palliation nor delay. So we have failed to agree upon any remedy for a corrupt civil service, and the degradation of the public patronage to the uses of self seeking men, until the general offence has become so rank, that the popular will is fast ripening to the determination to obliterate the shame and scandal in the same resolute and thorough way.

Above the shame that a few mean and mercenary men, intruding audaciously into public stations, to which neither their characters, abilities or public services entitled them, have been able to inflict upon their country, the great honest heart of the people is as patriotic, as ready to sacrifice to the public weal, as prompt to accord to other men, of whatever condition, lineage or creed, the complete measures of their just rights, as it was in the early days of the Republic.

A great duty devolved upon us, as the freest people on the globe, who had made the free common school the basis of its political system, and who had jealously resented any interference with the utter freedom of the press, the pen and the tongue, in the way of the development for the rest of mankind and in the interest of an expanding civilization, of the science of government and of society. We have scarcely met the world's just expectation. The political discussions in foreign reviews and in the English and

French legislative assemblies are more thorough and scientific than those by American writers and legislators. No author among us, during the century, has written with the comprehension, the philosophic spirit, the authority with which Paine and Jefferson and the authors of the Federalist wrote in the very beginning of the epoch. Our standard works upon all questions pertaining to the civil and social state, are those of thinkers whose studies were pursued under the shadow of monarchical and aristocratic institutions. With perfect liberty to test in practice every theory, as a people we are still at odds with these fundamental questions of national policy. What is the soundest circulating medium—that under which property is best acquired, secured and distributed? Are the industrial interests of a people best promoted by giving bounties to particular branches of production, or by leaving trade as nearly as possible free? Upon what principle should government employments be distributed? What functions for which the whole community have an interest, and which require, to be well done, a combination of capital and labor, like carrying the mails, sending telegrams, building railroads, common roads and canals, transportation of persons and property, can with economy and expediency be undertaken by the State? What degree of intellectual, moral and religious education ought government to provide and enforce for the whole people? How far may the control of majorities and the absoluteness of democracy be restrained by constitutions and irrepealable laws? To what extent is the territory of the United States an asylum for all races, colors and creeds; and, having upon us the task of building a consolidated nation to be the pioneer of the world in its career of progress—to what extent may we select the materials out of which we will build?

The century closes with none of these questions settled for ourselves, or for other peoples waiting for the sanction of our example, we may say without our having earnestly entered upon their consideration. This is due partly to that illogical character we inherit from our English ancestry, which will oblige us to settle them one by one as they become urgent, practically and not scientifically, and perhaps some of them in flat contradiction of the very theories to which we are pledged. It is due still more to that wretched necessity of our politics which forbids us to consider any

question upon its merits, and drives us to the calculation of how we are to carry the next election. We are *free traders* for everything but the cotton, coal or lumber in which we or our section are embarked. We believe in the equality of man, with a saving clause for the Pacific slope of the Mongol, for the South of the negro, and for the rest of us, of whatever type of poverty, ignorance or *helotage* intrudes upon our pride of race.

But if our political literature has disappointed mankind; if we have developed no theory of democracy for the struggling peoples of Europe to study, we have done what is infinitely better and more effective—we have offered an example of a Republic prosperously conducted through the perils of a century under laws wisely framed and loyally obeyed by its citizens, wherein—always excepting the shame and wickedness of that slavery we have repented and put away—life and liberty have been safe, and crime and vice have been restrained, freedom of thought and speech has been maintained, education, intelligence, and property have been as equally diffused as the natural capacities of men ever permit, and the most favorable conditions of human life have been secured to the mass of the people. It is difficult to over-estimate the power of such an example. In every aspiration for a better civic and social condition, our constitution has been the ideal that gave body to that aspiration; our striped and starry flag has led the nations through the bloody agonies of revolution as the pillar of cloud and flame led the ancient Israelites towards the promised land. Especially since our late great peril and deliverance, the recuperative energy of the Republic, as shown in the gigantic military strength it suddenly developed; its capacity to respond to the noblest sentiments of duty and justice, as shown by the heroic spirit, patience and sacrifices of its citizens, have given us an access of influence which neither the sanction of long custom, nor vague terrors of disrupted society, nor a police backed by a standing army, have been able to counteract.

What changes we have made in the constitution of the government, have all been in the direction of an increased democracy, and a larger participation of the people in practical administration. The discretion theoretically given to the Electoral College to deliberate, and from their superior judgment, select the fitting persons

to be President and Vice-President, has long since given place to the mere automatic registration of the popular choice, which might just as well be made directly. Popular election of judges for short terms has taken the place of executive appointment during good behavior. The tenure of all offices has been shortened, and the conduct of legislatures, magistrates, and courts has been brought under the popular criticism and control. Judges must at their peril find some way to reconcile the science of law to the prevalent tendencies of the times; and law-makers, when they can no longer compromise, postpone or refer back, must make political economy accommodate itself to the present wishes and interests of the masses.

From this tendency to refer everything back to the people has resulted the necessity of taking into the popular arena the most complicated and abstruse questions, such as those of finance, and of protection and free trade. More and more our election campaigns become scientific discussions, and more and more they are and ought to be stripped of their degrading features of flattery, insincerity, and personality.

"Since the people are our rulers, our safety lies," as Mr. Lowe sarcastically said in advocating the English Education bill, "in educating our rulers." How can we better consecrate this day in the heart of every patriotic citizen and make it religious in as high a sense as the President intended in his message, than by pledging ourselves to the generous support of whatever educates the people. Let the schools be free, and untrammelled by sectarian control. Let us enlarge the influence of the pulpit and the platform, and demand that none shall teach from either who do not exemplify in their own lives the validity of what they teach. Let literature and art, sedulously cultivated, and liberally paid, diffuse among men and women that culture which shall take from us as a people the reproach of shallowness and vulgarity. Finally, let us remember that the education of affairs is far more efficient and salutary, than the formal education of schools.

The newspaper, the telegraph, and the mail, make our modern life wonderfully conspicuous. The time prophesied of has come, when what has been told in the ear is proclaimed upon the house-top. How terrible is the popular reproach of a great public fraud,

of a heartless extortion, or a cruel crime! How exhilarating is a nation's applause at a brave act, a heroic sacrifice, the enunciation of a grand thought! Let us keep our plaudits only for the best, and dismiss with compliments only those faithful servants that have done good service to the State. Monarchies like those of Britain and Prussia have been able to perpetuate themselves and secure, in the freedom, intelligence, and prosperity of their people, the true ends of government, by making it an inviolable maxim of state to put the best and ablest men in stations of authority, and the elective franchise in a Republic, though universal, is a snare and a delusion, unless through it the people may enjoy their dearest right to be represented by their best and wisest men.

The first century closes behind us. Let us enter upon the second with thankfulness for all that we have achieved, and with a determination to make our country worthier than ever of our highest love and holiest devotion.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.

AN ORATION BY HON I. C. PARKRR.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS, JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen.—It was just about this hour one hundred years ago that the Fathers proclaimed the Declaration of American freedom. What a grand sight it is to see forty millions of people shouting at this hour, All hail, mighty day! All hail to the sister States as they stand with joined hands around our country's altar, placing thereon the oblations of their faith in the government of our common country. Let us, one and all, say forever, all hail, United States of America!

Need I tell you that when yonder sun sinks to rest behind the golden ribbed mountains of our Pacific coast there will have closed the grandest cycle of years in the history of the world? Need I remind you that the experiment in behalf of the rights of man of one hundred years ago is to-day, by the whole world, recognized as the greatest achievement of history? That the work of the fathers in bringing into existence a great government, and the work of their children in preserving and perpetuating the principles of right, upon which the same is founded is now by the whole world eulogized in the unmatched eloquence of a grand achievement. Why, at this very hour the poet and the painter, the mechanic and the artizan of the civilized world have placed at the very base of the altar of liberty the fruits of their genius and the productions of their skill as peace-offerings, in recognition of the full fruition of the hopes of those who were the founders of the Republic. To-day the sovereign and the subject, the lord and the peasant of the old world stand beneath the very roof tree of the temple of liberty, and recognize the principle of American freedom and American equality. As to those whose deeds we this day celebrate, whose

achievements we here and now commemorate, the world will little note, nor long remember the feeble utterances we this day may make in their praise, but their fame will be as enduring as the great principles they exemplified by their deeds, and by their efforts brought into active existence. Everything in science, art, and nature will be ever tributary to their expanding renown.

> "The winds shall murmur of their names,
> The woods be peopled with their fame;
> The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
> Roll mingling with their fame forever."

We read that after the children of Israel had escaped from the most galling bondage in Egypt, and after the Lord of hosts had triumphed gloriously over those who despised the sentiment "that all men are created free and equal," and the horse and rider had been thrown into the sea, and after right had prevailed over might in the very morning of the world, and those who had escaped from the thraldom of the Egyptian task-masters had sung their songs of joy on the banks of their deliverance, the great law-giver Moses received from the Deity, not only that higher law upon which is based the Christian's faith, but also that code which all civilized nations have directly, or indirectly recognized as the one by which the world can be governed. It was then that the command which I have read to you, came pure and spotless from the mouth of God himself, when he spoke to Moses from amidst the fire and smoke and awful thunders of Sinai, commanding him to "hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

We in this age of the world fully recognize the fact that the principle of this command has its seat and center in the mind of the Deity, and its mission is the harmony of the universe, and because it became known of men as being the will of God, you and I, together with the people of this whole land, in obedience to what has become a time honored custom, not only here, but wherever may be found Americans, and wherever floats the flag of the free, and also in obedience to a sense of patriotic duty, quit the field and the anvil, the workshop and the counter, the busy marts of commerce and the flaming forge, the noise and bustle and heat of the city, as

well as the quiet of the country home, to assemble around the altars of American liberty, and place thereon the oblations of our faith in "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," pledging our troth anew to those eternal rights of man proclaimed by the fathers, when they one hundred years ago to-day hurled in the very face of despotism the immortal declaration.

He who does not recognize the finger of God in this work, must most certainly be forgetful of the fact that he alone holds in the hollow of his hand the destiny of nations; marking out and controlling that destiny with the same unerring certainty with which the Star of Bethlehem guided the wise men of the East to the lowly cradle of Him who became as man, that the children might be free.

It can truly be said that it is well for us, upon the annual return of this, our National Anniversary, to hang our banner on the outer wall, to forget all political differences for the time being; sink the partizan in the patriot, and join hands around our country's altar, Here we can ponder over the trials and sacrifices endured by the officers and soldiers of the Continental army who achieved our Independence. We can reflect over the terrible dangers which were incurred by the brave, and good men who framed and adopted the Declaration of Independence which brought forth upon this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the idea that all men are created equal.

Since the treaty of peace between the Colonies and England, the limits of the Republic have been enlarged and fixed by the treaties of cession in 1803 with Napoleon, as first Consul of the French Republic; that of 1819 with Spain; by the admission in 1846 of Texas; by the treaty of limits of that year with Great Britain, fixing the dividing line between the Territory of Oregon and the British Possessions; by the treaties of 1848 and 1853, with Mexico, and the treaty of 1857 with Alexander II, the Emperor of all the Russias. By these treaties of cession the area of the United States of America has been increased to eight times its original extent, covering nearly 4,000,000 of square miles of territory.

The watchword of the people of the older States, and of the old world, was,

"To the west, to the west, the land of the free,
Where our mighty rivers roll down to the sea;
Where a man is a man, if but willing to toil,
Where he is a freeman, if willing to gather the fruits of the soil."

No era of the history of the world presents such evidences of the march of empire; of the material development of a country, and the intellectual, social and moral advancement of its people, as does ours. Truly we have a history that is the very miracle of history. Into our young life, one hundred years long, are crowded a constellation of epochs enough to make resplendent with glory whole centuries of common years. From thirteen States represented by thirteen stars upon our banner, we have increased until the constellation representing the grand sisterhood of States covers the whole of the Heaven-lit blue of that flag. The colonies were weak, and they were looked upon with contempt by the despotism of Europe.

In the success of our fathers, they saw the success of the people, and they knew right well that that success meant their ultimate downfall. But how the scene has changed; there is not a power on earth that does not to-day court the favor of the Government of the United States. We are now known and honored throughout the world. There was a time in the history of Rome, when to say "I am a Roman citizen," insured personal liberty and protection throughout the then civilized world; but he who can now say "I am an American citizen," finds in that sentence a magic power which will protect him all around the globe. Truly we can now say,

"Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet and freedom's banner
streaming o'er us.

It is useless for me to dwell upon our progress as a nation, because it is written upon every page of our history; it is manifest in everything we see around us. The confines of civilization has step by step moved westward, crossing great rivers and vast prairies and plains, and dense forests, and ascending mighty mountains until it planted the church and school-house, the warp and woof of our American Union, upon the golden sands of the Pacific slope,

and sent our messengers of commerce, spreading their white wings on old ocean's bosom bearing our civilization far away to Asia, telling the people of that land that there is a land beyond the sea, where every man is free.

Fifty years ago there was not a railroad in the United States. Now we have more than seventy thousand miles. Now these arteries of commerce penetrate the whole body of the nation, binding it together more closely with bands of iron. Thirty-three years ago there was not a telegraph line in the United States. But the little thread of wire placed as a timid experiment between Washington City and Baltimore grew and lengthened and multiplied with almost the rapidity of the electric current that darted along its iron nerves, until within our lifetime, continent has been bound unto continent, hemisphere answers through ocean's depths unto hemisphere. Yea, since that time we have spanned old ocean and girdled the whole earth with the tamed lightnings of heaven, thus bringing all nations together, and more directly under the influence of that power which is the grand seat of liberty, the United States of America, and teaching all nations that sentiment in which we believe, which was contained in the declaration thundered forth from amidst Mar's hill by Paul, when he said, "of one blood are all nations created to dwell on the face of the earth forever." Great cities have sprung up everywhere over this bright and beautiful land. Prosperous villages are now dotted over it like the stars in the heavens. Its valleys and mountain slopes are covered with the homes of freemen. Now

> "Toil swings the ax, and forests bow,
> The fields break out in radiant bloom.
> Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
> And cities cluster round the loom."

We have had our troubles as a nation. Our domestic war passed over this fair land, leaving its mark on each brow, its shadow in each household. But, thank God, that is over now. Sweet peace blesses the whole land, and slavery, the cause of the war, is no more a part of the system. Whatever may have been our opinions in the past, we all breathe free and rejoice that it is gone. Yes, we now, one and all, gladly shout forth the grand

sentiment, "there treads not a slave on the soil of free America." We could not help it. It came to us as one of the defects of our system. Now, every man, woman and child is raised to the dignity of an American freeman, and we all, from the Kennebec to the Rio Grande, from the Santee to the far off Oregon rejoice that it is so. Yes, we rejoice that yonder banner, from the time that it greets the morning sunlight until it kisses the last rays of the setting sun, protects all alike; that it is the symbol of liberty, the shield and protection of American citizenship. That bright, triumphant banner of liberty now floats proudly over every foot of American soil.

The perpetuity of our institutions, if we are true to our ancestry, to ourselves and to posterity, is forever established. Our great rivers, in all their long, majestic course to the sea, will pass through but one country. Our ocean bounds will be but the boundaries of one nation. We are truly one people, one nation, with one government, one system of laws, one and the same country, bound together by a common interest, a common ancestry, and united, as I trust we are to be, when the scars of the war shall have entirely healed, by the silver cords of love and affection for each other. We worship the same God, according to the dictates of our own conscience. We ought to be all seeking the one common end—the happiness of our people, and the greatness and glory of our land. The down-trodden of every race have an interest in us. The oppressed of Ireland look upon our flag as they see it streaming from the masthead of some merchantman in their harbors across the sea, and sigh for a home in the bright land of hope that sends forth that banner. The oppressed of England, looking upon it, remember the pilgrim fathers flying from English tyranny to plant that banner beyond blue ocean's wintry waves, and wish the liberty that banner guarantees may be theirs too. The Italian refugee hails it in a foreign port, and breathes a prayer that the flag of Italy may sometime insure to Italians that liberty which the flag of America guarantees to Americans.

The liberty-loving German, loving liberty for himself, and all the world besides, now points to our banner as the fulfilment of his prophecy, that those who fight for liberty will win the battle. The poor Frenchman, when he looks around him and beholds the

ruin and desolation of his fair vine-clad France, ruined by that despotism which has hurled its course upon the people from a French throne, remembers Lafayette, looks upon our banner and hopes his France will yet be free. The lovers of liberty in Spain point to our banner, and shout for a government like ours.

And the people of Canada, and of Cuba—the queen of the Antilles, standing away out among the dashing waves of the Atlantic, and San Domingo and all the Islands on the American Continent, are even now wishing for the time when they can call our flag their own. And who shall hinder them? Who shall stand in the way of the march of our manifest destiny? Who shall be so unreasonable as to say to these countries and these islands which are even now trembling within the grasp of monarchs or being crushed out by the heel of despotism, you shall not become a part of us? I trust none.

One hundred long years have passed since the war of independence in this land waged for the rights of freemen, burst upon the country, and that one hundred years are crowded full of the most glorious memories of a national life, and the most touching, sweetest and saddest memories that our hearts cherish. The patriot fathers are gathered to their long homes. We kneel by their graves and utter a prayer for their spirits fled. We honor their deeds; we worship their memories. We plant above their graves the willow and the laurel, and we feel that blood like this

> "For liberty shed so holy is
> It would not stain the purest rill
> That sparkles among the bowers of bliss.
> Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere
> A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
> 'Tis the last libation liberty draws
> From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

We as citizens of this Republic must not forget that we have duties to perform—solemn, high, imperative duties. We must bear in mind that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. We must remain as faithful sentinels on the watch tower of freedom, guarding well the portals of liberty, ever bearing in mind that

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Soon, very soon, we of this generation will be gathered to the graves of our fathers. Why, there is not one of us here to-day who in the course of nature will be here one hundred years hence. The voices that now shout the praises of those who gave us this noble heritage will be stilled in death. The hearts that beat with pulsations of pride and patriotic emotion, will be silent forever. Let us, while we are here, do our duty as well as those in the past did theirs. Let us keep manned with a brave and patriotic crew the ship of State, so that when we shall turn it over to another crew there will not be a plank, a sail, a rope, or spar out of place, and the grand old pennon of liberty will be streaming full high at the masthead. That the generations to come after us as they see her moored in the haven of safety, freighted with the dearest rights of man, will greet her with

> "We know what master laid thy keel,
> What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
> Who made each mast and sail and rope,
> What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
> In what a forge, in what a heat,
> Were shaped the anchors of thy hope."

There are even yet dangers which beset our national pathway. They can only be avoided by a correct and faithful performance of our duty; by vigilant and watchful care on the part of all good citizens. Then let us retire from the celebration of this, our one hundredth national birthday with renewed faith in our institutions; with still stronger convictions in favor of the capacity of man for self-government, with a firm determination, and a high and noble resolve on our part that let come what will, that we will ever remain faithful guardians of institutions and laws which protect all alike; which secure liberty to all, no matter whether it be the opulent and powerful, or the poor and lowly. That the mailed hand of power, wielded by the whole American people, will ever protect the government of our common country, and preserve for all coming time our free institutions.

Let us resolve to hasten that day when the nations "shall learn war no more;" when the battle flags shall be furled; when the sword shall be beaten into the scythe, and the cannon shall become

the plowshare; when the universal brotherhood of man shall be proclaimed and recognized everywhere; when peace on earth and goodwill to men shall be the watchword among the nations; when

> "All crime shall cease and ancient fraud shall fail,
> Returning justice lift aloft her scale,
> Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
> And white robed innocence from heaven descend."

Then let us, as good citizens and patriots, so perform our part, that when we have passed from the stage of action, and the mystic chord of memory shall bring the minds of our posterity back to this period, and to the time when our fathers laid broad and deep the foundations of our free institutions, they can say that we preserved and transmitted to them untarnished and uncorrupted what the fathers gave to us, so that they can with the same emotion, the same truth, the same patriotic pride, and the same devotion say, as we can this day before high Heaven exclaim,

> Great God, we thank Thee for this home—
> This bounteous birth-land of the free;
> Where wanderers from afar may come
> And breathe the air of liberty.
> Still may her flowers untramelled spring,
> Her harvest wave, her cities rise;
> And yet, till time shall fold his wing,
> Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

GOD'S PROVIDENCES AND OUR DUTY.

BY REV. ROBT. COLLYER, D. D.

A TALK TO THE CITIZENS OF LA CROSSE, WIS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—When I got to La Crosse and enquired about the order of proceedings, and found the Declaration of Independence had to be read before I made my speech, I tried to alter the thing so that it should be read after; because I knew when that document was drawn out I should have to suffer. I am an Englishman. That man Thomas Jefferson handled so roughly was my great grandfather's king. And there is a tradition in the Collyer family that my great grandfather fought in the Revolutionary war, but then he fought on the other side. So you see where I am. I look on this great crowd of faces and think I see a good deal of good feeling, and tenderness and kindness; and I want you just to think how I have been suffering while our friend read the document. Every blow fell on my shoulders, and now after having all this to bear, I must make a speech about a matter in which by birth and tradition, my family and myself are all on the wrong side.

Then I have to remember another thing. That all over these United States to-day where men and women gather to hear this paper read—the noblest declaration of human rights ever made to the world—only one of two men can say just the right word after it. If in this great assembly this morning there stands a man who has descended from the pure and noble blood of the fathers who fought in the Revolutionary war on the right side, he himself having a good, square, honest, manful personal history, that man might speak to you and you might hear him to a grand purpose. Or again, I saw a man on the train yesterday afternoon who could have made a nobler speech than I can or any man in my position. He was evidently a soldier, he was thin and worn, his face told a

story of sickness and suffering, and one of his sleeves was empty. That was the man to talk to you, or my brother who has just now prayed for us and who told me, with no idea that I would repeat his story, how he went out in the great quarrel which has filled the latter pages of our national history, not as a chaplain to go to the rear when the fight came on, but as a common soldier to carry his musket and take his chances.* These are the men who should talk to us to-day.

You remember in the old Roman history a story of a great day when a man was needed to stir the common heart. One man after another got up and made his speech, but the heart was not stirred; until an old man came forward and held up the stump that was left of a hand that had been shorn off in battle for Rome. He said no word—that was the speech—the common heart responded to it and the day was won. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the true secret of power to-day. The men who not only said they were ready to give their life, their wealth, and their sacred honor for the great cause, but who gave all they had, in a grand enthusiasm for the great cause, these are the men who should talk to us to-day.

But I am here to say some word to you fit for the time, and I can do no better than begin by saying that, while I can claim no such fitness as this I have tried to touch, I trust I can claim a certain fitness in being as I have been for six and twenty years, thoroughly identified with this nation, as well as a member of the great family from which so many of you that hear me this morning are descended. And while your Declaration of Independence is true, every word of it, and that old King ought to be entirely ashamed of himself every time he thinks about his part in it, wherever he has gone, this is true also. That there was in those old times of the struggle for a national existence in this country what you shall also find to this day, a great body of noble men in my mother country who have stood shoulder to shoulder with the American nation. Men who, before the struggle broke out into bloodshed, said that is right, you must fight for your Independence if you have to, or you will be enslaved. Who, during the darkest days of the Revolution sent great words of cheer to you, and have

*The Rev. Mr. Clough, pastor in charge of the Methodist Church, and a capital fellow.

to this day steadily maintained that the grandest stroke in the world's history was this your fathers made a hundred years ago. There can be no two minds about this, any more than there can be any room for doubt that the noble old nation I am still so proud of respects you more deeply and loves you more tenderly to-day because you gave her such a trouncing. I say this with a sure confidence that I am right, because the struggle was carried on between the members of a family which has always had the finest possible faculty after they had fought a thing out of getting over it, shaking hands and saying no more about it. The men of our blood are not given to ripping up old grudges. If we bury our trouble we don't put a stone there so as to be able to dig it out whenever we want to. The white rose and the red came to a death grapple in the old days, when the strongest stood and the weakest went down. And in the great Rebellion, as they used to call the grandsire of your revolution, the Puritan on the one side, and the Cavalier on the other, had to fight it out again to the bitter end. But when the fight was over the white rose and the red grew together about the cottage and the hall, and the Cavalier and Puritan sat at the same fireside. Now we have to remember also that in our last strife our old mother country, of which we are so proud, didn't behave herself at all as she ought to, still, we have to see that since the strife ended she has done very well indeed. For in the payment of that great bill of damages we notice this very important truth, that it is the first bill of the kind England has ever paid. Always before this she would first of all have her own way with a nation, then, if they did not like that she would thrash them if she could, and then, when she was through if there was half a chance she would make them foot the bills. She has not done that this time and I will tell you why. It is because she feels we are men of her own blood and breeding and that there has grown up on this side the Atlantic a grand strong nationality she cannot compel to anything it has not a mind to do. Then she recognizes this truth also. That the Union of Great Britain and America in everything noble and good is the very best wedding which can take place in the human family. She feels as I trust we do, that to be of one heart and one mind now, for the commonwealth of humanity, is to give the world a new hope; and so it is a good thing to shake hands all

round and think of each other with a great tender pride on such a day as this. The same old home held theirs and ours once, and blood is thicker than water.

Then three things are to be thought of to-day as our stake in such a destiny. That this new world is a grand theatre for a great purpose; has been made already the home of a great providence; and is by consequence the field for our most faithful endeavor.

We have within our own borders, it is said, three millions of square miles of land without a parallel anywhere in the world, coal fields twenty times greater than those of Europe, minerals of other kinds beyond all estimate, a climate which includes the finest virtues of all the zones, and about everything besides the heart can wish of this material wealth—and that is our estate.

Then see how it was given to us. There can be no doubt that our country was found and lost again more than once before it was finally lifted into the sun that all the world might see it. The northmen found it a thousand years ago, but the time had not come to use the land for a fine true purpose, and so it fell back again below the far sea line. The truth seems to be that the right man was not ready to come over and settle down and start a new life. It was nearly 600 years too soon. This new world must come to the front in God's good time. She had to wait for the printing press and the open bible, and for gunpowder to start the vassal on equal terms with the prince, and make steel armor of no more use than buckram against a good eye and a steady hand. I think this is why our new world was hidden away until the true time came for its revelation. Right where we are standing, shooting out from here in all directions and covering I trust our whole estate, there was a predestination and election, a power above, which set these things in order and brought them to pass in its own full time.

And when the time came for our separation from the mother country, we are touched again by this mystery of a Providence watching over us and working for us before the fathers took hold in good earnest to settle the question through their own manhood. I have read somewhere that when the king was crowned the choicest jewel in the diadem fell out, and the people said it was an omen of some great disaster and the time showed the truth of the sign. While that king was still a young man, the fairest jewel

was lost to the English Crown. When Washington was a lad his mother thought she would like him to be a midshipman in the English navy, but her heart failed her and she could not let him go. You wanted Washington and he had to stay at home. He was in an ice pack in fifteen feet of water in the Alleghany river and a thousand to one he had gone under and been lost! he could not be lost, he was wanted down here, he had to get out of that and go home again. The Indian turned and fired on him at short range, there was grim death in that shot, but it missed the mark. You ask me why? I ask you why Wesley was not burnt up in the parsonage or Cromwell slain at Marston Moor, or Mohammed found in the cave or Paul sent out of the world in his freshman year. Some lives grow to be so sacred as we watch them through the glass of history, that we say it is impossible they can end before the man has done his work. And so Washington could not be drowned, or die of the small-pox in Barbadoes, or be shot by the Indian at short range, or be hustled out of the world in any other way we can think of. He had to grow to be a noble leader of the race, the saviour beyond all other men of this country in her great strife for freedom, and the man to whom we look up to-day with a deep sweet reverence, we feel for no other man of our nation except our great good martyr, President Abraham Lincoln. But manifest destiny, fellow-citizens, must be the spur to manifest duty, or it is no good to any man or any nation to believe in it. And so it would be worse than useless for me to come here to-day and talk to you in this strain about the old time, while we all forget the new time in which we are living. The procession, the flags, the music and the cheers are all well enough, but how about the place each man of us holds in this land which was won by the brave blood of the fathers and the guardianship of God.

Mr. Smiles tells a story of a man in the last century who undertook to make a steam engine. He made what seemed to be a very capital engine indeed. The lever lifted to a charm, the piston answered exactly, the wheels worked beautifully, nothing could be better, but when it came to be fairly tried there was one drawback; it would just go and that was all. On its own hook it would work beautifully—go through its own motions perfectly, but when you wanted it to lift a pound beside, then lever and piston and wheels

struck work, and as it was made in an age and country in which to do nothing was to be counted a gentleman, they baptized the thing Evans' gentlemanly engine. Now who has not seen numbers of men whose action resembles that gentlemanly engine? What little they do, they do for themselves. You can find no fault so far with their motion, and they are polished sometimes to perfection, especially those parts that are brass or steel, but they would not raise a blister on their hands to save their souls—at least they don't. Their one motto is to take care of number one, as they say, and in taking care of number one in this light and gentlemanly fashion, they generally come either to depend on the old man every time they get into a tight place, or on their friends, until they are sick of the sight of them, as they drift down at last to the poor house or the jail, or they may go lower still. They may go down and down, until they go down to Washington to hunt for an office they know they cannot fill, and draw money for it they know they don't earn—the very meanest thing, as I think, that an American citizen can do.

Now this is the first trouble we can touch in our nation to-day, that men, so very many men, should do nothing in particular, or come as near as they can to this idea of a gentleman by shirking every thing which is not easy and light. The question what makes a gentleman is not an easy one to answer, but I say that between such a man as this and a good blacksmith or woodchopper, or any other honest fellow who puts all the manhood there is in him into his day's work, there can be no sort of comparison. Your hard handed mechanic is beyond all question the truer gentleman as well as the better man, and in the good time coming everybody will say so who has a right to be anybody. Honest work well done is the first thing, I say. But that does not mean merely to work hard, because I take it to be more essential to work honestly than it is to work hard at any thing. I had a shopmate, when I was a lad, who was as good a blacksmith when he did his best as any man I ever saw stand at an anvil, but it seems to me now he was the most ingenious scamp at getting up any sort of a lie in iron I ever saw with a hammer in his hand. Now a man like that may work hard, you see; but on the whole the harder he works the worse it is, because he just works hard at lying. It is no matter

where such men are found, or what they are doing, they may not be blacksmiths as Jack was, but they are "Forgers" all the same, if they are only ingenious for dishonesty, and make their money by make-believes. And I say, without the least hesitation, that the blacksmith who works honestly and well from Monday morning to Saturday night, making good horseshoes, is a better man before earth and heaven than the minister who dawdles along all through the week doing nothing in particular, and then on the Sunday morning preaches a wretched sermon. I know that because I have done both.

The second thing we have to make sure about in this new century is a good home, and this of course presupposes a good wife and a good husband. Now I think a great many men marry in these times who don't get a wife, and a great many women marry who don't get a husband, and they never find their mistake out until, perhaps, it is past all remedy except that of coming to Chicago to get a divorce, which may be worse than the disease. I fear, again, this trouble comes very often in this way. Young women before they get married are only anxious to get what they call all the accomplishments. But they don't mean by this how to make good bread, to boil a potato, or roast a piece of beef, to knit a stocking, to make a shirt and wash it and iron it, to keep a home smelling as sweet as wild roses and shining like a new silver dollar. It seems to me rather they mean how to do tatting, how to draw what Mrs. Browning calls wonderful sheperdesses with pink eyes, how to speak French very hard to be understood and how to discourse music so difficult as to make you remember Johnson's grim joke when they took him to hear some music of that sort, and noticed he did not seem to care for it. "That is very difficult music," said one who was with him. "I wish it was impossible," the old man answered. This is what our girls call all the accomplishments, these they get and then they get married.

And the young man sometimes gets an education just about as delectable to fit him for a husband. We call it sowing his wild oats. The worst of it I must not name; the better end of it now and then is calculated to teach him how to play billiards rather than to read books, how to prefer cards to every other kind of picture, and sometimes how to be more familiar with the inside of

the bells of his town than the churches. Then he goes into society, meets the young woman with all the accomplishments, believes her to be the exception to her entire sex in angelic beauty and perfect excellence, gives her what little heart he has left, poor fellow, and so the match is made and they are wedded, husband and wife so long as they both shall live—if they can stand it.

That is often like a wedding we had once in Yorkshire; as the man came out of church with his bride on his arm he met an old companion who said to him. "There lad, I wish thee much joy, thou's gotten t' end of all thee trouble." This was good news, so he went on his way rejoicing; but it turned out a bad job, he had got a wife with all the acomplishments except she could not keep house; so one day, when he met his crony again, he said to him with a very doleful heart, "I thowt thaa towd me John as I wer cumin aat o' Ginseley church, when I went to get wed, a'd gotten to t' end of all me trouble." "I did tell thaa soa," John answered, "I didn't tell thaa which end."

Then there is another match not quite so bad as this, but still bad enough. And that is when the husband and wife are both capable, both capital, and have every thing the heart can wish for except a real good honest love. The man is clever, so is the woman; she wants a home, he can give her one; she wants a husband, he wants a housekeeper; he will bring in the living and foot the bills, and she will slave and save and hear a great deal of growling then about what he calls "the extravagance of them women." Now a good home can no more bloom out of such a life as that in this new century than a damask rose can bloom on an iceberg. It is tyrant and slave, or else it is two slaves. It is two strings full of nothing but harsh discords constantly under the ban of the daily life. But there is a wedding which is just as good as gold, true and sweet every time, and sure to result in a good home; and that is when a man and woman, understanding what a good home and a true wedding means, are drawn together by that sure Providence which still makes all right matches in spite of the manœuvering of our prejudice and pride to prevent them. When they come together in a fair equality, not as the poet sings as moonlight unto sunlight, but as "perfect music unto noble words." Yes, from Eastport and San Francisco, eastward and westward, a youth and

maiden shall come with this equal reverence each for the other in their hearts. They may see a great many men and women more beautiful and noble to other men and women than they are, but they shall never see those they are looking for until they meet in this town of yours, it may be, and it is borne in on them that they are meant for husband and wife. It is no matter then if the one be beautiful and the other homely, or if all the world is wondering over the match. Theirs is still the greatest wonder that God should have given them this great gift as the end of all their hopes and fears. I know what such a wedding means for the home and for the life. It abides where there is no marrying or giving in marriage, but where men and women are like the angels of God. Chance and change make no difference on the golden wedding day. After fifty years of such a wedded life the glory of the maiden of twenty cannot be seen by reason of the glory which excelleth in the good old wife of seventy. Another thing to take to heart this day is that you young men shall go ahead, get married in this way, make these good homes and raise noble families of children for the nation instead of dawdling along until the bloom and glory of your life is over for fear the world will fail you if you take this step. It is a great mistake for a young man to think he can wait as long as he will before he takes a wife, and still be a whole true man for this grand era. But a great many do this, and if you ask them how it is, they will tell you they cannot do any better, they cannot ask a woman to marry them out of a mansion and go live in a poor man's cottage; the woman they want could not live in a cottage, if she would, and would not if she could; she is not fit to be a poor man's wife, and so they must wait until they get about so much money. Now I say that the woman who is not fit to be a poor man's wife, as a general rule, is not fit to be any man's wife. Suppose again she is fit to be a poor man's wife, and therefore all the fitter to be a rich man's wife, and he dare not ask her to leave her father's mansion, and go live with him in a poor man's cottage, but lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would" until the best of their life is over, and then gets married, why one of the first things she tells him is that she would have been very glad indeed to marry him ten or fifteen years sooner if he had only said so. The weddings that are sometimes almost as sad as funerals to me are those that might have come

and should have come in the brave May days of life, but for the sake of this wealth bought at a price no man should pay, the day was driven forward until the finest strength and bloom of the life had gone. Let no young man in whose life the new hope of America hides itself make this fatal blunder as he stands on the edge of the new century, don't shunt off on a side track and wait too long for a train of circumstances to roll along and enable you to get married. Make sure of these three things—a good honest stroke of work, a good name, and a good wife, just as soon as you can, and then the older men will leave the whole venture gladly in your hands when our time comes, and get away to our rest.

One thing more and I have done. As we take care of our work, our life and our homes, we must also take care of our Government. In a Government like ours there is one sure law. It is like that of the water-works in my city, through which the water rises to the exact line of the water-mark in the tower and not a line above that, no matter if the whole city should pray to have it so. And so in our Central and State Governments, in everything we have to our name, as citizens of this Republic, we shall find that the public virtue, manliness and honesty in Washington, in Springfield and in Madison, is just the marrow of the private nature and good sense of the citizens, who elect these men to take care of the machine. We must have honesty, intelligence, courage and manliness in ourselves, or we shall not have it where it can do most good and most harm. So we must not elect our man because he can make a fine speech, but because he is a man to be trusted and is trusted by those who know him best. He may make very fine speeches and do very mean things. Nothing comes cheaper than good talk, and I think we have had about enough of it within the last few years to open our eyes. We are in very much the condition the people were in at a town on one of our south-western rivers. There was an old skipper who ran a steamboat up and down the river, and was by all odds the most profane man in that section. But one day his boat ran into a mud-bank near the little town, and there she stuck, one end in the water and the other in the mud, and would not stir an inch for all his swearing. So thinking what was best to be done, he called one of the deck-hands and said: "You go up into that air town, find the folks who belong to meetn', tell 'em I got

religion and want 'em to come and hold prayer-meet'n on my boat." The news made a vast sensation; the people came in a crowd, they found the old skipper standing ready to receive them. "Go aft brethren," he said, "go aft, go aft," and aft they went, until the weight at the water end weighed the steamer down, and she began to slip into deep water. This was what he wanted; he saw her clear and then yelled: "meetn's out, d——n you, jump ashore, quick," and jump they did, and that was the end of his conversion.

That is the way with some of the men who want to represent us; they belong to both sides, always did and always will. What they want is to float their venture on false pretences. We must watch them, take care of them, and whether we are Democrat or Republican, elect only the man of a tried honesty, and then when we get hold of such a man we must stand by him and hold up his hands and his heart. Never mind what the other side says in the heat and passion of party strife; the spawn of party strife is the shame and disgrace of our era. It breaks down all the guards of truth and fair speech, looks on every man not on its side with an evil eye, and pursues its antagonist with the relentlessness of the fiend. We can have no part or lot in such mean work. We have to search for and to find virtue, honesty and fidelity in Democrat and Republican alike, to maintain those who are well proven in these things at all costs, and no other kind, and then there can be no doubt but that we are to have through the ages to come, a noble, beautiful and strong Republic. So may God bless us on this new day of a new century.

ELEMENTS OF OUR PROSPERITY.

AN ORATION BY S. H. CARPENTER, LL.D., PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

DELIVERED AT MADISON, WIS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Fellow-Citizens—We are met to day to celebrate the demonstration of a great truth; the truth that Liberty is not the baseless dream of visionary enthusiasts; that a government by the People may be stable and lasting. Tried by the vicissitudes of a century, this Republic has withstood every shock, and has passed from a dimly-seen hope to a magnificent reality. It has gathered under its protection men of every language, and proved that Freedom is the Right of man by uniting them into one People, by the firm bond of loyalty to the same great truth.

Youth has no Past. Its active energy sees only the Present. Age has a past, to which it fondly looks, when its waning strength seeks solace in recalling the prowess of its early years, and boasts of deeds no longer possible to its lessened vigor. We have no musty records to search, no far-reaching history to recall. Our heroic age has hardly passed. Our golden youth has not yet stiffened into the harshness of an iron present. The memory of those still living holds the fresh records of our progress. Men whose natural force has not yet abated have seen our weakness grow to power, have seen the wilderness transformed into a blooming garden, and stately cities rise as by the enchanter's wand from the untamed soil. But shall not youth glory in his strength? Shall a just pride not lay hold of present achievement as well as past glory? Behind us are gathered the materials for our heroic history. Age is hastening after us, and to-day we turn the first century of our national existence.

There is a power in Antiquity—in the feeling that behind us is a long line of noble ancestors, a solid inheritance in the glories of

the Past. It curbs the wayward strength of youth, and adds dignity to the compacted vigor of manhood. This advantage is rapidly coming to us. We have a common inheritance in the heroism of the Revolution.

On an occasion like this when we stand at the summit of a century of unbroken success, our minds alternately follow the lead of Memory casting her proud glance backward over the brilliant past, and Hope casting her confident gaze into a future full of greater promise. We look backward over the slow receding years of the century just closed, and we see a little band of heroes, jealous of their God given rights, seeing not the weakness of their numbers, but only the strength of their cause, with a sublime confidence in the ultimate victory of right, resolutely facing the foremost power of the world. Looking out into the deepening darkness that shrouded the coming years of almost hopeless struggle, they boldly, almost defiantly proclaimed not merely their own right to liberty, but the right of man to self-government. They struck a blow for humanity.

That contest was not the mere shock of contending armies; it was the fiercer shock of contending ideas. It was not the manœuvring of legions on the field of battle; it was the marshalling of principles in a struggle that should determine whether the world should go forward, and offer a new field for the enlarging powers of man, or whether it should stagnate on the dead level of old ideas, stupidly satisfied with the good it had gained.

At last, after eight years of struggle, of alternate victory and defeat, Freedom was secured, but their allotted work was not yet done. A nation was to be formed out of the discordant elements which the pressure of necessity had forced into a temporary union. Statesmanship was to complete the work of generalship, and unite into a compact whole the fragments thus far held together by a loose cohesion. Our revolutionary fathers proved equal to the task, and by this victory over passion, by succeeding where all other men had failed, they placed the world under everlasting obligation. Other patriots had fought as bravely, had endured as heroically; but no other patriots so conquered self, so vanquished prejudice, so laid the foundations of a nation in mutual concession for the general good.

God is a prompt paymaster. The reward was not long deferred. The period of unexampled prosperity followed. All the world claimed the privilege of sharing the benefit of our sacrifices. They swarmed in upon us from every nation of Europe, attracted by a fertile soil, a healthy climate, and the more alluring promise of a free government. At the close of the Revolution the entire population of the United States numbered but three millions. They were mostly confined to the narrow strip between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea. Here and there adventurous bands had crossed over into the fertile plains beyond, only to find their advance stubbornly contested by the Indians who refused to leave, without a struggle, the hunting-grounds of their fathers. The valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi were still an unbroken wilderness, except where French traders or Missionaries had established their posts to seek the goods or the good of the red man, or where sturdy pioneers had made their precarious settlements. The great Lakes were almost unexplored, and the districts adjoining were still more unknown. Marquette, Allouez and La Salle, had pushed their daring discoveries into this remote region, but theirs was the genius of discovery, not of settlement. The French could discover and subdue, but they could not organize.

It is but eighty years since this vast region, stretching from the Alleghany Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, was opened to settlement. Men now living have seen the western line of civilization creep timidly from the boundaries of New York and Pennsylvania, push steadily westward through the forests of Ohio, cross the fertile prairies of Indiana and Illinois, sweep with hardly a perceptible check beyond the Mississippi, strike boldly across the vast plains of the West, climb the heights of the mountains, descend the further slope of the Sierras, to meet a resistless barrier only on the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean. Men now living have seen this waste wilderness converted into a blooming garden, covered with fruitful harvests, and dotted with the peaceful homes of more than ten millions of people. The Indian has retreated before his fate; barbarism has yielded to civilization. The niggardly gifts of Nature have been replaced by the wealth that plenty pours with a full hand into the lap of industry. Labor here reigns king, unvexed by any rival. The air hums with the busy whirr of machi-

nery. The engine flashes by, weaving, like a gigantic shuttle, the bonds that bind distant States in one community of interest.

Let us not stand mute in stupid admiration of our present greatness, but let us in the spirit of true philosophy seek to discover the basis upon which our prosperity rests, and the laws and controlling forces by which our success has been wrought out. A true civilization rests upon a moral basis. The civilization of the old world had made physical well-being its highest ideal, but it did not prove capable of indefinite expansion: it could not rise; it could not advance. Here civilization laid hold of moral forces, and pressed forward with a power well-nigh resistless. Physical good soon reaches its limit. Even that art that aims only at material beauty soon attains its highest ideal, and falls back upon itself to minister to passion and to hasten the ruin of the glittering culture which it has created, that conception of the true nature of man that considers him as a moral force, and not a mere intelligent machine, that looks at nature from its spiritual side, that fixes the ideal of civilization not on the low level of mere physical improvement, but on the higher plane of intellectual and moral culture, that aims at perfect manhood, and rates birth or wealth below character, affords the only ground for a safe and steady advance. This great truth was emphasized on every battle-field of our late war. The idea of freedom won. That conception of human society that graded men according to physical accidents yielded to the superior power of that idea which, ignoring all physical differences, upon the broad basis of human equality, organized society according to the theory of equal rights and equal and exact justice to all.

Three steps led to our present unexampled prosperity.

The first was the Declaration of Independence which first distinctly enunciated to the world the doctrine of Equal Rights. It was a decided step in advance to ignore all accidental differences, and to unify all mankind on the single principle of absolute equality. The Declaration was a defiant challenge of the old theory of government; it called in question principles quietly acquiesced in for centuries. To assert the rights of the people was a great step, but it was a step that might lead downwards to anarchy, and through anarchy to despotism, as in France, as well as upward to Liberty and free government. The other half of the truth must be told in

the equally definite assertion of the absolute and inherent need of government—thus accurately adjusting the political relations of the citizen. Man demands government no less imperatively than liberty; he demands government, because only through it can he secure liberty.

The presence of a common enemy, and the manifest need of union held the States together until the close of the revolutionary war. When the compulsion of this necessity was no longer felt, the need of a closer bond—one originating from within, and knit from well-defined principles, securing a union by the recognition of ends yet to be gained in common, beyond the mere acquisition of liberty—soon became evident. Liberty is only a condition of good government rendering it possible; it is not a cause compelling it. The yoke of foreign domination had been thrown off; the yoke of self-government must yet be put on. The need for something more than had yet been gained was shown by a loss of public respect for the general government, disordered finance, depreciated currency, with all the evils incident, mutual jealousies, conflict of jurisdiction between the States themselves; between States and the general government, threats of armed collision; the most alarming systems of anarchy threatened the public weal, until all that had been gained by eight years of war seemed on the point of being lost for want of a far-sighted statesmanship to resolutely grapple with and solve the problem now presented. There was but one way out of these difficulties—to go forward, to assert as clearly the right of the nation to protection against anarchy as the Declaration had asserted the right of man to protection against tyranny; to build upon the foundation that had been so heroically laid in times of war and trial; to sow the vacant field with ideas that promised a fruitful harvest, and no longer leave it to grow up to thorns that promised only increasing irritation. Happily for us, the men of that day were not wanting in the great crisis. Upon the firm basis of Equal Rights as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, they built the solid superstructure of Constitutional government. From scattered, discordant fragments, they compacted a new nation.

The second step towards the prosperity of this people was taken in the adoption of the Constitution in 1787. This was not simply an alliance between States. That had already been secured by the

Articles of Confederation, the utter inadequacy of which could no longer be concealed. This was a union of the people—the birth of a nation—an assertion of the right of man to government, as the Declaration of Independence was an assertion of his right to liberty.

The greatest victories of those days that "tried men's souls" were not won on the field of battle, where man meets man in the rude shock of brute force, but in the senate chamber, where mind meets mind in the conflict of principles, where inveterate prejudice gives way to the calm pressure of reason, where narrow selfishness yields to the demands of enlarged patriotism. The adoption of the Constitution was such a triumph. To have been the first to take this step in advance is glory enough for any nation. Speaking of the Constitution, Lord Brougham says: "The regulation of such a union upon pre-established principles, the formation of a system of government and legislation in which the different subjects shall not be individuals, but States, the application of legislative principles to such a body of States, and the devising means for keeping its integrity as a Federacy, while the rights and powers of the individual States are maintained entire, is the very greatest refinement in social policy to which any state of circumstances has ever given rise, or to which any age has ever given birth." Says De Tocqueville: "This theory was wholly novel, and may be considered as a great discovery in modern political science." It was not only because she had championed the Rights of Man that America placed the world under lasting obligation; it was also because she established Freedom upon rational principles, had harmonized Liberty and Law, and thus made a durable democracy possible, that the world looks to her example to learn the way to lasting liberty.

The last, and no less important step, was taken when the Ordinance of 1787 was adopted for the government of the North-west territory. The adoption of this Ordinance antedates the adoption of the Constitution, but its influence in national affairs was subsequent to the immediate influence of that instrument. This document shows an enlarged and advanced view of the powers and duties of government. It enunciates several principles which were also incorporated into the Constitution of the United States. It

laid down the broad and then quite novel principle of absolute religious toleration; it asserted the inviolability of contracts, thus placing the authority of integrity above that of legislatures; it first clearly uttered the sentiment now so familiar that "Religion, Morality and Knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged;" it insisted upon keeping good faith with all men, and demanded justice even for the Indians, who had for ten years been waging a cruel and bloody war against the settlers in this very territory; it at once and forever prohibited slavery, and thus led the way to its final eradication from this country.

We need trace our history no further. Here we find the grand secret of this unexampled prosperity and the conditions of our future success. In this triple recognition of the rights of man, the just limits of government, and the paramount claims of Religion, Morality and Education, we find an ample explanation. Upon the foundation of Equal Rights, as laid in the Declaration of Independence, a Constitutional government was erected upon the immovable pillars of Religion, Morality and Knowledge, based not on arbitrary enactment and secured by force, but resting still more firmly in the conscientious regard of the people. We have no religion defined by the State and enforced by law: we have what is better, Religion voluntarily practised by the people. We do not have an education thrust upon the people by compulsion; we have what is better, a people who do not need the coarse stimulus of this coercion. In the recognition of these moral forces as determining the condition of mankind, we may find the reason why we have succeeded in securing at the same time liberty for the people and stability for the government. Until taught by our example, the world believed that liberty was but another name for license and lawless anarchy; that stability was the prerogative of despotism. But the tottering thrones and fleeing kings of the Old World have proved that the arm of Force is not strong enough to hold a kingdom stable, and that the government is most firmly seated that rests upon conceded rights, and guards the rights of the people with a sleepless jealousy.

The nations of the world are met in the City of Peace to offer us their heartfelt congratulations, bringing the accumulated treasures

of art and industry to grace this glad occasion. Fit place for such a gathering, fit occasion for such a celebration! It is the Festival of Peace, as well as the birthday of Freedom. Industry bends its tireless energies to lighten the pressure of wearisome labor. Art, hand in hand with Toil, brings her treasures to grace our holiday. Even grim-visaged War puts on the garb of Peace, and with an awkward smile displays his death-dealing enginery in bloodless repose. The sword-girt, mail-clad warrior is no longer the world's hero. The conqueror is no longer the ideal man. The hero of to-day is the Inventor who elevates mind by freeing muscle, who bends his blest endeavors to lift the yoke of labor from the bowed necks of the toiling millions.

The nations are all here, and this friendly gathering utters anew the greeting of Heaven, "Peace on Earth, goodwill to Men." We do not celebrate this day alone. Others share in our joy. Every nation on the globe above the lowest level of barbarism gives us a hearty God-speed, for there is not a people that does not feel the beneficent impulse which our example has given the world. Liberty has a new meaning since man has proved that a king is not a necessary evil; that the majesty of right is above the majesty of man; that the sway of justice is more enduring than the rule of force. This grand truth, first proclaimed by the heroes of the elder days, first demonstrated by our convincing example, has been wrought into the convictions of men by the steady pressure of our advancing prosperity. Well may the world join us in celebrating this peaceful triumph, for all men have part in our glory and share our gain. Our Declaration of Independence gave a voice to the half-formed thoughts of humanity, and brought to man a knowledge of his inalienable rights. Our Constitution has made true liberty possible not only for this nation, but for all mankind.

The Dead too are here:—not dead, but living in the deeds which they wrought and in the affectionate remembrance of their fellowmen. Their immortal spirits see the fruits of their labors, and today they rejoice with us. From Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill; from the stubborn contest with cold and hunger at Valley Forge; from Cowpens, King's Mountain; from Saratoga and Yorktown; from every nameless battle-field of the Revolution; from the fresher graves of our last and sternest war, their jubilant spirits

throng in upon us to-day, and join in the gladness of the grand chorus of praise that swells up before the throne of the God of Nations. The sea, too, gives up its dead. From every ocean grave, from the quiet depths of Erie and Champlain, those who sunk to their peaceful rest amidst the noise and tumult of battle rise to join us in the celebration of this day which their valor and devotion bequeathed to us. They are all here: I need not speak their names. Time would fail me to mention the surrounding cloud of exulting witnesses. The Golden Gates stand wide open to-day, and well may Heaven join Earth in celebrating a day like this. We do not exult over the blood-stained triumphs of War; we rejoice in the victories of Peace. We boast not of conquest; we glory in Freedom. We count not the struggle; we see the gain.

Then let us celebrate this day with glad rejoicing, for it is a day fit to be remembered through all time. Through a frail infancy, through a wayward youth, Freedom has passed forward to the full strength and the maturer powers of a vigorous manhood. The nation has attained its majority. Let all the World join in our rejoicing. Let all Nature, from the heights of Summer, crowned with her most gorgeous beauty, with every inarticulate symbol, voice the universal joy, as she joins man in his jubilant chorus of praise to the Giver of all good.

THE RELATION OF EDUCATION TO THE STATE.

AN ADDRESS BY PROF. A. L. CHAPIN, D. D. PRESIDENT OF BELOIT COLLEGE.

DELIVERED AT JANESVILLE, WIS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens,—I am asked to speak of the Relation of our Higher Institutions of Learning to the State. The time forbids a full discussion of the theme in an abstract way. But this is our centennial anniversary and our thoughts naturally revert to the time when the foundations of our great republic were laid. From these reminiscences, I may draw a few facts in illustration of my theme. I never hear that declaration of independence, which has just been read, without wonder and admiration for the profundity of its principles, the strength of its logic and the finished grace and force of its rhetoric. Whence came all this? we naturally ask. Is it all the fresh product of the brains of Jefferson and his fellows on that committee? Did this youngest of nations come all at once upon the grand foundation truths of civil government? Ah, no, the attendant facts tell us that now in the fulness of time, God has gathered the wisdom of the ages to find on this new continent a field fit for its practical application.

Consider the juncture of time when these truths were thus brought forth. In English history, the sixty or seventy years from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the date of the restoration constitute the period of the intensest action of those intellectual and moral forces which are most powerful in forming national character. Of this period, it has been well said, "In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X., nor of Louis XIV. can come at all into comparison with it." It was the age of Bacon and Spenser and Shakespeare, of Sidney and Hooker and Napier, of Milton and Cudworth and Hobbes and other great lights of liter-

ature and philosophy, whose creative minds gave a new impulse to civilization, not for Great Britain alone, but for the world. It was the age which gave to English speaking people the version of the Scriptures, whose influence for the ability and prosperity of the empire was so gracefully recognized by Queen Victoria, when in answer to the embassy of an African prince who came with costly gifts, and asked in return to be told the secret of England's greatness and glory, she, instead of displaying the crown jewels, or pointing to the wealth laid up in the vaults of the Bank of England, handed the ambassadors a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, and said, "Tell the prince this is the secret of England's greatness." It was the age when the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, "the two eyes of England," were doing their best work, and passing through changes which brought them to their complete organization. And this was the age of the exodus of the Pilgrim fathers and other founders of those American colonies. Under the influence of these universities these men were formed, and they brought that influence along with them. Hence it is truly said that the spirit of the English universities, of English scholars, pervaded the English colonies. The men who planted the first colonies of New England were in larger proportion, liberally educated men than was ever before known in the history of nations. It is estimated that when Harvard college was founded in 1638 there was a graduate of the English university at Cambridge for every 200 or 250 of the inhabitants then living in the few villages of Massachusetts and Connecticut, besides sons of Oxford not a few.

Before the declaration of independence, ten colleges had been founded in the several colonies, following the lead of Harvard in Massachusetts, and the college of William and Mary, in Virginia. And the public men who led off the great movement of revolution till it culminated in independence and the forming of our constitution, were men who had enjoyed the benefit of this high culture. Hence it came that Lord Chatham, speaking in Parliament of the first continental congress and of the papers issued by it said, that though he studied and admired the free states of antiquity, the master-spirits of the world, yet for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, no body of men could stand in preference to this congress. The great thoughts of those

great thinkers more than two thousand years ago, Plato and Aristotle and Socrates, the master of both—the contributions of Cicero and Seneca and Quintilian—these accumulated stores of ancient philosophers, increased by the fresh thinking of that wonderful age just noticed, found scope for practical application in the beginnings of our state. Now I wish I could bring before you on a larger scale, that scene of a hundred years ago, which we today commemorate. You are all familiar with it as sketched by our American artist, Trumbull, a fancy sketch no doubt, in some of its details, but true to the great realities of the occasion as it is true to the features of the leading men of the occasion. There are seated in the hall, in venerable state, with the rich dress and solemn mien of the olden time, the fathers of the republic, thinking in dead earnest on the momentous step they are taking. Here in the front sits the president, John Hancock, and standing immediately before him, to present the paper they have to report, the five gentlemen of the committee. That president is a graduate of Harvard college, and of that committee, three represent respectively the three oldest colleges of the country; and who are the other two? Benjamin Franklin and Roger Sherman, who have, living in the atmosphere of liberal culture and stimulated by it, used at second hand, the appliances of that culture and lifted themselves from the printer's case and the shoemaker's bench to be the acknowledged peers of the rest. Further, we note that of the fifty-six who signed the declaration, thirty-two are men of college training, seven more have had a special professional culture, its full equivalent. The scholar had already an acknowledged and an honored place in politics, and through the affinities and necessary co-operation of all departments and grades of popular education, his influence was diffusing itself through the whole population, so that so called self-made men had an open way before them to places of highest position and trust.

The lesson of the hour is simply this, let us fairly estimate and appreciate what liberal education has done for our nation in the past, and let us still foster and encourage the institutions which hand in hand with our popular schools of every grade are diffusing intelligence and wisdom and virtue and godliness all over the land, to be the strength and salvation of the state, if God will, as long as the world shall stand.

THE INFLUENCE OF POPULAR EDUCATION UPON THE NATION.

AN ADDRESS BY PROF. S. S. ROCKWOOD, OF THE WIS. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

DELIVERED AT JANESVILLE, WIS., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I know very well what I am expected to say, I know what is the proper and conventional story to tell you. I know that the emblematic bird must be plucked to-day in your very presence until he looks like a Thanksgiving turkey on the morning of that inevitable Thursday in November. I know as well as tongue can tell that nothing less than filling the air about you with his Centennial plumes will satisfy your patriotic demands. Nothing less than the veritable "Old Abe" himself, fluttering and screaming in your faces, will fully come up to the requirements of this occasion. But there are two insuperable reasons that stand in my way. In the first place, the glorious old "War Eagle of the Eighth Wis. Vol.," is at this moment playing a star engagement at Philadelphia, where he is flapping his broad wings in the face of the world; and in the second place, in the division of labor for this day, the centennialism has been handed over to the silver-tongued lawyers and orators who are to follow me, and quiet themes have been assigned the schoolmasters.

I have always thought that great occasions are never wanting to those who are equal to them, and that fame and honor and the abiding confidence of the country wait upon the man who proves himself equal to every occasion.

I still believe in that doctrine, and on the other hand, I see the oblivion that shall hide the man who speaks on this occasion, and this day, the day of all other days, the occasion of all occasions that have seen the light in this country for a hundred years.

But where is the man who can utter the thought of this supreme

moment? Who shall fitly speak the word Columbia has waited a century to hear?

It is not you, my friends and fellow-citizens, who alone participate in these exercises; the living heroes of the past, whom we call dead, are coming up from every part of the land and world, to make an unseen audience into whose listening ears the words of every speaker must fall this day.

I consider myself fortunate in the theme assigned me. The last great thought of the world is popular education. The ripe fruit of the wisdom of all the ages is the enlightenment and consequent elevation of the masses.

To have discovered the grand laws of the stellar universe and marked out the paths of the planets, to have invented movable type, to have solved the riddle of the circulation of the blood, to have tamed the lightning, and turned steam into a beast of burden, to have invented poetry and song, and developed art, were mighty things for mighty men to do, but to have discovered that the divine use of all these was for the education and refinement of the toiling millions, was the mightiest service of all. Knowledge is not only power, it is hope, it is consolation; but the wisdom of its application to the advancement of the common people, is the chiefest treasure of all time.

The ultimate effects of the education of the people, no man can foretell. The gift of prophesy is gone with the lost arts, and therefore I only propose to notice a few results already achieved, and point out what seem to me a few of its chief tendencies. I shall not attempt a history of the idea. I take the district school as a perfectly familiar and accepted fact. I take education by the State as a conceded reality. I shall not try to show how it falls short of a true ideal, nor shall I discuss the means and methods for improvement. I wish to discover, if I can, some reasons for being better satisfied with the past, better contented with the present, and more hopeful for the future.

In the growth of civilization, from time to time, have arisen great enterprises, enormous needs which no private means however freely contributed, were able to achieve, and their attainment has rightfully been among the true functions of government, and the education of the masses is the last great labor of that kind.

It seems to me that the idea of popular education is the outgrowth of the great truth, that, after providing for the support of life, the chief aim of mankind should be spiritual and intellectual culture, and some day we shall all defend education by the State on this high ground.

What is the effect of the enlightenment of the masses in the Old World as far as already felt?

Why, sir, you know and the world knows that it is fast making kings and emperors mere figure-heads; the scepter is rapidly becoming as hollow and brittle as a bamboo walking-stick, and the lack of it puts a nation into the condition of Spain, with its enlightened leaders whom the people cannot follow; or into that of poor old Turkey, where an enlightened and progressive government is unable to keep step with the century because of the ignorant prejudice and degrading superstition of the people.

It was once supposed that he who made the songs of a people was mightier than he who made their laws.

Thirty-six years ago this very summer, the hard-cider and log-cabin songs carried "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too" into the Presidental chair, but where is the imbecile who supposes that could be repeated this summer? Just imagine, if you can, the people of to-day swept along and consumed by the fire of such a purely emotional awakening. Since that time, the school-master has been abroad in the land, and the appeal this summer is to our understanding, and not to our emotions. The political speaker, now, who carries his points and wins our votes, must give us reasons, not sentiments; he must give us logic, not emotion; he must give us facts, not mere fancies; in a word, he must convince our judgments and not simply inflame our passions and prejudices. The influence of popular education, therefore, is to enable the people to do their own thinking.

I know very well that certain would-be philosophers stoutly maintain that the idea of the people's thinking for themselves is the merest moonshine and nonsense. They declare that you can't talk with a man ten minutes without knowing what papers he reads and what church he attends, and so can tell who furnishes him his religious and who his political opinions.

In the first place the assertion is only the shadow, ten feet high.

of a truth, and a shadow may be cast on a wall ten feet high by a jumping-jack as well as by a man, and though a man has intelligence enough to make him read the papers and go to church, and although he agrees with both his editor and his pastor to-day, it by no means follows that he will not disagree with one or both to-morrow, and for reasons he can state quite as cogently as either of them.

And here let me say that the newspaper of to-day is itself a reality, because the people have been to school, and for the same reason we shall never have imposed upon us a State religion.

To educate the people is to make the state a servant, it is to make the government an employé, and loyalty to the flag becomes fealty to yourselves. To educate the people is to abolish caste. In the district school the problem of race-influence, which is not in the books, is being solved unconsciously, while others of less importance that are in them occupy the thoughts of the scholars.

To educate all is to make each secure. The true relations of mine and thine are appreciated only by an enlightened people. The reign of brute force goes out with ignorance, and the benign reign of law comes in with intelligence. What we put into our schools we shall willingly enjoy in our government. If the men and women who go into the common schools shall teach by precept and example that which gives probity of individual character, there can be only one result to the nation.

The tendency of popular education is to enable the people to know a patriot from a demagogue, a statesman from a mere politician. I think even now we are beginning to discriminate between the master of political questions and the mere juggler with party issues. I am glad to say to you that it appears very much as though the people can tell, even now, the man who can devise and run governmental organisms from the "Boss" who can simply invent and run party machines.

To educate the populace is to make the civilization more complex, and like the animal organism, the more complex the higher. To educate a people is to increase their power of enjoyment, and therefore to increase their wants. What could Shakespeare be to a Modoc, Raphael to a Patagonian, or Beethoven to a Fejee Islander?

Do you say that prisons and poor-houses have multiplied with the increase of schools? You forget that where there are no schools, the beggars and lepers throng the streets, and the thieves and robbers lie in wait for you at every turn. The stimulus to care for the one, and restrain the other class, is the outgrowth of enlightened sympathy on the one hand, and of intelligent justice on the other.

To educate the people is not to make the college man *less*, but the common man *more;* it is to level *up*, and not *down*.

The effect is not to cheapen culture, but to elevate our standards; it does not impoverish the *few*, but enriches the *many;* it only prevents the mountain peaks from appearing so lofty by the mighty uplifting of the foot-hills.

And, finally, my friends, it seems to me that any element in the social and civil economy of a nation, that produces such results and tendencies as I have hinted at, is not only worthy of exaltation and glorification on her hundredth birthday, but on all her birthdays to the end of time.

OUR DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

AN ORATION BY HON. JOHN F. DILLON.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT DAVENPORT, IOWA, JULY 4TH, 1876.

LET us, gladly let us, as a solemn duty, with one accord, and at the outset, raise our hearts in devout thankfulness and gratitude to our God and the God of our fathers for the signal mercy and favor which hath preserved our nation entire and our liberties unimpaired from all perils without and perils within during the century which has just closed, and enabled us with such trustfulness to enter upon the century to come, and with prospects so full of hope and cheer.

For one hundred years has this day been commemorated, but the people of America have never welcomed it with such emotion as those with which they welcome it to-day, when the nation is just commencing to pass through the portals of the second century of its life.

One hundred years ago, in old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was proclaimed a solemn State instrument, which, more than any other political document ever given to the world, has influenced the history of nations and affected the fortunes of mankind.

It is that immortal paper and its fruits here and elsewhere, that gives significance to this day, and which have filled all hearts in this country with the common purpose of commemorating the Centennial year of our history in a manner that shall fitly distinguish it.

The Declaration may be viewed in a two-fold aspect, *first*, in the light of its immediate purpose and effect as the instrument which asserted the Independence of the Colonies from the King of Great Britain, and *second*, in the light of the principles of permanent and general application, which it asserted, and its effects upon the destiny of this country and upon the world at large.

In the first view the Declaration by itself considered is an event of dramatic and thrilling interest. It was made under the most solemn and, as far as the human eye could see, the most discouraging circumstances. The Colonies were feeble, without any legal political bond of union. They were without money, without established credit, without a navy and without organized armies. The skies were, indeed, dark, and the zealous Henry, when pressed with the inequality of the struggle, could only answer the argument with more faith than reason: "God will raise us up friends." It was an act of lofty and heroic courage in an infant and scattered people, boldly to fling the gauntlet of defiance at the most obstinate and unforgiving of monarchs, and the proudest and most powerful of nations.

The Declaration made a solemn appeal to *war* as the only remaining arbiter between the colonies and the mother country. The stage of debate and negotiation had now passed, and henceforth in the tragic language of the great Chancellor of Germany uttered in our own days, "The decision can come from God only, from the God of battles, when he shall let fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny," and the unity of this country, like the unity of Germany 100 years later was, "could be obtained but by blood and iron."*

But the greatest glory of the Declaration is found when it is viewed as the magna charta of the race, as an exposition of the principles of true government and national rights of man. It declared a new theory of government—one which revolutioned the basic idea on which nearly all existing governments were constructed. It asserted in unlimited terms and with most comprehensive scope the absolute and equal *rights* of *man*—of *all* who, whatever their race or country, bear the image and superscription of their common fathers.

Its central proposition—its inspiration, its vital power, its crowning and fadeless glory, is in the grand distinctive utterance—worthy to be written in imperishable letters of living light across the face of the whole heavens that they might be read in all time, by all men, in every quarter of the globe:—"We hold these

* Klaerko's "Two Chancellors—Gortschakoff and Bismarck."

truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and happiness."

"That all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

These were the baptismal vows which the new Republic took upon her lips when she entered the family of nations with fear and trembling one hundred years ago. Let us not forget them. Let us raise and keep ourselves up to the great height of their infinite meaning. For the name of God is written upon every human being—lofty or lowly—white or black—in the tropics or at the polls—and this glorious truth gives to every rational person on the earth an unquestionable title to his life, liberty, and manhood rights—a title which every just government ought not only to recognize, but secure and protect.

It is only within a very recent period that the rights of man as man have been recognized by the governments established over him, and which demanded unlimited submission and unquestioning obedience.

Manhood is older than Nationality ; Brotherhood is older than Race.

It is since the era of the Declaration of Independence that popular rights—the equal civil and political rights of all—have been at all recognized in the architecture of governments. All Asia is, and from time immemorial has been, a despotism. Tyrannus built the pyramids. The thousands who toiled upon them and the kingly number supposed to be entombed within them are alike forgotten.

Popular rights as we understand them, and in this country possess them, were unknown :

> "Monarchs and conquerors there
> Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—
> The earthquakes of the human race,
> Like them, forgotten when the ruin
> That marks their shock is past."

Passing to Europe and coming down to the middle ages "a line was drawn" says the judicious Hallam, "between the high-born

and ignoble classes almost as broad as that which separated liberty from servitude. All offices of trust and power were in the hands of the nobles. A plebeian could not possess land. What was worse than all, labor was degrading, and a gentleman could not exercise any trade or follow any profession without losing the advantages of his rank." And he sums up the previous condition of the race at large in the remarkable statement that "In every age and country until times comparatively recent, personal servitude appears to have been the lot of a large, perhaps the greater portion of mankind.*

Even to-day, my countrymen, in most countries, ours excepted, the avenues to profitable labor and personal distinction are extremely narrow, by one as of deep-rooted prejudices, proscriptions, monopolies, class legislation and class distinctions. Fortunately it was after the struggles for civil and religious liberty in Europe had ended and feudalism had decayed, and the New World had received into her bosom the first seeds that took permanent root and ripened into Colonies that lived and flourished.

It has been justly remarked: "The history of European society of the feudal system; the record of its rise and growth is the history of Roman polity and primitive barbarism; the record of its decline and fall is the history of modern social development. Ancient progress was toward extreme social and political inequality. Modern progress is toward extreme social and political economy. Submission was the great lesson taught by the former, freedom is the still greater lesson taught by the latter. Monarchies and aristocracies were the flowers of the old seed; democracy is the fruit of the new."

The famous saying of Abbe Sieyes is familiar. It was made during the revolt of the people of France, known as the French Revolution, against ancient and grievous oppression, and it gave a strong impetus to that justifiable, but in the end perverted movement. He asked, referring to the rights of the people under the name of the third estate, "What is the third estate (*tiers etat?*) and answered "Nothing." "What ought it to be?" and he answered, "Everything."

* Hallam, Middle Ages, vol. i. ch. ii. part ii.

It was on this principle—the principle of the universal will as the basis of the State, that nearly a quarter of a century before our fathers had constructed their system of government. With one notable, and as the event proved, most unfortunate exception, they adhered to this principle.

A more difficult task probably never devolved on the political founders of any State, than fell to the lot of the founders of the American Republic, even after the perils of the Revolution had passed. The matchless wisdom with which they did their work is a perpetual marvel to me, and one which increases the more I contemplate it.

Let us pause a moment and consider the situation. Our fathers were mainly Englishmen, and until their affections were alienated by the cause of the British Government, loyal Englishmen, reverencing the King and the Church. Observation shows us how difficult it is for the human mind to emancipate itself from the force of early impressions. History shows how difficult it is for "a country having monarchical traditions to develop republican institutions." This obstacle happily was overcome, and every monarchical and aristocratical element was vigorously excluded. But there were other and more dangerous lions in the path. Thirteen separate colonies there were with their rivalries and conflicting sentiments and interests, without a common head, without revenue, exposed on a long frontier line without an army for defense, a large public debt and no resources with which to meet it, or means to preserve the public faith, or comply with treaty obligations, and no certain means of regulating commercial intercourse among each other, or with foreign nations. Anarchy stared them in the face. The wolf, not the generous wolf of the Roman fable that suckled Romulus and Remus, but the ravenous wolf of poverty and despair—was actually prowling around the portals of the confederation.

For this wretched condition of disintegration and decay, there was one remedy, and but one, and that was a more perfect Union and a Federal Constitution as the bonds of Union, defining the powers of the General Government, prohibiting the exercise of certain specific powers to the several States and to the people.

It is not my purpose to pass any eulogium upon the Constitution. Men may differ now, and they differed then, on the ques-

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tion whether too much or too little power was given to the General Government, whether too much or too little power was left to the States. Men, I say, may differ, and do differ on this subject, and these differences in the past have been the basis of party organizations; but the clear teaching of the first hundred years of our history, and particularly the lesson of the slaveholders, rebellion, is that the early partiality of the States for their local governments and their dread of conferring powers on the Federal head, were such that if any mistake was made in adjusting the system, it was in allowing the centrifugal force of the States to overbalance the centripetal force of the National government.

But if too little power was originally vested in the General Government by the terms of the Constitution, the defect has been largely remedied by the natural tendency of central power to grow, and by amendments from time to time adopted. If the late rebellion was made possible by the separate action of the Southern States, and if this is to be charged to States rights, yet, on the other hand, by reason of a majority in the loyal States having the control of the State organizations, it was practicable to combine all their power and resources to put down the rebellion, and this must be credited to the opposite side of the account.

The wisdom of the distribution of power as between the Nation and the States gives rise to differences of opinion, but all agree that the crowning glory of the founders of our institutions was the work by which a Republican form of government was established in and guaranteed to each State and the States themselves and the people of the States for purposes of public defense. Justice, commerce and inter-communication wrought into our federal structure of grand and imposing proportions—thus giving us a government not aloof from the people, not imposed upon the people, but as broad-based as the universal will—"a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people."

This proud boast, if it was not true before the rebellion, by reason of the existence of slavery, is true in the utmost breadth of the statement, to-day. In that fiery ordeal the one national sin was purged. In its blood the robes of the Republic were washed white, and all hearts rejoice on this Centennial day that in all this land there is not a human being in bondage, not one proscribed by

any provision of the Constitution, not one who cannot gladly and truly hail the National ensign as the FLAG OF THE FREE.

And to-day it is probably true that under the Constitution as amended, all the great essential rights of American freemen and citizenship are, as they ought to be, under the protecting ægis of the National Constitution, and the power of the General Government is adequate, as it ought to be, to pass the boundaries of State lines, without infringing the lawful and reserved rights of the States, in order to protect and secure from infringement or denial the equal rights and liberties of all, irrespective of race, party or condition. But if it be time that the statesmen who framed the amendments to the Constitution, have left it possible to any of the States, or to the people thereof to deny, either positively or practically, equal civil or political rights to any citizen, one thing in my judgment is as certain as the ultimate supremacy of justice, and that is that this omission must be and will be remedied.

Certain rights are so fundamental, that no nation can deny them or permit them to be denied by any of its parts. Among these in a Republic founded upon the universal will and in which every citizen has a voice and an equal voice in all that pertains to the affairs of the government, is the right of every child to be educated, and the duty of the Government to enforce the right, or at least to prevent discrimination of any kind, or for any purpose, in the system of public education.

Will any man in this country who believes in Republican institutions deny that it is the duty of the State to provide for the education of all its children? And that this duty should be fulfilled faithfully without discrimination? And will any such man contend that if the duty is neglected or violated that the General Government, which represents all, should not have the power to protect and secure the rights of all in a matter so vital to its own life.

Profoundly believing that universal education is the only permanent security for universal freedom, and that it is absolutely essential to the maintenance and successful working of a government based upon the universal will; for myself let me avow and declare that I regret that the subject of public education, at least to the extent of superintendency and guaranty, is not to be found

among the constitutional powers of the General Government. There it belongs, for it is not merely or chiefly a matter of State concern whether masses of the people shall grow up in ignorance, but one which concerns the nation at large, for they vote not only for local officers, but for Representatives in Congress, and for President.

But the States, it is ever to be remembered, are integral and indestructible parts of the Union, and no Statesman, or Legislator, or Judge should consent to see them shorn of their powers, except by the deliberate action and consent of the people expressed and given in the mode provided in the Constitution itself.

We must stand faithfully by the Constitution. If in any respect it needs or shall hereafter need change, it should be made not by legislative usurpation, or insidiously by judicial construction, but understandingly, by the specific and express consent of the people.

The love of country is universal. It has its seat deep down in the human heart. It strengthens with our years; it is not weakened by distance, and we all feel the magnetism of its wondrous power. Love our country! Why should we not? When we survey its vast extent, from ocean to ocean, from lakes to gulf, its mountains, its noble rivers, its matchless prairies,—whose usefulness exceeds even their beauty; its untold resources, mineral, agricultural, manufacturing—its teeming and prosperous people—its inspiring history of lofty patriotism and generous sacrifice from the beginning of the Revolution to the close of the Rebellion, may not its sons and daughters, native and adopted, standing upon a plane of equal and discriminating rights before the law, be pardoned, if on such an occasion as this they feel and express that love of country which burns with an unquenchable flame in every heart throughout our land?

The effect of what we behold depends much upon the standpoint from which it is viewed. Take one of the famous cathedrals of Europe, with its imposing proportions and divinely pictured glass. If beheld from the cold and dreary outside, you see indeed, the size, symmetry and grandeur of the edifice, but you miss its "dim religious light," and the glory of its pictured beauties. But standing within, and viewing it (to borrow the language of Hawthorne) "from the warm interior of love and belief, every ray of

light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors." So it is with the grand edifice of our Republic. Viewed from abroad, the unfriendly eye of foreign rulers cannot escape beholding the loftiness and size of the structure, but its transcendent and unapproachable glory, its unrivalled and matchless beauty are seen only by those who view it with the eye of patriotism and affection from within.

Surveying thus, with pride and admiration, the growth, greatness and grandeur of our nation, shall we, like a vain and spoiled beauty beholding herself in the glass, stop here profitless, or shall we penetrate beneath the gorgeous externals, and learn the cause of this prosperity and power, and treasure up the lesson which it teaches?

What is the cause of this unexampled growth, development and prosperity? Not alone, or chiefly, a favored climate and a fertile soil, but our free institutions—liberty and freedom secured by the Constitution of this country, symbolized by its flag, have extended themselves over the vast area of our territory. Free Democratic Institutions is the magnetic force, in constant operation, which has drawn to our shores so many thousands of the poor, the oppressed and the enterprising of less favored lands. They come here to find freedom of conscience. They come here to find order and security; they come here to escape the withering effects of misrule and tyranny; they come here to find a nation strong enough to protect them, and generous enough to take them into its bosom and confidence, and to let them share almost from the first in its local affairs and in its municipal freedom. But above all they come because it recognizes their manhood rights, and gives to every man, native and adopted, equal rights before the law and equal opportunities in every department of industry, and in all the avenues of ambition. Mingling with and becoming part of our own people in interests and in aspirations, we have, hand in hand during the century that is past, constantly advanced the lines of settlement from the narrow fringe of the Colonies on the Atlantic—following the sun, until every part of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific is organized into governments and is occupied by prosperous populations.

My countrymen, let us never forget that without National Unity, this growth, this prosperity, this matchless vision of the future which opens before us as we gaze, could never have been ours,—and that it is the Federal Constitution, framed by our

fathers, whose names we recall and whose memories we reverence to-day, and the Federal Constitution alone, that binds the American Republic together and makes us *one people, with one hope and one destiny.*

Standing on the divide between the century that is gone and the century that is to come, it is a duty belonging to true patriotism to pause and take an account of stock and learn our exact condition. In all that concerns natural growth and the general welfare, the showing is in a high degree satisfactory. But are there no lessons to learn from the experience of the past upon which it is well to ponder. Are there no dangers to be apprehended in the future, which it is wise to recognize, and prevent or remedy before it may be too late?

Some dangers, happily, have been successfully avoided, and are not likely to recur. In the early days Union was endangered by the strong determination to make us a league of States instead of a Government of the people. We passed down to the Rebellion. It was then confidently believed by the aristocratical rulers of Europe, that the days of the Republic were numbered, and they prepared headstones and epitaphs. But we demonstrated by the vast armies which we created and the vast treasures we furnished, that no government was so strong as one that was rooted in the affections of the whole people. 1,000,000 of soldiers were disbanded almost in a day, without a riot and without a murmur, and went back to the peaceful pursuits of life. One useful result of the rebellion, is that while the memory of it lasts, no other section of the Union will raise its hands in mad and hopeless revolt. We are thus secure from danger of internal strife.

Our isolated local situation—three thousand miles distant from the great powers of Europe, affords the strongest guaranty of safety from without, while it relieves us of the necessity of entering into entangling alliances with other powers or of maintaining large standing armies either for aggression or defense. A skeleton army of 25,000 or 30,000 meets all our necessities. In Europe the five great powers withdraw from industrial pursuits, and maintain at enormous expense, from fear of each other, an armed force of near 4,000,000 of soldiers. The great fact in Modern Europe which meets the traveller at every step is the army. I have no doubt

that the German army, disciplined, equipped, and commanded as it is, can at any time march victoriously from Madrid to St. Petersburg,—but great, powerful, irresistible as it is at home, neither it, nor the combined armies of Europe, for want of shipping to transport men and munitions, can injure us on this side of the Atlantic. It is not possible. We are, therefore, secure from any real danger from without. If perils there are, they must be sought within.

Real danger does not exist—at least not at present, but there have been discovered in the workings of our institutions during the era which is past, circumstances calculated to arrest attention, if not to create apprehension.

It is not the part of wisdom to pass them by—rather it is our positive duty not to do so—but time will admit only of the briefest mention.

It would seem to be almost self-evident that in a government where the ballot is universal, it is essential to its success that there should be intelligence, public virtue and morality, and a real interest in public affairs on the part of the people, and particularly the most enlightened and virtuous of the people. And just in the last particular it is that the workings of our system have not been as satisfactory as could have been desired, especially in our large cities. The most serious symptom I see to-day in this country is the marked and avowed indifference or refusal of so many of the best citizens to take any active part in municipal or political affairs, —thus abdicating their highest functions and leaving these to the control of wire-workers and political bummers. What can be worse than a carpet-bag rule? And what is carpet-bag rule? It is where men control public affairs who are not identified in interest with the community which they rule and plunder.

If the political power of this country is committed by the intelligent, the virtuous, the solid citizen, to those who manipulate caucuses and make politics a trade—this is but a form of carpet-bag rule, and extravagance and corruption are the certain results.

How to govern our cities, especially our larger ones, is yet an unsolved problem. The bonded indebtedness drawing interest of the various municipalities in this country, is estimated to be already the enormous sum of $850,000,000, and it is constantly

growing. Much of this is fraudulent in its inception or in the expenditure of the proceeds of the bonds, and the evil will grow and the burdens increase unless the best men in the community come to the front and take an active part in public affairs.

Where a debt has been fraudulently created or the money it represents wastefully expended, and, especially if it draw after it enormous burdens, experience shows us that repudiation or partial repudiation is the next stage; which often becomes epidemic, extending to just as well as illegal indebtedness, and thus too often involving a forfeiture of the public faith pledged for its payment. In some instances the *State* in all its departments has actively sympathized with the repudiating municipality, and the public faith has been redeemed only through the coercion of the Supreme Court of the United States. In a few instances, indeed, the States have set the example of repudiating their own bonds; and it was only last winter, in a case of this kind, that the Supreme Court at Washington felt itself bound to declare "that the faith of the State solemnly pledged has not been kept; and were she amenable to the tribunals of the country, as private individuals are, no court of justice would withhold its judgment against her."

Closely connected with the indifference of so many of the best citizens to political affairs, and the steady refusal of others to accept public place, which is the cause of such evil consequences, is the intolerance and proscriptive character of party spirit.

Parties in this country are necessary and useful. Each is a vigilant sentinel upon the other. It is, perhaps, impossible wholly to restrain the excess of party spirit, but no doctrine is more vicious, and no practice more baneful than "that to the victors belong the spoils," and that on each change of party ascendancy every officer in the civil service of the government is peremptorily, without cause, indiscriminately guillotined. Experience, capacity, fidelity, tried and established integrity, go for nothing, and the officer who possesses them is replaced by a new, inexperienced and untried successor. There is no high inducement to acquire skill and maintain integrity, for these avail nothing where the tenure is so uncertain. But the direct tendency is to make the holder of an office feel an indifference when there is no reward, and many to regard the place only for the gains and spoils which it yields. Add to

this, the low salaries which are paid to public officers, and is it any wonder that we have alarming and wide-spread corruption in public places? There is nothing more anti-republican than inadequate compensation for public services.

The members of the English Parliament serve without compensation, and it is the most aristocratic body in the world. An aristocracy of birth and wealth. The public officers should attract the best talent and the highest character. What is the result of our low salaries! It either excludes poor men from place, or if they accept it, the government or State, in violation of the Divine prayer, constantly leads them into temptation instead of delivering them from it.

Now, fellow-citizens, if I am right in supposing that I have pointed out the chief defects which the experience of a hundred years has discovered in the working of our system of government, and the only dangers which threaten it, is it not a source of great satisfaction that all these defects are remediable and all these changes such as may be avoided, and that we hold the remedy in our own hand? Thank God we have demonstrated for 100 years the practicability of self-government.

The result of this survey of our growth and of the workings of our institutions is such as to give us the greatest hope for the future.

We cannot, indeed, lift the curtain to see what is in reversion for us. It were a supreme privilege to be able on this day to summon an angel and bid the heavenly visitant on this favored occasion to draw aside for a moment the veil which separates time present from time to come, that we might all catch a glimpse of the fortune and fate of our country down to the next Centennial. This is denied us; but we have, fellow-citizens, a yet more supreme franchise. It is the power to make and mould the future. I speak the words with due deliberation and repeat them—we have the high, grand prerogative to determine our own future. Many other peoples have not. They are so situated as to be liable to be crushed out by surrounding enemies, or their destiny is in the hands and subject to the policies and ambitions or whims of their rulers.

We cannot *know* the future, but if we fail to realize the glorious

and magnificent prospect which is auspicated by our past history and by our present circumstances, the fault will be exclusively ours or our children's.

Fellow-citizens, we have received this great heritage of liberty from our fathers, not to be wasted, despoiled or lost, but in trust, for our children and mankind. We are thus charged in our day and generation with the sacred duty of preserving our institutions in order that their blessings may be enjoyed by others, and the circle of their influence be widened so as to embrace, as their situation and circumstances will permit, other nations and peoples.

It is not too much to say that the hope of republican institutions in the future, depends not only upon the maintenance of this republic, but upon the successful operation of its institutions.

If our light goes out in darkness, what remains to cheer and guide the struggling sons of men in other countries and in future times?

But it will not go out. On the contrary, it is the firm conviction of our people that the great doctrines of the declaration of our fathers, whose musical echo in other countries, as in our own,

> "Is the glad refrain
> Of rended bolt and fallen chain,"

have just fairly begun their victorious march round the world.

Republican institutions, to be successful, need due preparation on the part of the people by whom they are to be administered. The work of preparation, like the operation of the forces of nature, is constantly and silently going on. Freedom is man's natural birthright. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—alluring words, that awaken echoes and kindle aspirations in the heart of universal man. To this condition the race is constantly tending.

It will yet surely attain it. As we stand on the lofty Pisgah of our present Centennial, and look out on the Promised Land of the Future, whose mountain-tops dimly seen in the twilight are even now gilded by the coming sun of Liberty, let us reverently raise our hearts in thankfulness to the Good Father of the race, in the full faith that that sun will rise and with unclouded blaze advance to the zenith of the heavens, sending forth its light and warmth to all nations of the earth.

Switzerland, a republic for six centuries, is a standing demonstration of the practicability of popular institutions in Europe.

The French Nation, let us fondly hope, will succeed in maintaining their liberties. Louis Philippe in leaving the shores of Republican France exclaimed—"I carry with me the French Monarchy, and shall descend with it to the tomb." May his prophecy be realized. The famous prognostication of the Great Napoleon that "fifty years will leave Europe Republican or Cossack," though not fulfilled within the time limited, yet seems more probable of fulfilment than ever in favor of the first alternative. That eloquent and sincere advocate of popular liberty, Emilio Castelar, assured me last summer in the strongest terms of his confident belief in the stability of the French Republic.

The great German nation, whose love of liberty has been historic since the days when the people of that strong race staid the conquering legions of Rome, and whose fragments have been united in our own day by the genius of the greatest statesman of the age, supported by the patriotic valor of the people, will, in consequence of this love of liberty, of the solid elements of their character and their system of universal education, be among the first in the changes of the future, to establish their government on the basis of popular sovereignty.

Happy day when the Republic of America, which has welcomed and adopted as her own so many thousands of German-speaking people, shall reach across the ocean and clasp hands with the great Republic of Germany.

Italy—the theatre of the old Roman, with his haughty pride, and world-wide ambition—whose fatal dowry of beauty made her in turn a prey to the cupidity of the Spaniards, the ambition of the French, the reckless Corsair of the Moslem, the home of the finest creations of the pencil and chisel—its fragments from Naples to Venice now happily united under one sway, although the freedom of the elder republics no longer exists and although her sons seem to have exchanged the courage that comes from strength for the craft that comes from weakness—may we not hope that during the next century this favored land, awakened and re-animated by the spirit of liberty, will be transformed into her ancient glory.

Even in stagnant and *effête* Turkey the force of the people is at

last being felt. On the 30th day of May last, the Grand Vizier sent the following telegram from Constantinople to the Turkish Minister at Washington: "In the presence of the unanimous will of the people Abdul Aziz Khan has been dethroned to-day and Sultan Murad, heir presumptive, been proclaimed Emperor of Turkey." The world moves.

And lastly, what shall I say of that marvel of nations—the sea-girt kingdom of Great Britain. Shall I recall bitter memories and revive the contest of a hundred years ago, whose necessity arose not from the heart of the English people as its sentiments were interpreted by the great Chatham, but from the whims and prejudices of a personal ruler? God forbid it! I claim the renown and achievements of the English nation as a part of our inheritance. They are a wonderful people. The names of the greatest poets, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the most learned judges of the world are to be found in larger numbers on the pages of English history than in the history of any other single people. In no contemporary nation has the progress of the people in the recovery of their rights from the grasp of hereditary rulers been more sure and steady than in conservative England during the last fifty years. Her people are prepared for Republican institutions whenever the clock of destiny shall strike the hour, for even now "all the institutions of England seek the genial sunshine of public opinion, and languish without it."

And when that change comes, if not before, there is one beautiful land endeared to us by a thousand associations, and connected with our country by the tenderest ties that we hope will share in the fruitions of the change, and realize that independence so long deferred that has been the cherished dreams of her gallant people for so many generations. Oh! how many hearts will bound and burst with joy when Ireland rising from her chains, shall take her place in the family of Republics, "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," by the spirit of universal liberty.

Fellow-Citizens—Let us mold and trust the future, and hope that when our children's children, one hundred years hence, shall meet to commemorate the birth-day of a still united nation, they will behold, in both hemispheres, a grand galaxy of Republics, of which ours will be the bright center around which they all cluster but none outvie.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

AN ORATION BY HON. COLUMBUS DREW.

DELIVERED AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA., JULY 4th, 1876.

Fellow-citizens.—In commemorating the Centennial Anniversary of Independence in Florida, we do so not as one of the Old Thirteen of the Confederation, but as children of that illustrious ancestry, and of the new-born States that have added to their glory.

When the blow was struck in 1776, and the freedom of the Colonies was won in 1783, Florida, like the other Colonies, had been an appendage to the British Crown. Her breast heaved not in sympathetic response to the note of revolution, nor were her hands extended to take part in the coming struggle. When the bell in the State House of Philadelphia proclaimed the triumph of the American arms, the sword that sundered the Colonies from England cut, as it were, this beauteous pendant from the ear-drop of Freedom, and cast it into the sea. It was only groped for and gathered by the slow processes of a doubtful diplomacy, when the casket purchased by the blood of freedom should have held the prize intact. It was the saddle-skirt of Georgia, and when Brother Jonathan was in the stirrups at the coming in of the chase, he should not have allowed it to be cut off. We have now been tacked on again; and so far as this celebration is concerned, are proud to be part and parcel of the "Empire State of the South;" but until the *next* Centenary we propose to be "sovereign." We are proud, too, of our proximity to our sister, who was in her "teens" in the Revolution—a maiden of such glorious report; and shall this day, as far as possible, shelter ourself under the ægis of her fame.

But what are the incidents which we may commemorate as our own? A hundred years ago was the mid-period of the twenty years of English ownership of Florida. With the recession to Spain, in 1783, occurred the Treaty of Peace by which England

relinquished the colonies of the Revolutionary struggle. With the English occupation the sons of Spain departed, and English names became associated with localities and identified with the new period of our History. Along the coast, Hillsborough, Halifax, Beresford, Rolles, and Beauclerck, revive the illustrious memories of the Mother Country, that were shining lights in the evening horizon of the Eighteenth Century, crowning the north pinnacle of the pyramid with the sweet name of the Princess Amelia. Oliver Goldsmith had made the colonization by Oglethorpe the theme of the "Deserted Village," which completed his fame in 1770, morbidly condoling the sad fate of the exile voyagers to Frederica and the Altamaha.

"Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild *altama* murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The varied terrors of that horrid shore.
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray;
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling.
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey;
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love."

Such is the description given by Goldsmith of the primeval groves under whose very scions we now celebrate this day. Well might Dr. Johnson, his cotemporary and companion, while he honored the genius of the writer, ridicule the historical delineations of his pen.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the bosom friend of Goldsmith, was giving to canvas, while Goldsmith was writing, his distorted fancies of

Georgia and Florida scenery; and Burke, another friend, was uttering his first fulminations against the oppression of the Colonies.

Bartram, the botanist, leaving the garden of his father on the Schuylkill, where now the world is celebrating America's Centennial epoch, was exploring the St. John's. He launched his boat for his river voyage on the very spot on which Jacksonville now stands, then the virgin forest, and the asserted domain of Micco Chlucco, the Long Warrior.

In the garden on the Schuylkill, fostered by the munificence of the Crown, as a Colonial nursery of botanical science, the Bartrams lived when the storm of revolution broke, and its shades were sought by the congenial spirits of Washington, Franklin, and other worthies of the struggle.

These are names and incidents which entitle Florida to a niche in that hundred years expired which, like the coral temples of the ocean that surround her, rise mysteriously and sublimely into the fabric of history.

It may be said, without much strain of poetic license, that the ocean waves which break upon the beach of the beautiful St. John's leap from the snowy shores of Cumberland Island. Dungenness is there! The home of Nathaniel Greene is there! He sleeps not there, and the silent stars that watch over the noble and the good, if they single out the heroic living or the heroic dead, to assign to each a guardian of immortal destiny, only know where now he sleeps. His home is there, if his memory has a home on earth; for the olive-trees that cluster there, sweet emblem of a nation's peace, may have been planted by his hand, and the shade that lingers over the tablet to his name be the spirit-vigil of his rest.

Proud architect of a nation's liberty and honor! Builder of a home for Freedom's rest! Well mightest thou, when the din of battle is over, and we can contemplate,

"Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,"

have planted the shadow of another home more typical of that celestial rest which now is thine! Born in another sea-girt gem, Rhode Island proudly claims his birth-place, and the island chain that almost joins the two extremes, hung upon the breast of a continent, is a precious necklace of emerald beads, which memory

counts from year to year as the sweet pastime of its cloistered sanctuary.

What more precious could bind a nation together than the chain which memory thus retains? Meet that in the lapse of a century of years, a nation's tears should moisten and make that garland fresh —fresh as the flowers of the cradles or the olives of the grave in which Greene slept and sought eternal sleep!

In the graveyard at the Dungenness rest the remains of Henry Lee, of the Revolutionary Army. Friends in life, friends in the dark hour of their country's trial, if they sleep not together in death, the names of Greene and Lee are associated with the spot— the one preparing for himself there a last resting-place, the other resting, it might almost be said, in the grave his friend had before prepared!

In failing health, after the close of the Revolution, General Henry Lee repaired to the West Indies, and in 1818, with strength scarcely sufficient to reach his Virginia home, he crossed in a small vessel to Dungenness, and was there received by Mrs. Shaw, the daughter of Gen. Greene. He died shortly after his arrival. His son, Gen. Robert E. Lee, writing in 1869, mentions some account given by Mrs. Shaw of his last moments.

"One incident is worth recording, as showing how his veneration for Washington, and his fondness for expressing it, clung to him to the last. A surgical operation was proposed, as offering some hope of prolonging his life; but he replied that the eminent physicians, to whose skill and care during his sojourn in the West Indies he was so much indebted, had disapproved a resort to the proposed operation. The surgeon in attendance still urging it, his patient put an end to the discussion by saying, 'My dear sir, were the great Washington alive and here, and joining you in advocating it, I would still resist.' After this he sank rapidly, and his last effort at communication with this world was to send a message to his son, C. Carter Lee."

Doubly consecrated in the heart of every American be the spot redolent with these illustrious memories! Over the grave of Lee and the Tablet of Greene, the North and the South join hands together, not as over a bloody chasm, but as over the sealed grave of patriot brothers, upon whom the earth closed to know no open-

ing till the resurrection morn. The South and the North may say these jewels are mine. The fields on which they shone resplendent are mine; on this Centennial anniversary Bunker Hill is mine, and Yorktown is mine; and when the haze of a distant future softens the asperities of the present time, may each assign our fratricidal strife to the Nemesis of nations, and say the brave who were decreed to fall are mine; the magnanimity of the conqueror and the heroism of the conquered at Appomatox are mine; and pouring the balm of peace upon the land, say "Gilead and Manasseh are mine" also.

It may be, in that distant future, the flag that Lee surrendered will be spoken of, like the soul of Bayard, "without stain and without reproach;" but no man will seek to flaunt it as the emblem of a nation.

"True, 'tis gory;
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And will live in song and story,
When its folds are in the dust,
And its fame on brighter pages,
Penn'd by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must."

True to the victorious banner to which Lee pledged his faith when the sun of the Lost Cause went down—a glorious banner, the stars of which were the cynosure of his father's eyes—let us always endeavor to rekindle the fire of patriotism when the embers are dying upon the altar, that there may be a pyramid of centennial spheres, so true and perfect in their rounded form, that no shock can disturb their well-poised elevation.

On its top may the emblem of our new nationality be forever planted, and as the *American flag* may it ever deserve the apostrophe of a people's gratitude.

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet;
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

And as a Christian nation, looking at the symbol without the substance as a paltry toy, may our flag be as the rainbow in purity, the type of that scroll which shall be unrolled when all things sublunary shall have passed away.

"The banner that Thou hast given to them that fear Thee."

The floral and vegetable world abounds with emblems of tender and beautiful sentiment. May the Eucalyptus tree, newly planted on our shores, be hereafter the emblem of our new national life. Its strong branch is the type of our central union; the twin leaves pointing to the south and to the north, to the east and to the west, in exact equilibrium, clasping the trunk as if unwilling to trust themselves to the frail stem which holds the foliage of common nature, resemble the States in their dependence upon each other and upon the central stock. Wound the branch, and the leaves will curl themselves back upon it as if to heal the wound; puncture one leaf and you wound another. All delicate and nicely poised, may the sons of America, the guardians of the Eucalyptus, be the last to strike at its vitality.

To the Jacksonville Light Infantry is due the credit of inaugurating the celebration of the Fourth of July of 1860, the last commemoration of that day in Florida previous to the collision of the States, as this is the first which follows it. As a body of citizen soldiery, none were more alive to a sentiment of veneration for the past than they. Most of them have been called to "cross over the river to sleep under the shadow of the trees." Disturb them not by a harsh tread. Let no discordant note awake them. They sank to their slumber as true men, after the battle of life was over, and the firemen of to-day are proud to stand as sentinels over their sleeping forms.

To the firemen of Jacksonville belongs the honor of initiating this celebration.

May the fireman's trumpet this day utter no loud note of command, as in the hour of danger, but may it speak, as with a voice of music, the invocation—

Come to the Altar of Freedom once more!
Come from the midland and come from the shore,
Come from the prairie and come from the main,
Come to the shrine of our Goddess again!

THE FIRST CENTURY DAY OF THE NATION.

AN ORATION BY COL. GEORGE FLOURNOY.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT GALVESTON, TEXAS, JULY 4TH, 1876.

THE sentiments evoked in commemorative celebrations are gratitude and affection—gratitude to Providence for the blessings conferred in permitting the successful accomplishment of great events, and an affectionate appreciation of the genius, heroism, fortitude, self-denial and other virtues exemplified in the conduct of actors amid great occasions, often glorified into an earnest love of some great truth, the soul of action, giving strength and beauty and immortality to the victory of success in the triumph of the present, or the victory of martyrdom in the conquests of the future.

There is nothing in the experience of man older or more natural than the custom of recalling these motives of gratitude and affection—a custom always encouraged by the wisest statesmen and philosophers as tending to elevate the character and inflame the patriotism of nations. Some such occasions are even of Divine origin. One day of the seven—the seventh or the first—with Hebrew or Christian, has since the miraculous interview on the summit of Mount Sinai, been religiously observed, in memory of the completion of the creation. It is possible Abraham may have celebrated it long before the commandments were given to Moses. It is certain the Egyptians feasted on the harvest anniversary of Isis, and annually displayed the most splendid pomp and pageantry of funeral ceremonies in commemoration of the death of Osiris, long before Joseph was sold by his brethren; before Cadmus had ventured to the then unknown shores of Greece, and before the ancestors of Priam had located on the plains of Troy; long before the wrath of Achilles became enshrined in the genius of Homer.

The anniversary festivals of Greece have been called a compend

of her history. What in a religious sense is Christmas to the Christian, and the flight of the Prophet to the followers of Mohammed—so in political significance was the anniversary of the union of Attica under Theseus to the Greeks—the feast of the foundation of the city to the Roman—and such is the Fourth of July to us.

The readiest suggestion is to indulge an epitome of our history for the past hundred years. But it is not compatible with the interest or the duty of the hour to attempt even the briefest summary of the great names and the great events that have crowded themselves into the short period of our national existence. The details are in the hands of every school boy. It is enough to say that when the Declaration of National Independence we have just heard read was signed, and became a living pledge to humanity, the people of the thirteen colonies were (in a political sense) but a mere handful, in national admeasurement. Now, after the lapse of a single century, not yet beyond the ordinary childhood of political life, America may safely challenge the championship of nations.

This is the year, day, and the first century-day of the American people (I do not now discuss those views illustrating in domestic economy the difference between a government of the people and a government of the States). But comprehending that at last the government, whether State or Federal, is, and of necessity must be, a government of the people, I call to-day the birthday of the American nation. This alone should make it worthy of memory and elicit in its celebration a just pride of the people. But there is something loftier and holier than this in its memories.

To-day one hundred years ago the representatives of the people of the colonies gave utterance in solemn council to a political dogma—heretofore unknown—then utterly at war with all accepted theories of statesmanship, and defiant of the ingenuity of political casuists, and the previously established doctrines of sound government.

There was something more than genius in the conception, something more than boldness in the promulgation, of the great idea that true government should no longer recognize those who administered it as free agents. That it was and should be, essentially and in all particulars, but an expression of the popular will. That government should and must originate in the will of the peo-

ple, depend upon their consent for its powers and existence, and be subject to alteration or abolishment at their pleasure.

The halls of political thought had never before echoed the complete conception of such a doctrine—a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

The inauguration and establishment of this dogma is the inflaming cause—the soul of the celebration we make to-day.

These occasions, as before stated, are but expressions of continued gratitude and affection. Gratitude to God for inspiring our forefathers, those sturdy patriots of a century ago with the capacity to conceive and the courage to declare this great doctrine as the palladium of their liberties and affection for the memories of those who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to preserve and protect, and of the memories of all those who, either in the cabinet or on the field, aided in fixing firm the foundations and raising in exact proportions the splendid structure of government wherein we dwell in peace and security to-day.

But beyond this—not in forgetfulness of, but superior to, while linked with the memory of men and events—is an earnest love of the great principle of true government, announced one hundred years ago, still the essence of all politics and the declared creed of all parties.

Who are those who thus celebrate to-day? Americans. A nation cosmopolitan in origin. All of whom were a short time ago foreigners—invaders and conquerors of the hunting grounds of the wild children of the forest. The American is from every quarter of the globe. He is cosmopolitan in origin. In sentiment, in interest, in destiny, he is American. He may have brought to these shores a commendable love of his ancestry and a laudable pride in the national renown of his native land. He may and justly does love the memory of those who, amid the scenes of his origin, achieved greatness in the various departments of human effort, and of human ambition. There may justly cluster about his heart the warmest and holiest affections for the mellowed and glorified past that halos the tombs of his ancestry. But here he voluntarily espouses the present and the future.

A citizen of America—and the ægis of its laws protects him—he prospers with her prosperity, or suffers amid her misfortunes.

His life is to end—his bones are to rest here.

The fruit of his loins are to thrive or perish on her soil and he must therefore love her above all other lands; whatever the principal or accessory motives leading individuals to congregate on American soil. The clear, pronounced and sacredly preserved political idea is that each citizen is, here, an integral part of the government. That the government belongs to him and not he to the government. And that its success and its perpetuity, or its failure and destruction depends absolutely on the people themselves.

While the American is cosmopolitan—while he may and should have sentiments of love towards the thousand and one places of his origin, it is probable that the citizen of no clime upon earth so loves the institutions under which he lives, or feels so just a pride in them.

The love of an American for his country is not because of pride in her successful achievements of excellence, in the usual line of energy and ambition. It is not for the glory of her martial deeds or the especial excellence of her great soldiers.

She has produced no Alexander, nor Cyrus, nor Cæsar, nor Napoleon, nor Frederick.

Her orators are not Demosthenes and Cicero, and Burke and Chatham, and O'Connell and Mirabeau.

Her poets approach not the splendor of Shakespeare, nor Dante, nor Tasso, nor Goëthe, nor Schiller.

Her philosophers compare not with Aristotle, nor Bacon, nor Bossuet, nor Balmes.

She has produced no such satirist as Swift in the past, or Newman in the present. In painting and sculpture she but emulates higher art.

The love of and pride in America by her citizens is not, therefore, in the glory of her great names in war, in poetry, in philosophy, in the fine arts. It is in the love of recognition of the right of the people to self-government—the mud sill of her institutions—from which spring and flourish this pride and love, and it is a just pride and should be a faithful love.

The protection and perpetuation of the American idea—at once the impulse and the result of the Declaration of Independence—is assuredly the highest political aspiration of humanity.

Like all blessings and privileges conferred upon man, we must prove worthy of this or it will depart from us. A great blessing always involves a corresponding duty and responsibility to cherish and preserve it, and transmit it to our posterity, as it has been received and enjoyed by us. In a government of the people like ours, the responsibility is personal to each citizen. Each one speaks in a mandatory voice in the formation, the construction and the administration of her laws. And even though he would be speechless, still he must speak. Silence is the voice of action, when those who act express the will of all. No man can avoid the responsibility. This is the precise matter fitting for our consideration on this century day of American independence and free institutions.

You (I mean the people, each and all) make the laws intended for your protection and advancement. You construe them; you execute them, or it is you who fail to do it.

The government (meaning those who represent us in making and administering the laws,) is merely our agent expressing our will (or should express it), or held accountable for not doing it. In framing the popular will and giving it expression in action, each citizen is personally responsible.

If bad laws are enacted, he has enacted them, because he speaks through the voice of the law-making power. If they are unjustly administered, he so unjustly administers them, because he selects his own judiciary. If the executive arm, high or low in office, is weak, or hesitating, or vacillating in the execution of the laws, in protecting life and property, in punishing criminals and preserving the public peace, he has failed to impart to it the moral nerve and vigor needful to the full exercise of its powers. In a word, if the American government fails in its great and sole purpose to secure life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is we who have failed, we who have not come up to the full measure of our duty and responsibility, because we are the government, and we have not prevented or rebuked malfeasance in office. Each complaint of non-administration or maladministration of the laws, should elicit prompt and earnest inquiry from every citizen.

No citizen of Texas, of the United States, can find a reasonable excuse, whatever his position or calling, either upon a pretext of

duty or interest, for failure to feel a solicitude in all political topics, and especially in the selection of those of high or low degree who are to represent him in administering the government.

Whatever our predilections or business occupations, it is a high duty and important privilege that we should, each one of us, inform ourselves on all questions of public importance, have convictions, and give them expression on all proper and needful occasions.

The will of the people is the supreme law, and by deduction the will of each individual is a part of that supreme law. It was an earnest faith in the patriotism and manhood of the people, that had its first expression in the Declaration of Independence, and is the foundation of our structure of government. In the illustration that this faith was not misplaced, we have prospered to unparalléled national greatness. It is this that is the glory of our past, the security of our present and the prophecy of our future.

Thus far in our history, while we have experienced the full of the rancor of party strife, while we have had days of prosperity and misfortune alike, and undergone the severest experience of civil conflict, still it has never been less than the creed of all parties, amid all conditions. That the will of the people (under our form of government) is, and should be, the supreme law of the land.

That our theory of government has not yet practically illustrated its perfect workings, is most true. The cause is equally patent. The failure to protect life and liberty and the public peace, while it may not always originate in the apathy of the people as to public affairs and the conduct of those in official life, this condition is never continued for any length of time, except permitted by the indifferences of the people and their tacit consent that those who represent them in official life may act in utter disregard of the public weal, or illustrate a contemptible moral timidity, that is worse than a disregard of public order and security.

Unfortunately, throughout the United States, the recent years have developed a growing tendency to viciousness in the criminal —a large increase in the numbers and enormities of crimes—a feeling among good citizens that life and property are not so secure as they should be.

You—the people—are yourselves responsible for this condition of things, or will be responsible if there is not speedy change.

It is probably, in a great measure, because a large proportion of our fellow-citizens habitually feel no concern in public affairs; and further, feel and express a contempt for those who do take an interest in political matters; because they are indifferent as to what laws are passed, and never annoy themselves as to how they may be partially construed or tamely executed. And, strange to say, some of our wealthiest, most honorable and influential citizens, continually illustrate this want of interest in public affairs.

So absorbed are they in their particular pursuits that they have no time to cultivate an interest in the government under which they live, and upon the proper administration of which depends the security of their lives, liberty and property.

De Tocqueville, in his work on American democracy, says that the capacity of our government to execute the law depends on a traditional respect for the constable, meaning, perhaps, that so long as the people were not entirely indifferent to, or ignorant of their rights and duties, so long as they remembered that the laws are made by them, and their faithful execution necessary to their protection, just so long will our government survive, and no longer. While there is cause for solicitude, there is nothing in our history to create despondency, nothing to shake our faith in the political sagacity and foresight of the fathers. Reforms must often be necessary in the administration of all governments. Here they are the peaceful result of enlightened popular inquiry and the silent rebuke of the ballot. We are now in the midst of great reforms. The declared purpose of all political parties being to reform abuses in the public administration of the law, to punish crime in high or low places, and to secure the liberties, the property and the peace of the people.

This but illustrates that, while for a time crime, and fraud, and dishonesty may be common in public and private life—while, for a season, popular indignation may wait for popular experience to evince the effect of the failure of courts and juries and the executive officers to enforce the laws provided for the public safety—still there is always a restraining sober second thought of the people, springing from the instinct of self-preservation, and directing action to the perfection of needful reforms.

There is no reason to believe that the American government will

ever cease to be the highest political blessing to the people, until their apathy, indifference or demoralization shall destroy it.

It should be our highest and holiest political aspiration to transmit to our children the great inheritance we have received from the fathers — political and religious freedom. And let it never be forgotten that he who assails either destroys both. Let the political right of suffrage and the private right of conscience be alike inviolate. Who would by law, whatever the specious pretext, interfere in the least with these things, defiles the "Ark of the Covenant" of liberty. He speaks in the voice of Jacob, and he presents the hand of Esau; and the birthright of liberty is in jeopardy.

If we do our duty in the work of pursuing the American government, and the great principles of that government, if it shall, as I trust it will, be perpetuated by the partriotism and intelligence of the people through another hundred years, what imagination can picture the political grandeur to which our descendants will attain?

When the purchase of Louisiana was pending, in 1803, in the United States Congress, John Randolph of Roanoke, the political Hotspur and enthusiast of that age, startled public credulity, and excited a smile among his compeers, by venturing the prediction that before the expiration of a century from that time there would be social and political organizations of Americans west of the Mississippi! Now, within three-fourths of that century we have a magnificent empire peopled with an energetic and prosperous citizenship throughout the then Western wild. The then unvisited slopes of the Pacific now teem with unparalleled wealth, and the valleys of the Rocky Mountains and the plains of the great desert are the homes of a thriving and industrious race. Texas, then unknown, afterwards often imperiled, always traduced, begins to feel in her growing muscle the mastery of power, and in her youthful heart the glory and pride of empire.

To-day, in the city of Philadelphia, where one hundred years ago our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence, the people of the United States have gathered from every quarter of this immense territory to witness, at this jubilee of liberty, the friendly competition of all civilized nations, and to display their own handiwork for the inspection and criticism of an enlightened world.

To illustrate that, under our form of government the march of civilization has been as rapid as the stride of empire. Let us, then, cherish gratitude to God, affection for the memory of the fathers of the republic, and earnest and faithful and watchful love of the principles of free government. May these sentiments be displayed in our every act as Texans and citizens of the United States.

To-day, near fifty millions of people enjoy the results of the unparalleled resolve made by less than three millions a century ago.

These fifty millions are not the fruit of military conquest, nor merely of natural growth, but in a great measure the spoils of a free government in extending the blessings of personal liberty to every man who seeks shelter under her flag. It is the growth accompanying the great republican idea of free government.

So long as we adhere to this doctrine, thus long shall we enjoy prosperity and the blessing of Providence, because it is the leading political truth.

May the Sun never witness a departure from the principles of free government by the American people. May each coming year enhance our prosperous growth, to the end of time, and the recurrence of each Fourth of July behold the increasing glory and renown of the patriotic foresight of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of the patient, long-suffering and courageous men who maintained it and who transmitted to us the blessings that flowed from it.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

AN ORATION BY REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, D.D.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC AND OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF CALIFORNIA.—The great movements of mankind upon our globe, since it became the theatre of human life and human events, can never cease to be the subject of profoundest interest and loftiest contemplation. "There is a spirit in man," urging him on with the strong momentum of eternal law, to a destiny that ever allures him with mystic wonder and fascination. The earthly horizon of that destiny, ever retreating, invites him to the full and complete dominion of a world not yet subdued to intellectual and moral being. Generations, races and nations, inspired by impulse greater and mightier than themselves, move forward in grand consentaneous procession, and history unfurls her banners, the symbols of eternal purpose.

One of the most sublime conceptions of which the mind is capable, is the contemplation of the periods of time during which the earth was being prepared to be a fit habitation of man. Compared with these periods, the lifetime of the human race is but a moment, or a thought flashed by electric touch from city to city. The introduction of man upon the earth is a modern event, modern as the morning of to-day! The Egyptian civilization is but of yesterday, compared with the formation of the delta of the Mississippi; and the alluvial plains of the Euphrates, the first abodes of human society, were the work of cycles and æons of unrecorded time. These periods of time and preparation, in the contemplation of which the mind is oppressed with the vague sense of infinity, suggest, with striking intellectual and moral force, the importance of man's place in the scale of created things, and the rank he holds in

the order of being :—The last term in an ascending series, involved in all that goes before, crown and summit of creation, end and fulfilment of primal intent and purpose. Science unfolds the order of nature and reveals her method and law, but man, his fortunes, his deeds, his nature and his destiny, are the noblest objects of thought and study. He is superior to nature, in that he recognizes the law of nature and the law of his own being. He discovers truth, good and evil, and is haunted by the thought that not death, but increasing life is his goal. Progressive reason achieves new conquests in every age, and can never rest until it is established upon the throne of the world, and the sublime affirmation is realized. "Thou has put all things under his feet." Man, society, nationality, government, give intellectual and moral import to a material universe, and the progress of history is the elevation of the moral character of mankind.

The American Continent, earliest in geologic time of all the lands of the globe, was reserved to these later days to be the theatre of a new cycle of human culture, and a new display of the power of human society.

The ancient oriental civilizations had flourished for thousands and tens of thousands of years, and sent forth those great migrations that founded the succession of Asiatic Empires, reared the fair forms of Grecian culture and the strength of Roman arms, made Europe the nursery of nations, and England the foster-mother of the modern world. Christianity, that religion which more than any other seems adapted to universal man, had kindled its holy signals on the hills of Judea nearly fifteen centuries before the Pilot of Genoa was born. Rome expired a thousand years before. During all these vast movements of mankind, and through these historic ages, when the soil of the world was being prepared to receive the seed of the Modern age, the American Continent lay concealed behind the horizon. The Ptolemaic system held the universe in the thraldom of the senses, and religion, not yet allied to reason, enforced the thrall. The mind was enveloped in sense, and the sight of the eye, and the hearing of the ear, interpreted the world. The sun rose and set, and the earth was an extended plain. Imagination, strong angel of truth, had not looked with undazzled eye upon that inaccessible glory which the senses cannot

touch. The outward manifestations of power filled the mind with vague wonder and fear, while reason had not yet discovered their law. It was the seed-time of history, the germinating period of human thought.

It is now four hundred years since the European world began to feel those premonitory pains that go before the births of time.

How the great ideas that now govern the world as the common thought of men first dawned upon the solitudes of genius, is beyond the power of man to tell. It is common to account for it in the intellectual law of suggestion or association. Accordingly, we are told that the apple falling from the tree in Newton's garden suggested the law of gravitation. But that is a mistake. The conception is in the mind; the apple does not convey. It comes as the morning comes; it comes as the ripening of the grain; it comes as the flush of the vintage, distilled in mystery and silence—but behold, a new heaven and a new earth, without noise or fear! The round world, as it lay in the serene imagination of Columbus, is one of the most striking illustrations of the power of an idea that history records. His heroism to obey the idea, and contrary, to the opinions of his age, to follow it across the trackless deep, gives him an undisputed rank in the hierarchy of faith, and an immovable pedestal in the temple of earthly fame. Those masterly achievements of fidelity to a thought that characterized the discovery of the New World were fit precursors of the fortunes of that New World, destined as it was to be the field of new principles, in which the majority of mankind did not believe. The birth of navigation may be said to have been simultaneous with the discoveries of the fifteenth century. Among the conquests that man has made over the obstacles that the barriers of the world offered to his progress, navigation must take first rank. It spans the awful abysses of the sea, makes the communication of nations and races possible, supplements human wants by the exchange of the varied products of the earth and of human skill, and tends by its mighty processes of intercourse and communication to establish the equilibrium of the condition of mankind. Navigation was the beginning of that system of communication upon the earth which is the striking feature of our own day, and makes man at home in the world.

A true theory of the solar and planetary worlds had vaguely emerged from chaos, in the devout reason of Copernicus; and the steady lights of the upper deep became the faithful guides of the trustful mariner, as he plowed the dark longitudes from land to land. Copernicus did not announce and defend his theory, for fear of the Church, but his mind was the seed-plot of the idea of modern astronomy, and was one of the powerful causes that contributed to the intellectual conquest of the material world at that period. When lying upon his death-bed, and near his end, he united the expression of his devout faith and inspired intelligence in sentiments such as the sacred lyrist has embodied in his verse:

> Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell!
> With all your feeble light,
> Farewell, thou ever changing moon—
> Pale empress of the night.
> And thou, refulgent orb of day!
> In brighter flames arrayed—
> My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
> No more demands thine aid.

The two ideas, one of a round world as it lay in the brooding mind of Columbus; the other, of the solar system as it dawned in the intelligence of Copernicus, were the sovereigns of that time.

But there was a nobler moment yet. It may be summed up in that general and somewhat vague expression, The Reformation. In all the complex causes and relations which conspired in that event, the pith and quick of it was that it centered in man himself, and concerned his rights, his duties, his nature, and his destiny. The reformation was to man himself, what the round world and the solar system were to his conception of the material universe. It was the free activity of the individual mind in fealty to eternal, moral law. It brought order into the moral world, by making the individual a centre of power. It abolished authorities imposed from without, and instated the perceptions of reason and conscience within. It appealed from the few to the many; from the priest to the people; from the traditions of the elders to the mind and heart of man. It was not the revival of an old life, but the inspiration of the new; the transfer of civilization to a new centre of development. The old system had completed its orbit;

but that orbit was not the complete cycle of human progress, ever widening its range and rising higher and higher. Men are the unconscious instruments of powers, principles and ideas which they do not fully comprehend. They are the exponents of a period, but they do not originate its principles. It is a mistake to suppose that Martin Luther originated the Reformation, or that he was the father of it in any sense. The Reformation would have come if Luther had not been, and the moral grandeur of his figure in history is derived from his ability to discover the signs of the times, to read the horoscope of the period and confess the era of God. If you inquire for those mighty thoughts and sublime impulses, which are the seeds of human history, you ascend to those heights where genius o'ertops intelligence and insight becomes inspiration. The settlement of this continent by a strong and powerful race, who planted on these shores the seed of a new historic period, was the result of the Reformation. It was a movement that had its origin in the noblest moods of the human mind. Let no cheap animosities between Catholic and Protestant dim the clear, calm, historic vision; let no jealousies of the provincialisms of human feeling intrude themselves into that august presence.

Among the men who contributed by force of moral genius to reduce the chaotic elements of that period to order and form, thus supplying the practical working materials of progress, there is one whose name and whose principles have been singularly associated with the origin and life of American institutions—I mean the lawyer, theologian, statesman of Geneva, John Calvin. It was he who gathered up the scattered moral powers of the Reformation, condensed them in definite, dogmatic, popular forms, and administered the affairs of religion in a republican spirit, thus making his *horribile decretum fateor* the seed-plot of Republican liberty. If his doctrine was cruel, it was the offspring of a cruel age. It was not Protestant or Catholic that was cruel; it was the condition of the human mind. That terrible doctrine, which now is like the nest of a former year from which the brood has flown, pervaded Christendom, and sent forth a mighty race that fought against tyranny everywhere, always sided with the people, gave victory to the plebeian Roundhead over the lordly Cavalier and

sent forth a new Israel to take possession of this promised land of mankind and liberty. Calvinism was dispersed throughout Europe, and probably influenced more minds than any other system of doctrine or polity devised by man. Scotland was imbued with it and through her philosophy it tinged the thought of the intellectual world. The Huguenot stock of South Carolina inherited it. William Penn was taught by a famous Calvinist. The early Dutch colonists of New York were of that lineage, and the settlers of Plymouth were of that athletic race.

The system of free schools was devised by Calvin's brain and heart, and beyond the boundaries of sect, his hand, unconscious of its power, scattered the seeds of Republican liberty. As our American Idealist has wove it into verse that shall vibrate on all the chords of time :

> "He wrought in sad sincerity,
> Himself from God he could not free ;
> He builded better than he knew ;
> The conscious stones to beauty grew."

In the hard and thorny husk of a cruel system were hid the seeds of a new life among the nations, and a new era for mankind.

Thus the life of American institutions had its root in the Old World. The health of the scion attests the vigor of the native stock. Whatever may have been the exploits of former races on this continent, whatever power or glory their civilization displayed, they acted no part in the drama of the new era, and contributed nothing to the life of the new age. The traces of the mound-builders are a melancholy record of a race that we may gratefully believe fulfilled its destiny, and had no reason longer to be upon the earth. The native Indian—humble child of the forest, weak and passionate—dashes himself against the walls of the world, or dissolves like ice flowing into tropic seas. American civilization is of European and English origin. It is a new centre of human culture, from a seed matured in the highest and best experience of mankind.

It must be confessed humanely speaking, that the union of the

American Colonies, first against foreign encroachment and then under a constitutional government, was a happy accident. But history distils wisdom and honor and power from human folly. The mad councils of George III. lost him his colonies, but created a new nation. Had a better spirit prevailed, England might have been the mother of the Republic, or two Englands might have ruled the world. The independence of the American Colonies was brought about by those mixed causes, which, to the superficial observer, seem to be an inexplicable jumble of stupid blunder, blind folly and mad self-will. But to the philosophic historian, they are that apparent chaos of human events and human things over which the spirit of order ever broods, bringing forth the true, the beautiful and the good. Evil is never unmixed, and truth enveloped in error, falling upon the furrows of the world, expands, bursts its environments and buds and blooms.

Doubtless there is much vague declamation and would-be philosophic gravity in talking about the "idea" of our government, or the "idea" of our institutions. There is probably no proper sense in which it can be said that Government has any idea or theory at all. Certainly the science of Government, if there is such a science, is not an exact science, and its principles are continually applied to new facts and new conditions, in a new method. The unfolding of a principal is a growth, not a mechanic law. Thus, in all enterprise of man's affairs, in all administration of human things, the grand question is: Is it only a dead fact, or a living law? Admitting fully all the limitations that practice sets to theory, still theory goes before practice, and includes practice. But the only theory or idea, which a free Government can have, is the growth and development of the principle on which it rests. This is the difference between constitutional liberty and absolute monarchy. The one is the arbitrary application of a rule; the other is the unfolding of a principle. The one is a wooden fact, the other is an inspired truth. And thus in respect of ourselves and our historic origin, as a people and a nation, the question is, What was there at the bottom of this display of social order, that has so gone on where man nor angel never dreamed? The early settlers of the Continent had no conception of it. They brought with them the mature fruit of human experience, the latest that hung upon the

branches of the tree of life. That fruit was the conviction, nay, more, transcending all reasoning process, the insight of inspired moral genius, that man's nature prefigures his liberty, and that he is and must be free to act of himself under moral law! That conviction, that insight, was new. The men themselves did not know what it meant nor where it would lead. And why should they! A man cannot tell even what his house will cost beforehand, and why should they understand the vision of truth that had never been applied to the guidance and government of men? The world had been governed by force, invading even the recesses of thought. Exclusive powers and privileges were held and exercised by the few, and the idea of man as man had no place on earth. Even the Almighty Maker and Ruler had his favorites, and no long-minded eternities of beneficent power brooded over the destinies of mankind. One of the most influential races that has ever lived on the face of the earth, inhabiting a little country on the borders of the Levant, that the modern traveller can "do" in the saddle in five or seven days, made even religion aristocratic, claimed that God was their God, and that they were His people to the exclusion of everybody else. I am not indifferent to the historic development of opinion, nor to the influence of Hebrew Theism upon the destiny of the human world; but it furnishes a striking illustration of the exclusiveness of human thought, associated as it commonly is with the monopoly of God and contempt for man. But truth mingled with error tends to work itself clear.

When we talk about the theory of free government, we mean, if we mean anything, that the bottom of it is the principle of liberty, as it is elementary and fundamental in human nature. And like other principles, if it is a principle it is to be followed, and not to be led. If it is based upon the equality of men—that is, the equality of human nature—it is the affirmation that man everywhere is man—made of the same powers, passions and affections; that he has the same origin and the same destiny. The senses are the same in all; intelligence is the same in all; affection is the same in all; reason is the same in all; conscience is the same in all; faith is the same in all. These may be developed in different degrees, and expressed in different terms, but they have their root in the same soil—of the same common nature. As I was

riding the other day in the suburbs of the city, among the sand hills, that form so striking and bold contrast with the cultivated and powerful portions of the town, I met two children, who by their habit and manner, showed they belonged to the worthy, respectable poor. Their frugal, tidy dress, their unstockinged feet, their modesty in presence of a stranger, flushed the very sand with loveliness; and in their little sun-burnt hands they held loosely a few flowers, such as Nature gives in her bounty to relieve her desert places; and they were comparing the colors, as the sunlight poured down its golden rays and filled the urns of beauty. I said to myself, Behold the indentity of human nature! The same love of the beautiful that fascinates the soul of a Titian or a Tintorretto! This is what we mean by the equality of men, the identity of human nature. This is the seed of human progress, and the promise of man's destiny. Our Republican Democracy is founded on that. It has always encountered suspicion and jealousy and evil foreboding from those who are not imbued with it; for if there are those who are too ignorant and wretched and benighted to be free, there are those, also, who are intelligent, yet who lack the moral genius to discern that they belong to the human race.

The history of the country for the hundred years on whose summit we now stand, has been little less than the development of this principle. On these mighty waters the nation sails, and the horizon forever recedes and earth and sky never meet. Our principles, so far from being exhausted, are only beginning to be unfolded, and we may justly expect that they are to play a leading part in the fortunes and destiny of mankind. If human progress means anything, it means the enjoyment of the highest privileges and immunities of existence by all; it means a fair field for every man to pursue that line of thought and action which his own individuality directs, and which, to him, is the purpose of his being. All truth is expansive, and greater than men think when they first adopt it. The smallest seed of liberty when it it is sown becomes a tree, and struggling human aspirations take refuge in its branches, or refresh themselves under its shadow for new resistance against ancient and venerable wrong. He who would confine the influence of free institution to this theatre of their display, would make a great mistake. The winds are its messen-

gers, the lightnings do its biddings, the ocean is its mediator. The heart of man, source of restless imaginations and never satisfied longings, aspires to it from afar.

It would be impossible, on an occasion like the present, to recount the events, the deeds, the persons of this century of republican liberty. That is the office of the historian, the philosopher and the poet. It is enough for us to-day to take counsel of our principles and reaffirm them as the profound conviction of our minds, attested by the experience of a century. It was announced a hundred years ago by the founders of the government that all men are free and equal. We have read it to-day from the famous Declaration, and it will be read by those who shall come after us down the rolling tide of centuries to the last recorded syllable of time. It is no contrivance of extemporaneous device; it is no rule for the exigency of the moment, cheap subterfuge of tyrants. It is in the eternal nature of truth, and things, and man and God. Neither is it any vagary or "glittering generality" in our minds, but of clear, decided import and energy. It is as old as the heavens, and as new as to-day, and we claim for it that immortality that belongs to essential truth.

We affirm and declare to-day, as the fathers did in 1776, that all men are free! And we mean by it that fundamental fact of human nature by virtue of which man is man, endowed by heaven with the power to choose between good and evil, and to direct his course towards those ends that seem to him best! We mean that the office of Government is to protect that freedom, and not to encroach upon it; to throw around it the environments of law, that under law it may be liberty indeed!

We affirm and declare to-day, as the fathers did in 1776, that all men are equal! Hear it, O Heaven! and give ear unto it, O Earth! We mean by it the identity of that nature whose inspirations of reason and conscience are the same in their eternal quality and divine essence! We mean that reason is reason, that conscience is conscience, that imagination is imagination, and that the progress of mankind is grounded in this common nature of man. On this we base our hope of human progress, and our faith in human destiny. Does experience give any ground for that hope and faith.

Human society on this continent for a hundred years has been led forth under the power of the principles which we affirm and declare to-day. A continent has been subdued to culture. A degree of external human comfort has been attained and enjoyed, that probably has not been surpassed in any portion of the earth, or in any period of history. Let us cheerfully accord whatever is due to the cheapness and fertility of the soil, but let us also be just to human energies. The results of scientific research have been applied to the arts of life, and whatever pertains to man's conquest over the material world has been made as complete here as in any other country. The area of the country has been extended by peace and by war until its borders are laved by both oceans through twenty degrees of latitude. The country to-day presents a theatre of world-grandeur for the display of free Constitutional Government.

The affairs of the Government have been administered by those whom the people have chosen. Universal suffrage makes revolution unnecessary, by giving every man the right to appeal to the ballot as the final remedy of all public wrong. We have never had under this plan a wicked or dissolute president, and if we ever had a weak one, the people have been steady enough to endure his weakness, conscious of their strength. We have never had a corrupt or mercenary Judge, and the judicial mind and ethic of the country, I speak firmly without boasting, compare favorably with the judicial mind and ethic of Christendom. The bad inheritance of slavery, bequeathed to us from the ancient estate, we esteem no longer a portion of the nation's wealth, and have absolved ourselves from its obligation by the blood of the sons of men. We have received from the nations of the earth and the islands of the sea, more than five millions of men, welcoming them to fairer opportunities. We have entrusted religion to the religious sentiments of human nature, without the interference or support of the State, and the free contributions of men surpass the tribute of regal splendors.

We have laid the foundation of a system of education for all, in making the public school free, and in making it secular. Its benefits are only beginning to be felt, but the mind of the country is awake, and we may expect the best results of a system that has

an ideal excellence beyond any present practice. We live in obedience to order and law, without violence; and good feeling and good manners shed their invisible, mighty protection over all. American society has never required a standing army to enforce order upon the people. We feel that the Government is steady, because its base is broad—reaching to the freedom and equal rights of every man—and that, in the long run, the laws which the people make themselves they will respect.

Governor! please accept my respectful salutations and the salutations of the people! The occasion is worthy the presence of the first citizen of the Commonwealth. One hundred years ago the foundations of this city were laid by the ancient monarchy of Spain. It was reserved for another age and another race to carry forward the civilization which you now witness, and which you have the honor to represent. If the principles which I have rehearsed are true; if the attainments that have been made under them are a just expression of their wisdom and power, we may take pride and gratitude in our citizenship, and renew our vow to the freedom and equality of men. Let mighty salvos proclaim it! Let banners wave in proud homage and triumphant joy! Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof! Let us bid the future generations hail! Hail ye happy races yet unborn that shall receive such an inheritance! Let the people lift up their voice: Yea, let the people lift up their voice: *Te Deum Laudamus.*

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY T. J. SPEAR. SUNG BY MRS. BANTA.

COMPOSED FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Oft the story has been told
Of the battle-days of old—
When our fathers took their stand
Under Washington's command,
And shouted from their tent,
And their stony battlement,
In courage and defiance,
Trusting God for His alliance,
For the freedom of the land,
And the freedom of the seas,
And the freedom of America
For the coming centuries.
Rejoice! rejoice!
For the year of jubilee.
Rejoice! rejoice!
The Centennial of the free,
That the States are all united
And the Nation newly plighted
To Freedom, Independence and Union!

A hundred years have flown
Since their martial cry was known,
Spreading higher still and higher,
Like the sound of roaring fire,
Warming patriots with its blaze,
Cheering nations with its rays,
In council and through slaughter
Sending greetings o'er the water,
For the freedom of the land, &c.

What those sires have handed down,
Lives in glory and renown;
And the banner they unrolled
Has increased its starry fold,
Till the gathering of the States
And their new incoming mates,
Is the topic now in order,
From the center to the border.
With the freedom of the land, &c.

Thus forever may there be
A glad story for the free;
As a fraternizing band,
Guarding well their native land,
Leading on to righteousness
With their glory and success;
Pledged to Truth and Education,
And advancement of the Nation.
With the freedom of the land, &c.

THE PERMANENCY OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.

AN ORATION BY HON. C. K. DAVIS, EX-GOV., MINN.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT ST. PAUL, MINN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Of all the nations of the earth ours alone can commemorate such a day as this. The birthday of all of them excepting ours is lost in the mists of fable, obscured by transactions so equivocal that they have been falsified by history, or is so apochryphal in its character that the time cannot be fixed when independent life began.

Like the Christian religion, our nation dates from a certain day —like it from that day dates a new dispensation, like it from that day began an evangelization which finds no limits wherever the freedom of man is unsecured, and which like it has intensified those aspirations for better things yet to come, which in every age have inspired the song of poets, the labors of statesmen, and the visions of political prophets.

The origin of the old states, like that of the old religion, is veiled in mystery. The beginning of Buddhism is measured by the preposterous chronology of the Chinese empire. The origin of the Brahminical creeds is commensurate with that vast antiquity which the Hindoo nation claims. The fair and lovely forms of Grecian worship which speak distinctly, in exquisite forms of art, from a past of which nearly all else is dead, are coëval with the shadowy beginnings of the nation.

The foundations of the Roman power are laid so deep in mythologic times that no one knows when the state began. The same is true of nearly all modern nations. They began in obscurity. But this land, blessed with its century of life, can point back, like Christianity, to one day, and say, like it, on this day my life began, my mission was known from the circumstances which attended my birth, my forerunners had cried in the wilderness to prepare the

nations for my coming, my utterances have been a new political gospel, and while I come not to destroy, I do come to fulfil. This analogy involves something more than a fancied parallelism. The creed in this case has been the fact which made such a nation a possibility. For never until the perfect equality of man was proclaimed as a matter of religious faith was such a republic possible, and the immense period which elapsed before the state grew like a consummate flower out of the creed, after many a growth had come up and died before its day of bloom, only proves how necessary the creed was to the result and how obdurate was the political idolatry which required eighteen hundred years for any effectual extirpation. Like the creed, so did the new state commence its life with a declaration of the importance of the individual—with a declaration of individual personal right. The creed saved not a nation collectively like the Hebrews, but mankind in detail and individually. The formulated principles of the state enfranchised men not collectively as members of a certain tribe or state, but individually as members of the great brotherhood of man of every race and condition.

There is such an assurance of permanency in a nation so founded that the mere fact that it has existed a century hardly challenges observation. But almost alone of all the nations it is now what it was in its beginning. The young republic has witnessed changes in the venerable assembly of nations into which it entered full grown one hundred years ago. It has seen monarchy discrowned, hierarchy disrobed and spurious republics brought low. England is not what she was when her cruel maternity ceased towards us. The power of the crown has been abridged; the liberty of the press has been secured; the elective franchise has been extended; the religious tests have been abolished; in short, every principle which was then considered as essential to her existence has been abandoned merely to copy the ideas which were the cause of the American revolution.

The kingdom of France passed away. The American revolution was directly the cause of that fearful protest of personal right against the wrongs which for centuries the individual had suffered under the theory which makes the state everything and the person nothing in the scheme of government. The French republic, one

and indivisible, came next in imitation of the one just arisen beyond the sea. By the law of reaction, the power of the individual was made so transcendent that there was in fact no state, and the result was that passions and resentments smothered for centuries broke forth with volcanic force and buried beneath their burning lava all law, all forms, all rights, and left a chaos. We saw that fleeting vision of glory and terror pass away. Then came the imperial pageant of Napoleon—as incongruous to our time as the triumph of a Roman conqueror—marching along the arena of history with suppliant kings in its train and encircling with the fiery zone of conquest peoples the most diverse, laying one sceptre over the land from the Biscayan bay to the Baltic sea. We saw that apocalyptic vision pass away like a cloud with all its blood-stained glories. We have seen other changes, until now, in imitation of what their ancestors helped on to establish one hundred years ago, a young republic, the mighty child of those efforts greets us from Finisterre.

There is not to-day a state in Germany which remains as it was in 1776. Through revolution and short-lived republics, however, the rights of individual man have been extended to such a degree that the petty princes of that time who could sell their Hessians to fight in any war would not recognize their people or their institutions should they revisit the earth to-day.

Spain has changed. The spiritual tyranny which reared its mitred front against every avenue of progress has passed away forever. Man has rights there now. She has been a republic. She is a constitutional monarchy. Her vast colonial possessions in the new world threw off her yoke long ago, and in imitation of the United States became republics, and have preserved that form of government through all the revolutions by which they have been distracted. In this case our example has affected two continents, like that volcanic sympathy which, it is said, makes the remotest extremities of the Andes and Rocky Mountains feel and respond to every convulsive throe occurring anywhere along that mighty spine on which the continents are built.

Italy, too, that treasure-house of history, with all its models, examples and warnings, which shows all that man has done in solving the problem of government; which has enjoyed or has been afflict-

ed with every form of state, the republic, the despotism, the hierarchy, in sympathy with what was done here a hundred years ago, has cast off her chains, has asserted the rights of individual man, has consolidated her people, and would to-day be unrecognizable by those who ruled her then.

Turn the pages of history since 1776, and in the records of every state you will find transcripts from our own experience. All this has occurred not through armed conquest, but through that peaceful means by which good and right always assert themselves and prevail against every obstacle which fraud or force oppose.

Let us now gather the experience of the century which closes with to-day; review in brief the progress with which it has been signalized, note with pride the instances in which the republic is an exponent, and, with emotions of repentance, the errors which we are committing.

At the outset our fathers were compelled to be false to their principal conception of the equality of man. The fault was not theirs and they inherited a disease. The institution of slavery was entailed upon them. The slave ship,

"——built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,"

was not of their construction. They were impressed into its service by the cupidity of the mother country; by the same cupidity which taxed them without representation, and which held that Magna Charta, the fairest and most perennial growth that ever sprang from the field of Runnymede was not transplanted to those boundless areas of the western world, which freedom spread with cherishing hand and then veiled from the sight of man by ocean's watery curtain, until the age should come when her heirs, the human race, should enter full grown into their inheritance.

That our fathers were not in this in advance of their age is not to be wondered at. It was an age when the distinctive lines between nationalities were very sharp and hostile, and particularly between types of mankind so opposed as whites and blacks. The laws of nations were rudimentary. The theory of the common law almost warrants the assertion that an alien was an enemy. The railroad and telegraph had not brought people of diverse blood together. Where now a few days will place the Saxon beside the Chinese in his home, where now you can place your ear to a small mechanism

in an office in St. Paul and hear the language of the Egyptian spoken at Alexandria on the same instant, there were then untraversable and incommunicable intervals. The idea of casting off allegiance and of naturalization was unknown. In short, every race looked out for itself and in that age of wars and reprisals it was a hard task. It is not wonderful therefore that our fathers, fighting, writing and speaking with ropes around their necks were oblivious that to a degree their example falsified their assertions. But their descendants were more recreant, and at last more faithful. They cried:

"Evil, be thou my good."

They made the exception the rule until the dark blot, so small at first, spread like the prophet's cloud, and flashed from its livid bosom the lightnings of war and national dissolution. The heavens were rent asunder; the earth groaned beneath our feet; the storms were let loose; the chill northern gale met the southern typhoon and swallowed up thousands of homes and hundreds of thousands of men. In that *dies iræ* of the nation, the nation's conscience was aroused. It armed itself with a scourge; it sat in judgment upon its servants; it brought them to repentance through sorrow, crime, blood and war upon land and sea, until the nation freed itself of its sin by an act of reparation, rose up regenerated and redeemed, and stood, the once fallen and now forgiven angel of liberty, her brow recrowned with a diadem of states, confronting the world, not one gem obscured.

This was the second great test to which our people were subjected. The first was the one which gave as its results our national independence. It was the revolt against monarchical supremacy. It is, however, the reiterated warning of history that it is easier to establish republics than to preserve them, and in all former times they have come to untimely ends. This is true of the ancient democracies. It was true of the Italian republics—they became overloaded, and were corrupted by the wealth of merchant princes and great families until their independence was lost, and they themselves, either changed to petty kingdoms and principalities, or were merged in the great empires of their time. It was true of the Dutch republic, which by gradual processes, by pressure and

danger from without, by the ascendancy and contentions of great families from within, changed its form of government in sympathy with and to the similitude of the forms by which it was surrounded.

The infirmity of their organization permitted the ascendancy of class interests, hereditary and transmissive, containing a force of conservation created by self-interest, which finally made the great families too powerful for the people. In other words, the great families became the oligarchy; and popular rights, with individual interests, were finally subjected to the domination, of classes representing property, accumulation, refinement and hereditary ability. It was so with us. The seminal principle of evil which our fathers left in the institutions which they framed produced its like in due time. The class interest represented by slavery gradually narrowed its area, concentrated itself in the south, became more intense as it became more massive, changed from a skirmish line to a Macedonian phalanx, contracted as well its numbers as its area, until some thirty thousand families represented four millions of slaves, eight millions of white people nominally free, but politically servient. These families in the course of two generations came to represent great estates, and hereditary wealth and talent. They had their hereditary statesmen, their hereditary soldiers, and were rapidly coming to have an hereditary clergy in all the religious denominations. There were the Masons, the Clays, the Poindexters, the Shelbys, the Lees, the Breckenridges, the Rhetts, representing transmitted wealth, culture, ability and more than all, a transmitted idea which became more typical in each generation—the idea of class supremacy. The north was dissimilar. It affords no such examples of great political families, excepting the Adamses, who are a marked example of entailed ability, purity of character, love of country, wealth, culture and ability, and this family since the death of the younger Adams, has been neglected by the purely popular and democratic communities in which they have so stubbornly and exceptionally survived.

So that the struggle against slavery was not in its last analysis an effort to abolish a domestic institution. It was a battle with the second great danger which all antecedent republics had confronted, and before which they had fallen. It was a contest with that oligarchical element which had overthrown every predecessor of

the American people. Hence it is right to say that the success of the nation is such a contest is our most assured warrant for its perpetuity. It is with the health of nations as with the physical health of men. When a disease which, like the small pox, has for generations resulted in death or disfiguration is in one instance, as in that disease, subdued, mankind at large receives the benefit. The disease ceases to be fatal and universal immunity is secured. Thus was the only congenital defect in our institutions finally removed. That dangers still exist is true, but they are incident to any form of government. We may succumb before luxury, before the aggression of capitalized and confederated wealth, but if we do, no one can say that these were defects in the original scheme. If I were required to point out the chiefest excellence of our fathers' work, next to that central excellence, the assertion of the equality of men, I should say that it consists in the fact, that the subjects of any king were enabled to become citizens of this country. This transformation of allegiance and of national character is now so much a matter of course that it is difficult to realize what a surprising innovation it was upon the old conceptions of untransferable allegiance. Once a subject always a subject was the ancient maxim. It was an axiom. It was so fundamental that the right of search and imprisonment from American vessels, by which Great Britain brought on the war of 1812, was vindicated by that government upon the assertion that the theory of the American government that a subject could renounce and transfer his allegiance was one the truth of which could not be admitted, and when Aaron Burr, after having borne arms in the revolution, after having been vice-president of the republic which he committed treason to establish, took refuge in England after his duel with Hamilton, the government of that country, when it endeavored to treat him as an alien and to compel him to take his departure was met by the adroit lawyer with the assertion that by the common law he was still a subject of George III. Instead of admitting the force of his claim by trying him for treason, the authorities of that government admitted its force by desisting from their threats to extradite him.

The result of the establishment of the principle of naturalization was immediate, and it has continued to the present day, manifesting itself in many forms. People of every foreign state came to our

shores. The baffled aspirant for personal liberty in every land, his tongue tied and his pen broken there, perhaps with a price upon his head, found refuge here.

The yeoman who wrung from the soil of his fatherland reluctant subsistence, who was compelled to feed and clothe his family upon the residuum which exorbitant landlords left like crumbs upon his table, like rags to cover the nakedness of his body, who saw no future for his posterity better than his own and his father's weary and irreparable lot, who was liable to be forced into the ranks of wars not his own, which, in some instances, were merely the bloody resentments of the concubines of kings, knew that beyond the Atlantic, protected by its broad expanse, still better protected by the indomitable spirit of a people who had fought for their freedom and won it, was a land where these evils were not, where the future was broad and unpre-empted before him and his children, and where, above all—whether he had been noble, citizen, vassal, or serf—he could array himself in the panoply of citizenship, and have a voice in the enactment of the laws by which he was to be governed. There was not then, and I think there is not now, a nation on the earth by which such privileges are accorded. Even the ancient Romans with that marvellous and elective genius for affiliation by which they consolidated their conquests, failed to grasp to its extent this idea, so full of strength and so assuring of national endurance. They accorded the citizenship of the city not to peoples, but to favored individuals only, and that sparingly; and even then not in the earlier days of the formation of their state, but only in the later time, when rot and decay had laid their disfiguring fingers upon the walls of that colossal structure.

For an hundred years this process of naturalization and assimilization has been at work, and we can now estimate its results.

We have passed from a conglomerated to an assimilated people. We have become a typical people. The Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Irishman, the Scotchman and the Scandinavian have cast their lots among us. By association the sharp and provincial angularities of national character have been worn away in the persons who are foreign born. More important than all, their descendants have intermarried, and the offspring of those marriages have combined in fortunate union the peculiar characteristics of each parentage.

This principle of naturalization and assimilation has worked wonders in other ways. They who have come here from other lands have cast back to their native place the light of their new experience. England has amplified the right of suffrage. France has made four attempts to establish a Republic and at last succeeded. The voice of Castelar was heard the other day in Madrid, invoking from the councils of the deliberative assembly of Spain the blessings of Washington and Lincoln as the canonized saints of the new political dispensation. The political state of the Germans has been growing better for fifty years. The stolidity of the House of Hapsburg has been vivified until the advance of the Austrian people towards free education, free speech, free press, a national assembly has become one of the most marked features of the time in which we live. The Czar has emancipated his serfs. Garibaldi, returning from our shores, poured the blessings of liberty over Italy, from Palermo to Rome, and from his island home looks with a father's eye upon the people whom he has disenthralled. Lafayette, forever blessed be the name of that knight of modern times—who fought for liberty as his youthful spouse, returning from his errantry, took up the gage for her in his native land—helped to rescue her, but instead of the fresh and faithful maiden whom God had made, took from Bastilles and quarries, and prisons and galley ships, a jaded, broken, frantic fury, driven mad, and all her glorious beauty ruined and brought low by ages of torture, imprisonment and defloration, who snatched the sword of her deliverance, and in her maniac wrath immolated her deliverers and then herself.

Bolivar, one of the finest characters of history, set the standard of freedom in full view of a continent,

> "Where Andes, giant of the western star,
> With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

I know that it is claiming very much to assert the creative influence of our example upon these great events which have swallowed up thrones and sent kings into exile. But had our fathers failed —had they, like Emmett, been brought to the scaffold and we remained the mere colonial appanages of a haughty and revengeful

conqueror, could one of these events have happened? I think not.

Let us now turn our attention for a few moments to the principles of conservation which exist in the Republic as we find it to-day and to some of the dangers with which it is threatened. The love of country is, of course, taken for granted. At the end of one hundred years that remains as ardent as ever. There has grown up since the beginning another institution which has become with the love of country a most powerful co-efficient in the perpetuation of national life. I mean the common school. This institution so republican in itself, this nursery of knowledge where the boy and girl of the rich man and the boy and girl of the poor man know no inequality is really the bulwark of all we enjoy. It is not so much the quantity of knowledge that it imparts, for the man survives much useless information with which his childhood is crammed, but it is the fact that the children of all the people are for years assembled daily at that plastic age when the most enduring impressions are formed that makes this factor of our prosperity so important. For this main reason I think we have carried the grading and subdivision of the common schools too far. It is a mistake to introduce distinctions of rank, beyond the rewards and the distinction which spring from merit in any pursuit, into those primary and essential functionaries of national existence.

Great schools lie at the foundation of great States, and as the school is, so will the nation be. England has been subjected to more formative processes from Rugby, Eton, Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge than all the parliaments from the beginning have ever been able to work upon her. The aristocratic and select pupils of the schools have given more than aught else to the English government its select and conservative form. Woe to that nation which is governed by men who are scholars merely. There is a dangerous bigotry in learning. Essential as it is, yet it is unsympathetic by its very nature. Its processes are ironbound and absolute, and in their practical application often become tyrannical. A Scotch philosopher has exalted common sense into one of the great classifications of the human intellect with the will, imagination and reason. If he failed to reach a metaphysical verity, he, at least, hit a political truth; for in common sense, in that average of the judgment of the learned and the unlearned lies the true

safety of such states as ours. It is the middle ground between the oligarchy and the mob. To produce that average common sense, the wit of man has as yet devised no such agency as the common school system of this country. There is also a danger to which in the beginning the country was not subjected. This everlasting and universal place hunting, which drives a man from productive employment into the train of some party, or worse still of some party leader, and converts him into a political janissary, dependent for his means of life upon the perpetuation of some other man in office, who is in his turn a parasite upon the body of some greater parasite, is something that the rising generation should be warned against.

It was formerly thought that the Republic would fracture because of the weakness incident to its great territorial extent. The pages of history are replete with the examples of great empires which have broken up their own tension. But that danger with us is obviated. The telegraph has annihilated time and made it a paradox—for messages sent westwardly are received earlier than their date. While as to space, the railroad has brought New York within seventy-two hours journey of San Francisco.

Again there is no fear of production pressing upon the means of subsistence and producing those dangerous classes which in other lands are a standing menace against existing institutions. We have not drawn a tithe of the resources of this blessed land, so rich in soils, whose mines send their veins of wealth through every state, whose rivers reach from almost the sight of either ocean, and bear the wealth of temperate and tropic states to the sea on the bosom of one great stream.

What have we to fear? Nothing but ourselves. If we are mindful of that unvarying law that nations as well as individuals must do right, must not lie, must not steal, must not covet, all will be well with us and those who shall come after us. If we forget this rule, if we oppress the weak, if we spoliate the helpless, if we in our corruption wrong each other, if unrighteousness shall be exalted in our councils, if the balance of justice shall be made false, we shall go like the discrowned monarchies of old into the Golgotha of nations, never to be stirred to life again.

One hundred years! How long the time! How magical the

words! No enchanter's wand, no poet's dream called up a vision so gorgeous and yet so solemn as the reality of which this is the closing day. A free people, free for a hundred years, have met to honor those who made them free. It is not too much to suppose that from Heaven itself the benignant spirits of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and all the rest are bending over us in solemn benedictions. From Independence and Faneuil Halls, from the Court House of Mecklenburgh, from Virginia's House of Burgesses reawaken the voice which one hundred years ago thrilled the world and whose echoes are now sounding and will forever sound while man has rights. Listen to their eloquence, swelling like an anthem in the great temple of Time, magnificently harmonious and triumphant with freedom's inspiration, carried on every breeze to every land, whispering freedom in the ear of slaves, thundering freedom in the ear of tyrants, and joining to the choral words, "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the government." And, if, in our time or in times to come, danger from within or without shall assail a single one of those principles, God grant that we, or who shall succeed us in this heritage of freedom, may say as your fathers said:

"And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

THE ROUNDED AGE.

A POEM BY SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.

DELIVERED AT PORTLAND, OREGON, BY HON. RUFUS MALLORY, JULY 4TH, 1876.

Unfurl the flag! let the winds caress
And lift it in rippling loveliness
Over all the wide west-world we claim
By cross and sword and in Freedom's name.
From the peaks that gleam o'er Alaskan gloom
To the isles of palm and the shores of bloom;
From the sacred rock where the seed was sown
To the sunset capes where the flow'r has blown,
O flag of the Union, toss and wave
O'er millions of freemen and not a slave.

Unfurl the flag! let it curl and kiss
The zephyr that faints in the summer bliss:—
It was born in storm, and its glory sprung
Where the bolts of battle shrieked and sung;
Through smoke and cloud it has won the right
To float and flaunt when the days are bright.
We know what souls in its white stars shine,
And the blood on its crimson spilled like wine;
We know the strifes and the wars and fears
That hedged it round for a hundred years!

Unfurl the flag! we have followed far
That mystical token of stripe and star,
And borne upon many a field of dread
Its streaming splendor of white and red;

But now from the height of the struggling years
It bursts like the dawn on a night of tears—
A day-spring that flushes the farthest sea
With a roseate pledge of the time to be—
When the man shall be sovereign and freedom shall reign
From ice fretted Neva to Neva again.

God bless the flag! let it float, and fill
The sky with its beauty:—our heart-strings thrill
To the low, sweet chant of its wind-swept bars
And the chorus of all its clustered stars.
Embrace it, O mothers, and heroes shall grow
While its colors blush warm on your bosoms of snow!
Defend it, O fathers, there's no sweeter death
Than to float its fair folds with a soldier's last breath!
And love it, O children, be true to the sires
Who wove it in pain by the old camp-fires!

I.

The days are dim, the world is old
And bleak with human dust and mold;
In plume and mail the bold knights ride
To fray and tourney, scarf and sword,
Love's sweet intrigue, the warrior's pride
Rule king and courtier, liege and lord;
For war and love and lust of gold
And gropings for the things untold
Put many a lance in rest and stain
The weary earth with gory slain.
Kings come and go in tragic state,
And crowns with sparkling jewels set
In battle debris lie, and yet
The round world wheels, and Time and Fate
Touch hands and whisper, "God can wait!"
And still the despot's iron sway
Strikes truth and genius in the dust,
True hearts repine, great spirits rust,

And high aspirings melt away;
From superstition's sable wing
All midnight shadows fall, and fling
A pall of terror o'er the land;
And Christ's dear cross, in struggle long
Rocks to and fro above the throng,
Borne on by many a bloody hand!
In old, old ways the ships sail on
From mart to mart and shore to shore,
And ever voyage o'er and o'er
The sea-paths traced in ages gone;
And, wide and wild, Atlantic lies
Untracked, unknown, beneath the skies
That hover far upon his breast,
And still his thundering surge is piled
Along the Old World's weary strand;
But never yet, by breezes bland
Or any hope of gain beguiled,
Has ship essayed the curtained West.

II.

A sail! a sail! three ships in line
Steer blithely o'er the ocean rim;
The blue seas foam beneath each keel,
Their black prows dash the beaded brine—
They bear the flag of proud Castile,
The sailors chant a Romish hymn!
Down the unknown and vasty world
Of rolling waters rides the fleet,
The white mists round the sky are furled,
And fair winds fill the snowy sheet.
Lead on, *Maria!* reel and toss
Into the wastes of wave and sky,
An unseen hand leads thee across—
Thy path is marked by God's own eye!
Be true, O stately Genoese!

Keep heart and hope whate'er befall;—
A lofty fate has thee in thrall,
Fear not the strange storm-beaten seas;
The gold that clasped a queen's fair arms,
The pearls that heaved upon her breast,
And all the gems that graced her charms
Are pledged to win the mystic West.

III.

'Tis done. Three ships at anchor ride
Before an isle of sun and song,
And bare barbarians dumbly throng
The rich and flowing forest side;
And still with child-like wonder gaze
Upon a knight in courtly dress,
Whose bearded lips the new earth press—
And start again with quaint amaze
To see him draw his sword amain
And claim San Salvador for Spain.

IV.

I look again. Long years have flown:
A single barque with sullied sail
And many a mark of wave and gale,
Tacks in upon a pallid shore—
All silent save the sad sea-moan.
A boat is launched, with lab'ring oar,
The voyagers, stern-browed and pale,
Attain the strand, and kneel for prayer;
A wintry chill is in the air,
And all the wan sky overhead,
By films of frosty cloud o'er spread,
Gives neither hue of hope nor sign
Of living God or grace benign.

And yet these men of faith and song,
Who flee from priestly rule and wrong,
Kiss the cold rock on which they kneel
And Plymouth's shrouded empire claim
For One who holds a higher name
Than Arragon or old Castile;
And lo! the bleak woods, white and grim,
Reëcho their thanksgiving hymn,
And stretch their hands in crystal mail
To bid the sea-worn pilgrims hail.

V.

Another age. Long troublous years
Have rolled into the silent realm;
The hand that held the Mayflower's helm
Has long been dust, and scarce appears
Mid Hayti's tangled vine and bloom
The great Genoan's lowly tomb—
And fields expand and cities shine,
Along the New World's border line.
What scene is this? A straggling town
In green New England just as morn
Chases the lingering shadows down,
And loops her veil of silver-grey
Across the gateway of the day.
With restless doubts and fears forlorn,
A half a hundred burghers meet
Upon a dim and dewy street—
And some have guns, and stand and load
With furtive glances down the road.
And hark! I hear the measured tread
Of martial ranks, Pitcairn ahead,
And like a sudden burst of flame,
The scarlet coats emerge in sight,
Their muskets flickering in the light,

And halt before their timid game.
"Disperse, ye rebels!" Pitcairn cries—
But not a trembling townsman flies!
And then, a movement and a flash,
And quick the leveled muskets crash,
And here and there, a patriot falls
Before the thunder shower of balls,
The fight is o'er, the victory won,
And freedom's battle has begun
With the first blood at Lexington.

VI.

The closing scene. In Congress Hall
The patriot chiefs are gathered all,
This day a hundred years ago;
And bold John Hancock, rising up,
Like one who waves a wassail cup,
Lifts o'er his head, where all can see,
The ringing ritual of the free.
"And with his pen, just freshly dipt,
Points to his own gigantic script,
Which e'en our lisping children know;
"The King can read that name," he said,
"And set his price upon my head!"
Honor to him, and let his name
Shine forth as fair in deathless fame!
Honor to him, and God bless all
Who sat that day in Congress Hall,
And pledged their names and honor bright
To stand for freedom and the right!
How well that sacred vow was kept,
How well they battled side by side
Through the long years when conflict swept
The colonies with ruin wide,
The starry banner's graceful play
Proclaims in every wind to-day.

And prouder than Achille's fame,
Or any god's that Homer sung,
Is still the high aspiring name
Whose glory all the world has rung—
Till every virtue 'neath the sun
Is named in naming Washington.
And oh, if from the silent bourn
The pilgrim spirits e'er return
To look upon the things of earth—
May we not think that he, the first
In war and peace, leads forth again
His host on many a storied plain
When freedom's infancy was nursed;
And that they march and charge and wheel,
With soundless shot and viewless steel,
Along the fields their valor won!
May we not think the summer air
Is bright with legions hovering there
To view the deeds that we have done;
And that 'tis not the wind that lifts,
In starry waves and crimson drifts
The banners blushing o'er the land,
But 'tis the sweep of seraph wings,
The claspings and the whisperings
Of Washington's immortal band!

VII.

Heaven's ways are dark, and men are blind,
For they do only look behind
And read results that compass all;
Though all the dusty ways of time
Till o'er and o'er, in speech sublime,
That truth must live and error fall,
We know no more; but blest are they
On whom God puts his hand to say,
"The hour is ripe, lead ye the way!"

Through misty eons, dim and vast,
In night and storm, the wrath and pain
Of rolling floods and fiery strain,
The fruitful earth came forth at last:
And so this broad and equal State.
To human freedom dedicate,
Is but the flowers of ages long—
Upspringing from a soil of wrong.
What woes shall come, what conflicts dark
Our future pathway yet shall mark,
He only knows whose thunders jar
The rhythmic circles of the sky;
But Dian's bow and th' shield of Mars
Shall fall, and War's red passion die.
Thrice blest are we whose kindling eyes
Have seen this mighty day arise,
And greet, through grateful smiles and tears,
The banner of a hundred years!
When once again the planets wheel
Their courses through an equal age,
We, too shall sleep, with all the leal
Whose patriot names grace history's page;
Yet sweet the thought that other men
Will bear the same bright colors then—
That in these skies of violet
The stars of Union shall not set.

Hail and farewell, O flag of truth!
Thy festal we shall see no more,
But thou in swift, eternal youth
Shalt brighten still, and proudly soar.
Hail and farewell! we pass to rest,
But thou, in marching splendor drest,
Shouldst tarry till time's debt is paid,
'Till all the storms of war are laid,
And great Orion's belt of gold
Fades in the flame by seers foretold!

A WELCOME TO THE COMING CENTURY.

A SPEECH BY GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT LEAVENWORTH, KAN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—My friends, these are hallowed moments, when every American has reason to express his most profound gratitude to Almighty God that it has been his good fortune to witness the light of this auspicious morn, that we can participate in celebrating one of the most important events in the history of this country, that we are permitted to register the close of one century of our national existence and to herald the dawn of a new era; to welcome the coming century, which we trust will excel the old in its record of human achievements and enlightenment.

This is indeed an occasion in which the heart of every American can but feel a conscious pride in our fathers' valor and political wisdom. One hundred years ago to-day a few brave and noble men in convention assembled, delivered to the world their belief in the practicability of self-government and enunciated principles of government that have given to the people of this country greater blessings, and to the world more beneficent influences than the action of any political body since the world began. The condition of this nation and people to-day is the fruit of their patriotic work, the wonderful progress and unprecedented happiness of the past century are but the result of their purity of thought, simplicity of life, and devotion to the welfare of their fellow-men. Those principles which were founded on God's law and man's rights could not perish, neither could they remain tranquil with the sparsely populated provinces of the Atlantic coast; they soon swept over the Alleghanies, across the most magnificent and fertile valley of the world; scaled that majestic range of mountains, whose mineral wealth will not be exhausted in a thousand years, and, finally,

planted its banners of light and liberty beneath the celestial skies of the Pacific coast; reclaiming the wilderness from barbarianism, to the most enlightened state of civilization, and to-day, we see about us the evidences of that civilization. With this centennial, time sets its enduring seal upon the purity and perpetuity of our form of government. This is, indeed, a sacred hour. As these celebrations have had the effect of cultivating loyal sentiments in the past, this celebration will add new life to the patriot fires that have burned so brightly during the past hundred years. The world has never witnessed a more magnificent, instructive and glorious scene, than the one being enacted on this continent this very day and hour. Could we but see our countrymen, far up in pine forests of the North, or the rice and cotton fields of the South, on these rich prairies and lofty mountains of the great West, we would behold our people celebrating one of the most important events in the history of the human family. In the dense metropolis, or the humblest cot in the land: from the hearts and lips of forty millions of America's freemen, there ascends to heaven one grand anthem of thanksgiving. Shouts of victory over prejudice, past animosities and internal discords, swell the gale, while the breezes are laden with the songs of gratitude for one hundred years of freedom, happiness and prosperity. Fortunately the people who accomplished this mighty work were not of one country, race or religion; hence we can extend our influence and sympathy to all races and nationalities—to the people of all countries who are struggling for freedom and enlightenment: and more especially do we extend our sympathy and congratulations to that grand and courteous nation, whose people one hundred years ago gave us material encouragement and support; neither do we cherish any feelings of animosity, but rather those of friendship and reverence for the people of that mighty empire that has done so much to extend the light of civilization throughout the world. And to-day we rejoice that "Britannia still rules the wave," while *Columbia leads the world*, in all that tends to make mankind wiser, purer and happier.

THE INCOMPARABLE REPUBLIC.

AN ADDRESS BY COL. J. H. GILPATRICK.

DELIVERED AT LEAVENWORTH, KAN. JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :—Believing that in your patriotic, as in your religious devotions, you are best pleased with a brief discourse, I will occupy but a few of the precious moments set apart for these exercises of the day.

I shall not startle you with the intelligence that this is the Centennial Fourth of July celebration of American Independence; it is known and read of all men—men of business and boys at play, ancient dames, autumnal matrons and maidens gay, all swell the theme. We feel it in the breeze and circumambient air. You might take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and there would greet you the glad tidings that the great and incomparable Republic of the United States of America had reached its centennial year.

You have gathered here in large numbers, a multitude, to offer your patriotic devotions to the spirit of liberty and good government, and must be inspired by the thought that also on this natal morning other thousands, animated by a kindred spirit, from the Atlantic and Mount Monadnock in the East to the Sierras and the sounding shores of the Pacific in the West, beneath the palmettoes of the South and pines and purple rocks of the North, reanimate with you their patriotic recollections of the day.

Let us turn for a moment to the time and the circumstances in which the Declaration of Independence, just read before you was made, and it is impossible to do more than touch upon salient points of history in the few moments allotted me.

Upon our shores at that time, was an army of thirty thousand men, armed and equipped with all that the art of war and unlimited means could supply. Drilled, disciplined, and proud to obey

the slightest wish of its imperial master. A force of veterans, with glittering crests and gleaming helmets, ready to destroy, as seemed inevitable, the hungry, half-armed, but devoted band, under the brave Washington.

Scarcely one-fourth the number of the foe, and yet the congress of the colonies inspired by the sublime purpose of the people, passed the resolution of independence, which was two days after, followed by the declaration of principles, known as the Declaration of Independence. The die was cast. The word was spoken, and found echo in the hearts of all lovers of liberty throughout the world. Of the struggle that ensued no mention need be made.

The Navy, that gallant few, in ill-armed craft, guided by the bold and daring spirits as ever sailed the seas, that litle band of heroes—

> "Who stood to their country's glory fast,
> And nailed her colors to the mast."

Nor of the army, its hardships and privations at Valley Forge, and throughout the seven years of war, and its victorious achievements—nor of the patient virtue and pure patriotism of the people who submitted to want and misery to maintain their soldiers in the field. These have passed into story and into song.

While celebrating the birth of our nation, it is proper and becoming to make mention of its youth and manhood; but to describe its development, which has reached a point far beyond the fondest hopes of the past, were impossible. Let this day and its patriotic impulse, supply the omission.

At manhood, when in full vigor and prosperity, came the great rebellion, ending in the emancipation of the slave. This is not the time, if it shall ever come again, to dwell upon the mournful recollections of that terrible time.

But from the dreadful ordeal—that baptism of blood—we came forth a nation renewed, and have from the titanic conflict, if such were necessary, the evidence of our prowess as a people. There sits here upon the platform before you, one who commanded vast armies in those melancholy days—when the storms of war and the clouds of battle most darkly assailed us—one conspicuous for tactical skill, strategic power—fortitude and true manliness—who

knows the joys of the whirlwind of victory, and the bravery of the foe sometimes victorious, and he, with all men of generous minds, will concede that, in that conflict—the rebels in arms, misguided as they were—still taught lessons of valor to the world. And now reunited as a people—the North victorious generously extends to the South her fostering hand.

A word, as the phrase is, and I'll have done. It is common to greet celebrations of the 4th of July with laughter and derision, to make light of the day and its ceremonials, but the sentiment is wrong, and should be unknown among the people. If, as said the lamented Lincoln, in that most eloquent address delivered at Gettysburg—this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people—if this be true—and it lies at the foundation of all our political beliefs and professions—then it is the duty of each citizen to revive, as returns the anniversary of our independence, its memories and reminiscences; and the day should never, in word or thought, be treated with irreverence or contempt.

We have received a glorious heritage, and should be true to the lofty aims of those who have gone before us. If men in positions of public trust prove recreant to principle; if error and wrong appear, let it be the first duty of every man, acknowledging his personal responsibility as a part of the government, to effect reform and the removal of the evil. Our danger lies, not in the dishonesty, but in the apathy and indifference of the people.

To note the landmarks in our history; to ever aim at the purity of the birth of the nation, is the safeguard of our destiny. To disregard the memories of the past, and those who, by their courage and combination, achieved for us liberty and good government, were to play the thoughtless part of children, who gather shells upon the shore, and throw them one by one away.

Let us then, amid the pleasures and pastimes of this day, renew our vows of loyalty to the nation, and to each other, as a people, and pledge ourselves by the memory of those who saved the fortunes of the State at first, to stand as true citizens by its honor to the last.

THE GLORY, GROWTH AND GREATNESS OF AMERICA.

A SPEECH BY L. M. GODDARD, ESQ.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT LEAVENWORTH, KAN., JULY 4TH, 1876.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Retrospecting the past one hundred years, reviewing the vicissitudes, trials and triumphs of the nation, it is with infinite pride we realize that we are citizens of this, the proudest government on earth. Standing here to-day, in this the one hundredth anniversary of our country's independence, we can contemplate, with just pride, its glory, growth and greatness. Long the sun looks down upon our far extended territory, before he sinks to rest in the ocean which bounds our western domain, casting his last rays upon glittering sands, that golden tints celestial may fall upon terrestrial gold. Everywhere course our arterial rivers, bearing commercial life and activity throughout our land.

Where but a few brief years ago was a wilderness untrod, now "labor with her hundred hands knocks at the golden gates of morning," and the busy marts of trade echo with the ceaseless pæans of American progress and prosperity. Idly our flag floats beneath the skies of the tropics and triumphantly waves in the icy blast of the Polar seas, symbolizing our might and majesty to every land and nation; whilst under the regime of peace, liberty sits smiling on our public hills, joy in our private valleys, justice in our courts, and and mercy on our highways. (After reviewing our privileges, duties and prospects, he closed by saying:)

In reciprocation for these priceless privileges it is our first duty as a nation to free ourselves from vice and inculcate the holy principle of virtue. We should wipe from our national escutcheon every blot of injustice—strike from our statutes every unchristian act. We should reform all the shameful customs that the pagan might of the past has fastened upon us; that licentiousness, intemperance and pauperism may no longer infect and unbraid our civil-

ization; that we may stand with a front of unimpaired holiness and present to the world an example of political perfection. The theory of our government is as near perfection as human wisdom can devise. It is the exemplification of the progress attained through the civilization of all the centuries, and it rests with us to harmonize our customs and conduct with our professions and principles. We attempted, for many years, to harmonize two antagonistic principles, and under the broad ægis of Republican liberty, perpetuated and fostered a relic of despotism, and while flaunting before the world our declaration of principles that "all men were created equal," nourished and legalized the worst phase of human tyranny, until it culminated in the most gigantic civil strife the world ever saw; until it required the sword of justice, wielded, by the gauntleted hand of war to sever the gordian knot that years of peaceful effort would have been unvailing to undo, and with much treasure and many tears, the nation paid the price of its inconsistency and sin. Let us profit by the lessons of the past, and garner the golden sheaves of experience, and enshrining above all else our national integrity, press onward with renewed vigor toward the goal of national perfection, devoting our vast energies to the advancement of liberty, and learning; we shall draw after us the benisons of an enfranchised race, and shape aright the coming centuries, and send forth an influence that will eventually liberalize the world, for such I believe to be the mission of this government, not only to be as among ourselves a free, intelligent and happy people, but to send forth an influence that will prove fatal to imperialism, and by force of example, introduce republicanism as the ultimate and universal form of government. And millions yet unborn will hail with gladness the anniversary of the day, on which the American Republic was born. For it is not ours alone to hymn the seraphic notes of liberty. Each day; each month; each year, will add glad voices to the chorus, and age succeeding age will swell the grand refrain until earth becomes resonant with the hallelujah of freedom.

THE TEMPLE OF NATIONAL LIBERTY.

AN ORATION: BY HON. JOHN I. JACOBS, GOV. OF WEST VIRGINIA.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 4TH, 1876.

After reading the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence the governor said: On this foundation has been erected a temple of National liberty, whose lofty spire is seen from afar by all the Nations of the earth, and whose altar-fires have given life, and light, and freedom to many peoples. A hundred years have passed away—a hundred years of trial, of struggle and of victory; a hundred years signalized by the noblest and grandests achievements of the human race: a century embracing within its folds greater discoveries in physical science, larger inventions for multiplying many times the result of man's labor, and diminishing its weariness and exhaustion, a kindlier sympathy of man for man, a more general intelligence, and a more tolerant spirit in religious matters, than characterized all preceding centuries; a century at the close of which, despite its many evils, despite its crime, vice and corruption, despite the anxieties of foreign wars, and the burdens and horrors of civil strife, we can say without hyperbole, that we are wiser, better, stronger. As a nation in the beginning of the century, we were too proud to submit to insult, but too weak to resent it; at the end of the century, we are too massive in our strength to invite insult, and too just and magnanimous to provoke it. We commence the new century of our national existence at peace with the whole world, great in extent of territory; great in resources, great in arms, and great in the possession of a free government.

The soldiers, heroes, statesmen of revolutionary times are gone, but they still live in the grateful remembrance of a free people,

live to teach us by example and to awaken in us a new love of country.

To commemorate the grandest event in our history, to do honor to the memory of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, and to the gallant spirits who, on land and sea, in the heats of summer and storms of winter, amid penury and privation, enforced it by the valor of their arms, with uplifted hands to swear once more before the altar of our country renewed allegiance to her and the cause of freedom, we, citizens, meet together on this the Centennial Anniversary of our nation's birth.

Throughout all the land to-day the people come together to rejoice and to be glad; the rich, the poor, sweet youth and hoary age, the dwellers by the sea and the toilers from the mountain side; from hill and valley, plain and prairie; from field and farm, vineyard and forest; from city, town and village; from shop and mine, store and wareroom; from office and pulpit, they come. From the shores of the Atlantic the shouts of the people rise and swell with morning air and are borne in the path of the rising sun, across the continent, over mountain and river, and plain, until lost in the roar of the Pacific. The world beholds the sublime spectacle of forty millions of people once again united never to be divided, actuated by a common devotion to their country, with swelling hearts uplifting their voices to welcome this day. All hail our country's natal day! we welcome thee! we greet thee! Great God! Sovereign Ruler of the universe! we thank Thee for our beautiful land, for her bright lakes, her magnificent rivers, her towering mountains, her fertile valleys and her spreading prairies, for the rich products of her soil, her fruits, her flowers and her garnered wealth, for the pleasant homes for her millions of children, for her arts and artisans, her telegraphs and railroads, her temples of worship, her colleges, her schools and school houses, her hospitals and asylums for the feeble and destitute, her government, her laws and her freedom. As the years unfold and centuries come and go, we pray that Thou wilt protect and defend her.

1776 CONTRASTED WITH 1876.

AN ORATION BY HON. C. S. CHASE, MAYOR OF OMAHA.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT OMAHA, NEB., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It was on this day one hundred years ago that our forefathers, at old Liberty Hall, in Philadelphia, pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, that we might to-day be free and independent. To every American, to every citizen, who lives under the old flag—the star-spangled banner—whether born on this or foreign soil, the day we celebrate, possesses features of peculiar and favorable consideration.

It is most natural that our thoughts on this occasion should revert to the days and the people of the Revolution and fasten upon the events peculiar to that period. Then, the colonists so called—the name "United States" was not taken until after Independence was declared—numbered about 3,000,000 of people. Now we have fully 40,000,000. Then the inhabitants were poor and often suffered for want of the necessaries of life—now they are far from want, for the comforts, yea, luxuries of life are within the reach of all. Then thirteen colonies composed the little circle which made up the union—now thirty-eight states—for we now gladly count Colorado—several of them nearly as populous as the entire country then was, are included in the list. Then a sparse settlement along the Atlantic coast included all the white people—now not a valley from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Niagara to the Rio Grande is exempt from the tread of the legitimate white settler. Then a few towns, the largest New York, but little larger than our own city is now, contained all our commerce, now we have cities with over a million of people, and our commerce whitens every ocean with its sails. Then the total business capital of our country was

less than that of individual merchants to-day. Then and for fifty years after, not a steam whistle was heard in the land, while to-day tens of thousands of these clarion-tongued harbingers of peace and plenty send forth their bugle notes in token of the power which drives the world. Then the dreaded lightning flashed along the clouded heavens untamed as the whirlwind; now that same flash, familiar as a friend, greets word with word and thought with thought, in the twinkling of an eye around the world. Then to transfer a likeness of the human face to canvas required weeks if not months, now it is done as quick as thought. In all the industrial departments, too, the same progress has been made. The old scythe with its crooked snath, two nibs, and one man power has given way to the chariot mower, with its hundred scythes, and four horse power. The hoe is superseded by the seed drill and cultivator; the old plodding plow by the steam furrow; the needle by the sewing machine; the hand weaver by the power loom; the old spinning wheel by the steam jenny; the human finger by the cotton gin; the Franklin press, with its 200 impressions on one side per hour, by the Bullock steam press with its 20,000 sheets printed on both sides, per hour; the mail boy by the steam engine; the fire place, brick oven, pot hook, trammel, crane and three legged kettle by the cooking range; the old stage coach by the Pullman palace car; the dirt road by the steel track; the bucket by the steam fire engine, and so on to the end, or rather, no end of the chapter.

One hundred years ago the United Colonies of America only extended their domain from the Atlantic to the Mississippi river. All west of that line, including this vast Missouri valley, belonged to Spain, and so did Florida. In 1800, Spain ceded the Missouri valley to France, and in 1803, France sold the same to the United States for $15,000,000—the so-called "Louisiana purchase." Only about seventy years ago, then—it may be within the memory of men now before me—was this magnificent valley in which we to-day celebrate, first explored by white men. At that period Lewis and Clark, who were sent out for that purpose by President Jefferson in 1804, travelled up the Missouri to its source and also to the head-waters of the Columbia. In fact, one hundred years ago the Alleghany mountains were, practically, the western boundary

of the new Union, and but for the adventurous war spirit of George Rogers Clark, a Kentuckian of the truest type, among the Indians west of these mountains, such might have remained the boundary for many years thereafter, and the settlement of the great west have been thereby greatly retarded.

And what of the events of to-day. Towards the chief one all eyes are turned. To-day at Philadelphia is gathered an immense multitude—a national representation of the people of the United States—there witnessing, at the great centre of all the celebrations of the centennial anniversary of American Independence, the grandest display of patriotism, and listening to the most eloquent utterances of patriotic sentiment the world ever saw or heard. From that great heart-centre, run in every direction over this land, to-day, those telegraphic arteries of human thought, through which flows the nation's life blood—each one of which is throbbing with noblest impulses of human liberty and self government.

Nor must we overlook the significant fact that at the same time the centennial exposition is there open, and that there, in peace and unity, are gathered the representatives of nearly all the nations of the globe vying with the Great Republic in the exhibition of their industrial products and their attainments in the arts and sciences.

Not a city, town, hamlet, or village in all the broad land but is showing in some way, and to some extent, more or less conspicuous, signs that a great national event is transpiring, and the ten thousand cheers, which every moment are ascending, witness that the event is joyous and inspiring.

Here, in our own goodly city, are gathered true patriots, patriots who, without regard to their place of birth or early teachings, without regard to their former predilections, now join as one man in commemoration of that event which had its origin in that liberty-loving patriotic element which is found in the mind of every man, no matter where born or how taught, that element which spoke its natural language when it uttered the declaration of American independence one hundred years ago. The grandeur of that event and its results cannot be overestimated. The earnest prayer of the three millions of people who composed the sparsely settled population of this country at that time, has been more, much more

than fully answered, and by the all-powerful aid of Him who rules the universe and governs the nations—the God of battles—this people have passed through all the trials incident to national childhood and youth, and now triumphantly fling their banner to the breeze of free thought, free speech, free schools and free men, in the confidence of the full stature of complete and perfect manhood.

The principle upon which our national constitution is founded—love of liberty—is one of the noblest impulses of man's nature, nor does the desire and capacity for united self-government belong alone to the human species. From the insect kingdom upward to the highest type of the human race, the higher the ascending scale, the more conspicuous this liberty loving, self-governing principle becomes. It has from remotest times shown itself, and, at several of the earlier periods of the history of the human race, it overcame all other forms of government and established itself upon apparently firm footing. Such was the case with Greece and with Rome, centuries before the Christian era. Greece celebrated her third centennial anniversary of independence and Rome her fourth. The fall of those ancient republics affords us a lesson worthy of study. The former fell, not from lack of unity—her sons stood side by side at Marathon and Thermopylæ—but from over-indulgence in those luxuries which wealth and power naturally beget, coupled with the love of adventurous war, while the latter could not survive the jealousies of rival political factions and consequent internecine strife. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns did not destroy her; she destroyed herself. In art, in science, in literature, and in architecture, the splendor of these ancient republics far surpassed those of modern times, and their sad fall admonishes us of these United States that our stability as a republic does not depend so much upon our so-called patriotism, nor upon our material wealth or intellectual greatness as upon the strict integrity, the unflinching honesty of our office-holders, our public men. To-day we are powerful, and boast of national prowess and invincibility. To-morrow our country may shake from its centre to its circumference, through the dishonesty or treachery of its chosen rulers. Over the ancient republics we have, however, apparently one great advantage, and that is the general dissemination of knowledge among the masses by means of our free schools. But even this may not save our

nation, and, most assuredly, it will not without uprightness of administration. In our strength may lie our weakness. How oft the proud have fallen, and how great the fall! To-day,

> "Where is Rome?
> She lives but in the tale of other times;
> Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
> And her long colonnades, her public walks,
> Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
> Who comes to muse in solitude and trace
> Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honored dust."

Italy—liberty-loving, liberty-deserving Italy—still fails to achieve independence. The struggles of Genoa and Venice availed not. There are to-day but three surviving republics in the old world which attract attention—Switzerland, Liberia and France. Switzerland—I had almost said, ancient Switzerland, so long has that little people, safe in their mountain fastnesses, strong in their weakness, maintained its integrity of free government, worthy descendants of William Tell, long may the continued respect of all nations leave you the full and free enjoyment of your rock-bound home. Liberia promises stability, and is an honor to her rulers. And what shall we say of France—France, the foster mother of polite literature, art and science? To-day she again stands up a republic, and an apparent majority of her people are in favor of self-government. Her stronghold, like ours, is in her system of public education, a system sustained by the government through its appointed cabinet officer, the minister of education. We will join in earnest hopes that France may in due time celebrate her centennial, as we now do. She is our natural ally and friend. She sent us a Lafayette, the compeer of our own Washington, and to-day several of her most promising republicans, including such men as Laboulaye, Oscar de LaFayette, Marquis de Rochambeau, Henri Martin, de Tocqueville and Waddington, are designing and constructing as a token of friendship, to be placed upon our soil, an immense, colossal statue representing Liberty enlightening the world, and at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Its erection upon Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, the place selected, will be a worthy manifestation of the good-will of France towards America—a good-will fully reciprocated. Not

forgetting that other foreign nations aided us in achieving our independence—that Germany sent us a Steuben to teach our men the art of arms, and a DeKalb, who fell pierced by eleven wounds at the battle of Camden; that Poland gave us Kosciusko and Pulaski—and other nations sent us also brave men, we must leave the old world. All the struggles for liberty there, whenever and wherever made, whether in Germany, the land of the brave; in Ireland, the home of the daring; in Poland, Italy, Greece, Hungary or elsewhere, are worthy of success, but they are made against well-defined opposition and fearful odds.

To-day the United States of America stands, the most powerful, the most respected, and the most patriotic nation on the face of the globe, able at one and the same time to conquer its enemies from abroad and to keep peace among its people at home. The old emblem of freedom, yonder stars and stripes, speaks to every nation a language all its own. It tells of liberty, equality, and fraternity—it represents bright events in the past and glows with radiant hopes of a triumphant future. Events, the mention of which stirs up a well spring of patriotism in every American heart, hopes, that a nation of citizens, like those I see before me, will not disappoint.

Great as our nation has become, as a government it has not in that regard excelled its advancement in those departments, which mark and encourage individual greatness. Agriculture, trade, commerce, manufacture, the arts, science, and education of the masses, have all kept pace with the liberty-loving, liberty-sustaining spirit of our people; while among our great historical events the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln stands boldly out as one of the proudest and noblest. Each one, and all these results, are the natural, the almost spontaneous outgrowth of those sentiments which so fortunately led our ancestors to declare themselves and their posterity free and independent.

To you my countrymen and countrywomen; to you, who to-day are assembled a worthy representation of the patriotic citizens of this union; to you and to those in this broad land who like you, and with you, rejoice that they live under a free government, was bequeathed an invaluable legacy by the immortal sons of seventy-six. Thus far, guided by the Great Author of human liberty, we

have travelled safely on our way in the fate of freedom. The toils we have endured, the obstacles we have overcome, and the lives which have been sacrificed, both to achieve and to preserve the old union, serve but to render it all the nearer and dearer to us.

By every act, then, let us encourage and promote the true principles of the government. Let the love of Liberty hereafter, as heretofore, be dearer than love of life. Let it be our highest aim to promote and uphold everywhere, in those whom we choose to man the old Ship of State, from the cabin boy up to the captain, a spirit of strict honesty—to purify the ballot box, and perfect the ballot, and 1976 shall be emblazoned on the radiant banners of a still free and independent people. Then the citizens of Omaha who stand where we stand to-day, to celebrate the second centennial will represent a city counting its inhabitants by the hundred thousand—a virtuous and exalted community living under and enjoying all the institutions of a model republic.

Then too, other nations in the old world, with confidence in our example will have developed into powerful republics; and in this new world, other republics shall have been established, and, if it shall have become necessary for the safety of our government, other territory shall have been annexed, and it may be, a hundred States shall consult together in the halls of our National Congress, and be represented on the old war-scarred banner by a hundred stars spangled on its field of blue; basking then, as we do to-day, in the bright sunlight of civil and religious liberty.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE CHIEFS OF THE OTOE NATION.

AN ADDRESS BY HON. R. J. TOMLIN, MAYOR OF NEBRASKA CITY, NEV.

JULY 4TH, 1876.

It is with pleasure I extend to you a hearty welcome to our city, and trust your visit on this, the one hundredth anniversary of our American Independence, will be as pleasant and agreeable to you, as it is to our people. We have been highly gratified to have you meet with us, and I assure you that your presence has been the means of attracting thousands of persons here—to see for themselves the former occupants of this land—the best and most productive of any portion of these United States.

You have already expressed surprise at the rapid development of the soil, and the magnificent farms, orchards, towns and cities that adorn our beautiful domain—where but a few years since roamed the wild beasts of the forest. These improvements, my friends, I assure you have been obtained—only, by the hardy yeomanry of those whom you meet on our streets, in the shop, in the fields and elsewhere, when labor is necessary to make a rich and prosperous people.

And I am glad, and so are your brethren here, to learn that you have good men who are looking after your interests that will ultimately result to your benefit.

Again allow me to welcome you among your many friends, and hope that the friendly relations that have existed so long between us, may continue in the future.

RESPONSIVE ADDRESS.

BY BIG SOLDIER, JR., CHIEF OF THE OTOE NATION.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF NEBRASKA CITY, NEV., JULY 4TH, 1876.

My friends we are glad to meet our friends again. We have been pleasantly entertained by you and it gives us much pleasure to see our white brethren in so prosperous a condition. We shall return to tell how well you have entertained us, and they will be well pleased to hear from you.

FREEDOM'S GRAND REVIEW.

AN ORATION BY HON. C. E. DELONG.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT GOLD HILL, NEV., JULY 4, 1876.

Mr. President and Countrymen: I beg you to realize the grandeur of this moment of time. Centuries clasp hands in our immediate presence. Time seals at this holy moment, as an accomplished fact, the grand experiment of our fathers. We, who have carried in security the ark of the covenant of our father's faith above the reach of the mad waves of foreign intrigue and domestic commotion down to the eternal shores of the irrevocable past, now press with our pioneer footsteps the golden coasts of a new century of time. God, in His loving kindness, has reserved for us this sublime and delightful honor. Time now stretches forth his hand to reverse the glass and shift the sands of centuries, and at this moment our gaze rests upon the beauteous dreamland of the future, radiant with the rainbow hues of peaceful promise; and behind us stretches far away the grand highway of our national progress. It winds amidst sweet valleys and by silvery streams, each step of its course honored by the deeds of heroes and sanctified by the graves of martyrs. At its commencement point still gleams the beacon of our faith, flashing from the turret of the Temple of Truth. In the soft light of their glow we behold the lilies of enduring love nodding in sweet holiness by the last resting place of the just, and hiding with their merciful shadows the graves of the erring. Fame sounds her wildest trump of joy to-day, Hope spreads her proudest banners on the sky, and Faith inscribes anew thereon the maxims of Liberty:

"Man is capable of all self-government—

"All men by nature are born free and equal."

My countrymen, that we may fully appreciate the triumphs of the present, let us indulge in a brief review of the past.

One hundred years ago this day, in old Independence Hall at Philadelphia, the Convention was about concluding its labors. That Convention had met to discuss the rights of man, and frame the argument and appeal of the oppressed. It had met in defiance of gathering armies and circling fleets, bearing the vengeance of the most powerful despot on earth. It deliberated amidst the storms of menace hurled by the haughtiest Power on earth; it sat in the fearful shadow of the forest of gibbets; the Convention now awaits the report of its Special Committee of Three; the tall form of John Hancock fills the chair; over his head is spread a banner upon whose union glisten the rays of thirteen feeble stars. That banner is scarcely one year old. It was born a brief twelve months ago amidst the smoke, carnage and death of Bunker Hill. It as yet is unknown to the world. My countrymen, that banner was the infant flag of the free.

Presently the Committee enters and all is attention. At their head walks the Chairman, bearing in his hand the parchment upon which is written their report—the ink is not yet dry. That man is Thomas Jefferson, the sage of Monticello. That report is the grand old Declaration of Independence—to the splendid rendition of which you have listened this day—embodying the logic of Liberty, which our gallant ancestors with their flaming swords wrote in letters of fire upon the tablets of enduring time.

With Jefferson advances his associate members, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. What other cause had arrayed as its champion such a trio of intellectual giants? All is silence and awe in that chamber as the reading of the report commences. Its extreme boldness excites the fears of some, but as its silvery logic and golden truth distils drop by drop into the heart of each listener, conviction follows. Then comes the rush to sign, and fifty-six men, the fathers of our faith, pledge to each other and to Freedom their lives and sacred honors.

Thus was Liberty born.

Men trembled; but angels, divining the purposes of God, caught up the holy messengers of sound and bore them through the spheres. That music, circling this earth, coursing through the arches of heaven, returns to us to-day in the grand chorus of rejoicing millions now swelling upon the air. Behold the scene at

Philadelphia to-day. In that same old hall the Chief Magistrate of a free people holds a Republican Court. Sovereigns, princes, the representatives of all nations of the earth there do homage to our nation. Millions of flags flash in triumph; thousands of cannons roar their joy, and America's millions chant the jubilee of praise. The gibbet's shadow and the menace have sunk into oblivion with the Tyrant. The old State House now outranks the Palace of the Georges. Close beside this hall rises a lofty palace; its dome is lifted up as if to meet the smiles of heaven half way from the skies. This is the Cradle of Liberty grown into the grand proportions of a Temple of the Free. Liberty here holds court. Art, Genius, Peace, Beauty and Power are her aids. No note of alarm fills the air; no pulse beats with fear or heart sinks in doubt. Here gather the representatives of every people in the world, bearing their priceless burthens to spread at Liberty's feet. Behold them vie with her own children to weave the choicest garland for her triumph. Such are the glories of this hour. Contrast the two pictures, and from the most profound depths of your natures and your hearts return praise for these blessings to that Almighty God who in His own good time thus always vindicates the right and overcomes the wrong.

Mr. President, man has ever cherished the fond belief that the sacrament of death dissolves none of the attributes of the soul; that the love which thrills his being here, for principles and persons, also imbues his spiritual existence. Believing this, the sweet hope follows that the ordinances of a merciful God permit the departed one, whose angel feet tread the emerald fields of Paradise, to watch over his earthly loves and joy with them in their joys.

If this dream be true, in this proud hour, when Freedom holds her grand review, upon the alabaster battlements of heaven stand the host of sages and martyrs, who, upon earth, braved and suffered to elevate mankind. Behold the immortal Washington, sage of Mt. Vernon, leading by the hand the martyred Lincoln—Father and Saviour of a common country. The Sage of Monticello, with his folded arms, and towering brow, his pen of fire; he, who dying, craved no other boon than that above his grave should be inscribed "Here lies the author of the Declaration of Independence." There is Henry of Virginia; he who startled a world with his loud cry, "Give

me liberty or give me death. That cry yet rings down the aisles of a century as pure and clear as when uttered in the House of Burgesses of Virginia. There is Franklin, King of the Lightning, philosopher and statesman. He, who in plain Quaker garb, stood in the presence of the proudest sovereign and the haughtiest aristocracy of the world, charming and convincing all with his eloquent appeal in behalf of Freedom. There is the boyish form of Lafayette, as he bounded from the case of a court and the dalliances of a bride to the gloom and terrors of Valley Forge. Bold Rupert of Liberty! what joy for thee does this day hold, for not only America, but also France is free. There is Allen, bold Green mountain boy, as he looked when he leapt Ticonderoga's battlements and demanded its surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress. And Stark, with the light of battle in his eyes, as when at Bennington he declared that that day victory should be his or Molly Stark should be a widow. And Morgan, with his iron-nerved riflemen—the men of Quebec, Saratoga and Cowpens. Pulaski, as he charged at Brandywine to rescue Washington, and as he looked, folded in the arms of death before the gates of Savannah. Montgomery, hero of Quebec—he who in the darkness of the night, amidst the driving snows and hurtling cannon shot, poured out the libations of his noble heart in the cause of Liberty, cradled in the arms of Aaron Burr. See the gallant Cowboys of the Hudson—Williams, Paulding and Van Wart—whose rugged honesty ill-fated André's gold nor promise could not overcome. And there is Mad Anthony as he charged at Germantown and at Stony Point, and Putnam, Knox, Lee, Pickens, Sumpter, Marion, Green, Gates, and all the countless throng of sages and heroes of the Revolution, and with them stands the Murat of the battle-field, Arnold—aye, Benedict Arnold. Death has sanctified his life—God reverses Man's judgment; the shadows of a century have forever hidden his faults. We can only see him now as the first to spring to Freedom's side; as he appeared when he led his troops through the forests of Maine and Canada; as he appeared on that winter night when planning the assault with Montgomery, or, when lying shattered and wounded, he implored the faithful and gallant Morgan to leave him to his fate; or as at Champlain, when he sank with his burning fleet beneath the wave

rather than leave any trophy of victory for the enemy; or as at Saratoga, when the day seemingly was lost, he, like a meteor, alone, without authority or any command, summoned the army to follow him and led their way to victory. Standing there, our fathers behold the fair daughters and brave sons of Liberty sporting in the bright valleys that border the river where flow unvexed the sweet waters of Peace. Whilst Europe trembles and grows pale, with war's affright here Peace stands at the helm, and hope and glory fill our sails. This land, the asylum for the oppressed of all the earth, draws to it representative intellect, genius and blood from every nation, and fusing all, gives to us as a nation the engrossed intelligence, endurance and physique of them all. As the fruits of civil, religious and political liberty, they behold our institutions of learning, and particularly the free schools, pouring yearly into the wondering lap of the world legions of men with cultured intellects, all disciples of the faith that man is capable of self-government, and that all men by nature are born free and equal. These legions form the nucleus that in time of peace chain the elements, outstrip time, bridge space and whirl the myriad wheels of industry; and, in time of war, with every successive effort plant higher and still higher the emblem of the free. They behold the Christian Church, the Jewish Synagogue, the Moslem and Pagan Temple, and the Lyceum for Free Thought, all rise side by side. The myriads of their devotees mingling their currents without a menace or a scowl of hate, proclaim conscience free. They behold the thirteen feeble stars grown into a vast constellation, each an empire in itself, yet revolving around a common center, bound and attracted thereto by the unseen bonds of constitutional law. That flag which they gave to Liberty in the carnage, smoke and death of rebellion, has grown into the recognized insignia of Freedom throughout the world. No nation is so distant or so powerful that it does not there hold its honored place; no ocean that does not mirror it; no desert or mountain land that has not been lighted by its smile. It waves in sovereignty over Alaskan glaciers and amid the leafy bannerets of the tropical everglades it greets the rising sun from amid the towering forests of the Kennebec and waves him good night from the pearly shores of the Pacific; and now, unstained by dishonor, unsullied by defeat, it flashes back to heaven the triumphs of a century.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

BY GOV. JOHN L. ROUTT.

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT DENVER, COL., JULY 4TH, 1876.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—One century ago the founders of our Republic enunciated the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence, and as each anniversary of that day has been sacredly observed with appropriate ceremonies, so we, in common with millions of our fellow citizens throughout the length and breadth of the land, have assembled to commemorate the Centennial of this Republic. It is almost beyond the power of language fittingly to describe the difference between America one hundred years ago and this present grand commonwealth of States, of which our own Colorada is the thirty-eighth. Then, a few feeble colonies, without money, army, or munitions of war, without, too, the support of any other people, aroused to desperation by the oppression and tyranny of the mother country, resolved to throw off the yoke of bondage and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which, as they declared, the laws of nature and nature's God entitled them. Every schoolboy knows the history of that struggle with the proudest and most powerful nation on the globe, which, after a seven years' conflict, was forced to acknowledge the States of America as free and independent. It is not for me to trace the events of these intervening years; that must be left to our historian, but I desire to congratulate you, my fellow citizens upon what has been accomplished, and especially that we, the people of Colorado, can add one more star to the galaxy which now flashes forth from the azure field of the grand old flag. We may well be proud; proud of our country, proud of our State, proud of our citizens; their intelligence, energy, integrity and genius; but with our pride there should come swelling up from grateful hearts, adoration, thanksgiving and praise to the God of nations, who has made us what we are. That I may not occupy too much time allotted to this day's exercises, permit me, in behalf of the good people of Denver, to welcome one and all, stranger and citizen, and to cordially invite your participation in the observances of our memorial day, hoping that it will prove not only pleasant but also profitable, and a day long to be remembered.

WELCOME TO THE GUESTS OF THE NATION.

BY HON. CHESTER A. ARTHUR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

DELIVERED AT YORKTOWN, OCTOBER 19, 1882.

Upon this soil one hundred years ago our forefathers brought to a successful issue their heroic struggle for independence. Here and then was established, and as we trust made secure upon this continent for ages yet to come, that principle of government which is the very fibre of our political system, the sovereignty of the people. The resentments which attended, and for a time survived, the clash of arms have long since ceased to animate our hearts. It is with no feeling of exultation over a defeated foe that to-day we summon up a remembrance of those events which have made holy the ground whereon we tread; yet it is fitting that we should gather here to refresh our souls with the contemplation of the unfaltering patriotism, the sturdy zeal and the sublime faith which achieved the results we now commemorate. For so, if we learn aright the lesson of the hour, shall we be incited to transmit to the generation which shall follow the precious legacy which our fathers left to us—the love of liberty, protected by law. Of that historic scene which we here celebrate no feature is more prominent and none more touching than the participation of our gallant allies from across the sea. It was their presence which gave fresh and vigorous impulse to the hopes of our countrymen when well nigh disheartened by a long series of disasters, and made the capitulation at Yorktown possible a century ago. To their descendants and representatives who are here present as the honored guests of the nation it is my glad duty to offer cordial welcome. You have a right to share with us the associations which cluster about the day when your fathers fought side by side with our fathers in the cause which was here crowned with success, and none of the memories awakened by this anniversary are more grateful to us all than the reflection that the national friendships here so closely cemented have outlasted the mutations of a changeful century. God grant, my countrymen, that they may ever remain unshaken, and that ever henceforth, with ourselves and with all the nations of the earth, we may be at peace.

THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

A CENTENNIAL ORATION DELIVERED BY HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

AT YORKTOWN, VA., OCT. 19, 1881.

Mr. President, and

Fellow-Citizens of the United States:—

I am profoundly sensible of the honor of being called to take so distinguished a part in this great Commemoration, and most deeply grateful to those who have thought me worthy of such an honor. But it was no affectation, when, in accepting the invitation of the Joint Committee of Congress, I replied that I was sincerely conscious of my own insufficiency for so high a service. And if I felt, as I could not fail to feel, a painful sense of inadequacy at that moment, when the service was still a great way off, how much more must I be oppressed and overwhelmed by it now, in the immediate presence of the occasion! As I look back to the men with whom I have been associated in my own Commonwealth,—Choate, Everett, Webster, to name no others,—I may well feel that I am here only by the accident of survival.

But I cannot forget that I stand on the soil of Virginia,—a State which, of all others in our Union, has never needed to borrow an orator for any occasion, however important or exacting. Her George Mason and Thomas Jefferson, her James Madison and John Marshall, were destined, it is true, to render themselves immortal by their pens, rather than by their tongues. The pens which drafted the Virginia Bill of Rights, the Declaration of American Independence, and so much of the text, the history, the vindication and the true construction of the American Constitution, need fear comparison with none which have ever been the implements of human thought and language. But from her peerless Patrick Henry, through the long succession of statesmen and patriots who have illustrated her

annals, down to the recent day of her Rives, her McDowell, and her Grigsby,—all of whom I have been privileged to count among my personal friends,—Virginia has had orators enough for every emergency, at the Capitol or at home. She has them still. And yet I hazard nothing in saying that the foremost of them all would have agreed with me, at this hour, that the theme and the theatre are above the reach of the highest art ; and would be heard exclaiming with me, in the words of a great Roman poet,—"Unde ingenium par materiæ?"—Whence, whence, shall come a faculty equal to the subject? For myself, I turn humbly and reverently to the only Source from which such inspiration can be invoked !

Certainly, Fellow-Citizens, had I felt at liberty to regard the invitation as any mere personal compliment,—supremely as I should have prized it,—I might have hesitated about accepting it much longer than I did hesitate. But when I reflected on it as at least including a compliment to the old Commonwealth of which I am a loyal son,—when I reflected that my performance of such a service might help, in ever so slight a degree, to bring back Virginia and Massachusetts, even for a day—Would that it might be forever !—into those old relations of mutual amity and good nature and affection which existed in the days of our Fathers, and without which there could have been no surrender here at Yorktown to be commemorated,—no Union, no Independence, no Constitution, —I could not find it in my heart for an instant to decline the call. Never, never could I shrink from any service, however arduous, or however perilous to my own reputation, which might haply add a single new link, or even strengthen and brighten an old link, in that chain of love, which it has been the prayer of my life might bind together in peace and good will, in all time to come, not only New England and the Old Dominion, but the whole North and the whole South, for the best welfare of our common Country, and for the best interests of Liberty throughout the world !

Not the less, however, have I come here to-day in faint hope of being able to meet the expectations and demands of the occasion. For, indeed, there are occasions which no man can

fully meet, either to the satisfaction of others or of himself ;—occasions which seem to scorn and defy all utterance of human lips ; whose complicated emotions and incidents cannot be compressed within the little compass of a discourse ; whose far-reaching relations and world-wide influences refuse to be narrowed and condensed into any formal sentences or paragraphs or pages ;—occasions when the booming cannon, the rolling drum, the swelling trumpet, the cheers of multitudes, and the solemn Te Deums of churches and cathedrals, afford the only adequate expression of the feelings, which their mere contemplation, even at the end of a century, cannot fail to kindle.

Yet, if it be not in me,—at an age which might fairly have exempted me altogether from such an effort,—to do full justice to the grand assembly and the grander topics before me, —it, certainly, is in me, my friends, to breathe out from a full heart the congratulations which belong to this hour; to recall briefly some of the momentous incidents we are here to commemorate ; to sketch rapidly some of the great scenes which gave such imperishable glory to yonder Bay and River, and their historic banks; to name with honor a few, at least, of the illustrious men connected with those scenes ; and above all, and before all, to give some feeble voice to the gratitude which must swell and fill and overflow every American breast to-day, toward that generous and gallant Nation across the sea—represented here at this moment by so many distinguished sons, of so many endeared and illustrious names,—which helped us, so signally and so decisively, at the most critical point of our struggle, in vindicating our rights and liberties, and in achieving our national Independence.

Yes, it is mine, — and somewhat peculiarly mine, perhaps, notwithstanding the presence of the official representatives of my native State, — to bear the greetings of Plymouth Rock to Jamestown ; of Bunker Hill to Yorktown ; of Boston, recovered from the British forces in '76, to Mount Vernon, the home in life and death of her illustrious Deliverer ; and there is no office, within the gift of Congresses, Presidents, or People, which I could discharge more cordially and fervently. And

may I not hope, — as one who is proud to feel coursing in his veins the Huguenot blood of a Massachusetts patriot, who enjoyed the most affectionate relations with the young Lafayette, when he first led the way to our assistance ; — as one, too, who has personally felt the warm pressure of his own hand, and received a benediction from his own lips, under a father and a mother's roof, nearly threescore years ago, when he was the guest of the nation ; — and, let me add, as an old presiding officer in that representative chamber at the Capitol, where, side by side with that of Washington,—its only fit companion-piece,—the admirable full-length portrait of the Marquis, the work and the gift of his friend Ary Scheffer, was so long a daily and hourly feast for my eyes and inspiration for my efforts ; — may I not hope, that I shall not be regarded as a wholly unfit or inappropriate organ of that profound sense of obligation and indebtedness to Lafayette, to Rochambeau, to De Grasse, and to France, which is felt and cherished by us all at this hour ?

For, indeed, Fellow-Citizens, our earliest and our latest acknowledgments are due this day to France, for the inestimable services which gave us the crowning victory of the 19th of October, 1781. It matters not for us to speculate now, whether American Independence might not have been ultimately achieved without her aid. It matters not for us to calculate or conjecture how soon, or when, or under what circumstances, that grand result might have been accomplished. We all know that, God willing, such a consummation was as certain in the end as to-morrow's sunrise, and that no earthly potentates or powers, single or conjoined, could have carried us back into a permanent condition of colonial dependence and subjugation. From the first blood shed at Lexington and Concord, from the first battle at Bunker Hill, Great Britain had lost her American Colonies, and their established and recognized independence was only a question of time. Even the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, — the only American battle included by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," of which he says that "no military event can be said to have exercised a more im-

portant influence on the future fortunes of mankind," and of which the late Lord Stanhope had said that this surrender "had not merely changed the relation of England and the feelings of Europe towards these insurgent colonies, but had modified for all times to come, the connection between every Colony and every parent State,"— even this most memorable surrender gave only a new assurance of a foregone conclusion, only hastened the march of events to a predestined issue. That march for us was to be ever onward until the goal was reached. However slow or difficult it might prove to be, at one time or at another time, the motto and the spirit of John Hampden were in the minds, and hearts, and wills, of all our American patriots — "Nulla vestigia retrorsum" — No footsteps backward.

Nor need we be too curious to inquire, to-day, into any special inducements which France may have had to intervene thus nobly in our behalf, or into any special influences under which her King, and Court, and People, resolved at last to undertake the intervention. We may not forget, indeed, that our own Franklin, the great Bostonian, had long been one of the American Commissioners in Paris, and that the fame of his genius, the skill and adroitness of his negotiations, and the magnetism of his personal character and presence, were no secondary or subordinate elements in the results which were accomplished. As was well said of him by a French historian, "His virtues and his renown negotiated for him ; and, before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin." The Treaty of Commerce and the Treaty of Alliance were both eminently Franklin's work, and both were signed by him as early as the 6th of February, 1778. His name and his services are thus never to be omitted or overlooked in connection with the great debt which we owe to France, and which we so gratefully commemorate on this occasion.

But signal as his services were, Franklin cannot be named as standing first in this connection. Nearly two years before his Treaties were negotiated and signed, a step had been taken

by another than Franklin, which led, directly and indirectly, to all that followed. The young LAFAYETTE, then but nineteen years of age, a captain of the French dragoons, stationed at Metz, at a dinner given by the commandant of the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III., happened to hear the tidings of our Declaration of Independence, which had reached the Duke that very morning from London. It formed the subject of animated and excited conversation, in which the enthusiastic young soldier took part. And before he had left the table, an inextinguishable spark had been struck and kindled in his breast, and his whole heart was on fire in the cause of American liberty. Regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, of the Ministry, and of the King himself, in spite of every discouragement and obstacle, he soon tears himself away from a young and lovely wife, leaps on board a vessel which he had provided for himself, braves the perils of a voyage across the Atlantic, then swarming with cruisers, reaches Philadelphia by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and so wins at once the regard and confidence of the Continental Congress, by his avowed desire to risk his life in our service, at his own expense, without pay or allowance of any sort, that on the 31st of July, 1777, before he was yet quite twenty years of age, he was commissioned a Major-General of the Army of the United States.

It is hardly too much to say, that from that dinner at Metz, and that 31st day of July in Philadelphia, may be dated the train of influences and events which culminated, four years afterwards, in the surrender of Cornwallis to the Allied Forces of America and France. Presented to our great Virginian commander-in-chief, a few days only after his commission was voted by Congress, an intimacy, a friendship, an affection, grew up between them almost at sight, which might well-nigh recall the classical loves of Achilles and Patroclus, or of Æneas and Achates. Invited to become a member of his military family, and treated with the tenderness of a son, Lafayette is henceforth to be not only the beloved and trusted associate of Washington, but a living tie between his native and his almost adopted country. Returning to France in January,

1779, after eighteen months of brave and valuable service here,—during which he had been wounded at Brandywine, had exhibited signal gallantry and skill while an indignant witness of Charles Lee's disgraceful, if not treacherous, misconduct at Monmouth, and had received the thanks of Congress for important services in Rhode Island,—he was now in the way of appealing personally to the French Ministry to send an army and a fleet to our assistance. He did appeal; and the zeal and force of his arguments at length prevailed. Beaumarchais had already done something for us in the way of money; and the amiable and well-meaning Count D'Estaing, at one time a protégé of Voltaire, had, indeed, already made efforts in our behalf with twelve ships of the line and three frigates. Poor Marie Antoinette must not be forgotten as having prompted and procured that assistance. D'Estaing, however, owing in part to the want of wise counsel and co-operation, had accomplished little or nothing for us, and had left our shores to die at last by the guillotine. But now, by the advice and persuasion of Lafayette, the army of Rochambeau, and afterwards the powerful fleet of the Count de Grasse, are to be sent over to join us; and the young Marquis, to whom alone the decision of the King was first communicated as a state secret, hastens back with eager joy to announce the glad tidings to Washington, and to arrange with him for the reception and employment of the auxiliary forces.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, 1780, a squadron of ten ships of war, under the unfortunate Admiral de Ternay, brings Rochambeau with six thousand French troops into the harbor of Newport, with instructions "to act under Washington and live with the Americans as their brethren;" and the American officers are forthwith desired by Washington, in general orders, "to wear white and black cockades as a symbol of affection for their Allies."

Nearly a full year, however, was to elapse before the rich fruits of that alliance were to be developed,—a year of the greatest discouragement and gloom for the American cause. The gallant but vainglorious Gates, whose head had been turned by his success at Saratoga, had now failed disastrously

at Camden; and Cornwallis, elated by having vanquished the conqueror of Burgoyne, was instituting a campaign of terror in the Carolinas, with Tarleton and the young Lord Rawdon as the ministers of his rigorous severities, and was counting confidently on the speedy reduction of all the Southern Colonies. Our siege of Savannah had failed to recover it from the British. Charleston, too, had been forced to capitulate to Clinton. Not the steady conduct and courage of Lincoln; not the resolute endurance and heroism of Greene, the great commander of the Southern Department; not the skilful strategy of Lafayette himself in foiling Cornwallis at so many turns, and leading him into countless perplexities and pitfalls; not all the chivalry of Sumter and Marion and Pickens; not the noble and generous conduct of his own Virginia, exposing and almost sacrificing herself for the relief and rescue of her Southern sisters; not even our well-won victories at King's Mountain under Campbell and Shelby, and at the Cowpens under the glorious Morgan,—could keep Washington from being disheartened and despondent in looking for any early termination of the cares and responsibilities which weighed upon him so heavily.

The war on our side seemed languishing. The sinews of war were slowly and insufficiently supplied. All the untiring energy and practical wisdom and patriotic self-sacrifice of Robert Morris, the great Financier of the Revolution, without whom the campaign of 1781 could not have been carried along, hardly sufficed to keep our soldiers in food and clothing. Discontents were gathering and growing in the Army, and even its entire dissolution began to be seriously apprehended. A provision that all enlistments should be made to the end of the war, and entitling all officers, who should continue in service to that time, to half-pay for life, did much, for the moment, to reanimate the recruiting system and give new spirits and confidence to the officers. But it was soon found that, in many of the States, enlistments could only be effected for short terms; while the half-pay for life was rendered odious to the people, and, before the war was over, had become the subject of a commutation, which to this hour has

been but partially fulfilled, and which calls loudly, even amid these Centennial rejoicings, for equitable consideration and adjustment. The Confederation which was to unite the strength, wealth, and wisdom of all the Colonies "in a perpetual Union," which had been signed by so many of them three years before, and which now, on the 1st of March, 1781, has just received the tardy signature of the last of them, is but miserably fulfilling its promise. Arsenals and magazines, field equipage and means of transportation, and, above all, both men and money, are lamentably wanting for any vigorous offensive campaign. "Scarce any one of the States," says Bancroft, "had as yet sent an eighth part of its quota into the field," and there was no power in the Confederate Congress to enforce its requisitions. In vain did the young Alexander Hamilton, at only twenty-three years of age, with a precocity which has no parallel but that of the younger Pitt, pour out lessons of political and financial wisdom from the camp, in which he is soon to display such conspicuous valor, arraigning the Confederation as "neither fit for war nor peace." In vain had Washington written to George Mason, not long before,—"Unless there be a material change both in our civil and military policy, it will be useless to contend much longer: "—following that letter with another, as late as the 9th of April, 1781, to Colonel John Laurens, who had gone on a special mission to Paris, in which he gave this most explicit warning: "If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. . . . We cannot transport the provisions from the States in which they are assessed to the army, because we cannot pay the teamsters, who will no longer work for certificates. Our troops are approaching fast to nakedness, and we have nothing to clothe them with. Our hospitals are without medicine, and our sick without meat, except such as well men eat. All our public works are at a stand, and the artificers disbanding. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and *now or never our deliverance must come*."

God's holy name be praised, deliverance was to come, and did come, now!

Any material change in our civil policy was, indeed, to await the action of civil rulers; but Washington himself and alone, could happily control our military policy. And he did control it. Within forty days from the date of that emphatic letter to Laurens,—on the 18th of May, 1781,—Rochambeau, with the Marquis de Chastellux, leaves Newport for Wethersfield, in Connecticut, to hold a conference with Washington at his call. On the 6th of July, the union of the French troops with the American army is completely accomplished at Phillipsburg, ten miles only from the most advanced post of the British in New York,—the two armies united making an effective force of at least ten thousand men. On the 8th, Washington has a review of honor of the French troops, Rochambeau having reviewed the American troops on the 7th. On the 19th of August, the united armies commence their march from Phillipsburg, and reach Philadelphia on the 3d of September, where, Congress being in session, the French army, as we are told in the journal of the gallant Count William de Deux-Ponts, "paid it the honors which the King had ordered us to pay." And in that journal, so curiously rescued from a Paris bookstall on one of the Quais, in 1867,* the Count most humorously adds: "The thirteen members of Congress took off their thirteen hats at each salute of the flags and of the officers; and that is all I have seen that was respectful or remarkable." Well, that was surely enough. What more could they have done? Virginia herself, even in her earlier, I will not presume to say her better, days of the strictest construction, could not have desired or conceived a more significant and signal homage to the doctrine of States' Rights, than those thirteen hats so ludicrously lifted together at the successive salutes of each French officer and each French flag!

Thus far the destination of the Allied Armies was a secret even to themselves. Certainly, Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief at New York, was carefully kept in

* By Dr. Samuel A. Green, of Boston.

ignorance of Washington's plans, and was even made to believe that on himself the double bolt was to fall. He was, indeed, so sorely outwitted and perplexed that he is found, at one moment, sending urgent orders to Cornwallis for large detachments of his Southern army; at another moment, promising to send substantial reinforcements to him; and at last making up his mind, too late, to join Cornwallis in person, with as little delay as possible. Meantime, in the hope of creating a diversion, he despatches the infamous Arnold—whose treason had shocked the moral sense of mankind less than a year before, of whom Washington is at this moment writing "that the world is disappointed at not seeing him in gibbets," and who had just been recalled from an expedition in this very region, where he had burned and pillaged whatever he could lay his hands on, or set his torch to, along yonder James River—to prosecute his nefarious exploits at the North, and strike a parricidal blow upon his native State. Poor New London and the heroic Ledyard are now to pay the penalty of withstanding the audacious traitor, by the burning of their town and the brutal massacre of the garrison and its commander.

But no diversion or interruption of Washington's plans could be effected in that way or in any other way; and at length those plans are divulged and executed under circumstances which give assurance of success, and which cannot be recalled, even at this late day, without an irrepressible thrill of delight and gratitude.

> "Felix ille dies, felix et dicitur annus,
> Felices, qui talem annum videre, diemque"!

Leaving Philadelphia, with the Army, on the 5th of September, Washington meets an express near Chester, announcing the arrival, in Chesapeake Bay, of the Count de Grasse, with a fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line, and with three thousand five hundred additional French troops, under the command of the Marquis de St. Simon, who had already been landed at Jamestown, with orders to join the Marquis de Lafayette!

"The joy," says the Count William de Deux-Ponts in his precious journal, "the joy which this welcome news produces

among all the troops, and which penetrates General Washington and the Count de Rochambeau, is more easy to feel than to express." But, in a foot-note to that passage, he does express and describe it, in terms which cannot be spared and could not be surpassed, and which add a new and charming illustration of the emotional side of Washington's nature. "I have been equally surprised and touched," says the gallant Deux-Ponts, "at the true and pure joy of General Washington. Of a natural coldness and of a serious and noble approach, which in him is only true dignity, and which adorn so well the chief of a whole nation, his features, his physiognomy, his deportment, all were changed in an instant. He put aside his character as arbiter of North America, and contented himself for a moment with that of a citizen, happy at the good fortune of his country. A child, whose every wish had been gratified, would not have experienced a sensation more lively, and I believe I am doing honor to the feelings of this rare man, in endeavoring to express all their ardor."

Thanks to God, thanks to France, from all our hearts at this hour, for "this true and pure joy" which lightened the heart, and at once dispelled the anxieties of our incomparable leader. It may be true that Washington seldom smiled after he had accepted the command of the Revolutionary Army, but it is clear that on that 5th of September he not only smiled but played the boy. The arrival of that magnificent French fleet, with so considerable a reinforcement of French troops, gave him a relief and a rapture which no natural reserve or official dignity could restrain or conceal, and of which he gave an impulsive manifestation by swinging his own chapeau in welcoming Rochambeau at the wharf. In Washington's exuberant joy we have a measure, which nothing else could supply, of the value and importance of the timely succors which awakened it. Thanks, thanks to France, and thanks to God, for vouchsafing to Washington at last that happy day, which his matchless fortitude and patriotism so richly deserved, and which, after so many trials and discouragements, he so greatly needed.

"All now went merry," with him, "as a marriage bell."

Under the immediate influence of this joy, which he had returned for a few hours to Philadelphia to communicate in person to Congress, where all the thirteen hats must have come off again with three times thirteen cheers, and while the Allied Armies are hurrying Southward, he makes a hasty trip with Colonel Humphreys, to his beloved Mt. Vernon and his more beloved wife,—his first visit home since he left it for Cambridge in '75. Rochambeau with his suite joins him there on the 10th, and Chastellux and his aids on the 11th; and there, with Mrs. Washington, he dispenses, for two days, "a princely hospitality" to his foreign guests. But the 13th finds them all on their way to rejoin the army at Williamsburg, where they arrive on the 15th "to the great joy of the troops and the people," and where they dine with the Marquis de St. Simon. On the 18th, Washington and Rochambeau, with Knox and Chastellux and Du Portail, and with two of Washington's aids, Colonel Cobb, of Massachusetts, and Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., of Connecticut, embark on the "Princess Charlotte" for a visit to the French fleet; and early the next morning they are greeted with "the grand sight of thirty-two ships of the line,"—for De Barras from Newport had joined De Grasse, with his four ships, magnanimously waiving his own seniority in rank,—"in Lynn Haven Bay, just under the point of Cape Henry." They go on board the Admiral's ship,—the famous "Ville de Paris," of one hundred and four guns,—for a visit of ceremony and consultation, and, at their departure, the Count de Grasse mans the yards of the whole fleet and fires salutes from all the ships. A few days more are spent at Williamsburg on their return, where they find General Lincoln already arrived with a part of the troops from the North, having hurried them, as Washington besought him, "on the wings of speed,"—and where the word is soon given, "On, on, to York and Gloucester!"

Washington takes his share of the exposure of this march, and the night of the 28th of September finds him, with all his military family, sleeping in an open field, within two miles of Yorktown, without any other covering, as the journal of one of his aids states, "than the canopy of the heavens, and the

small spreading branches of a tree," which, the writer predicts, "will probably be rendered venerable from this circumstance for a length of time to come." Yes, venerable, or, certainly, memorable, forever, if it were known to be in existence. You will all agree with me, my friends, that if that tree, which overshadowed Washington sleeping in the open air on his way to Yorktown, were standing to-day — if it had escaped the necessities and casualties of the siege, and were not cut down for the abattis of a redoubt, or for camp-fires and cooking-fires, long ago — if it could anyhow be found and identified in yonder Beech Wood, or Locust Grove, or Carter's Grove,— no Wellington Beech or Napoleon Willow, no Milton or even Shakspeare Mulberry, no Oak of William the Conqueror at Windsor, or of Henri IV. at Fontainebleau, nor even those historic trees which gave refuge to the fugitive Charles II., or furnished a hiding place for the Charter which he granted to Connecticut on his Restoration, would be so precious and so hallowed in all American eyes and hearts to the latest generation.*

Everthing now hurries, almost with the rush of a Niagara cataract, to the grand fall of Arbitrary Power in America. Lord Cornwallis had taken post here at Yorktown as early as the 4th of August, after being foiled so often by "that boy," as he called Lafayette, whose Virginia campaign of four months was the most effective preparation for all that was to follow, and who, with singular foresight, perceived at once that his lordship was now fairly entrapped, and wrote to Washington, as early as the 21st of August, that "the British army must be forced to surrender." Day by day, night by night, that prediction presses forward to its fulfilment. The 1st of October finds our engineers reconnoitring the position and works of the enemy. The 2d witnesses the gallantry of the Duke de Lauzun and his legion in driving back Tarleton, whose raids had so long been the terror of Virginia and the Carolinas. On the 6th, the Allied Armies broke ground for their first parallel, and proceeded to mount their batteries on the 7th and 8th. On the 9th, two batteries were opened,—

* Washington Irving says it was a Mulberry.

Washington himself applying the torch to the first gun ; and on the 10th, three or four more were in play,—"silencing the enemy's works, and making," says the little diary of Colonel Cobb, "most noble music." On the 11th, the indefatigable Baron Steuben was breaking the ground for our second parallel, within less than four hundred yards of the enemy, which was finished next morning, and more batteries mounted on the 13th and 14th.

But the great achievement of the siege still awaits its accomplishment. Two formidable British advanced redoubts are blocking the way to any further approach, and they must be stormed. The allied troops divide the danger and the glory between them, and emulate each other in the assault. One of these redoubts is assigned to the French grenadiers and chasseurs, under the general command of the Baron de Viomesnil. The other is assigned to the American light infantry, under the general command of Lafayette. But the detail of special leaders to conduct the two assaults remains to be arranged. Viomesnil readily designates the brave Count William to lead the French storming party, who, though he came off from his victory wounded, counts it "the happiest day of his life." A question arises as to the American party, which is soon solved by the impetuous but just demand of our young Alexander Hamilton to lead it. And lead it he did, with an intrepidity, a heroism, and a dash, unsurpassed in the whole history of the war. The French troops had the largest redoubt to assail, and were obliged to pause a little for the regular sappers and miners to sweep away the abattis. But Hamilton rushed on to the front of his redoubt with his right wing, led by Colonel Gimat and seconded by Major Nicholas Fish, heedless of all impediments, overleaping palisades and abattis, and scaling the parapets, — while the chivalrous John Laurens was taking the garrison in reverse. Both redoubts were soon captured ; and these brilliant actions virtually sealed the fate of Cornwallis. "A small and precipitate sortie," as Washington calls it, was made by the British on the following evening, resulting in nothing ; and the next day a vain attempt to evacuate their works, and to escape by crossing over to Gloucester, was

defeated by a violent and, for us, most providential storm of rain and wind, — of which the elements favored us with a Centennial reminiscence last night. Meantime, not less than a hundred pieces of our heavy ordnance were in continual operation, and "the whole peninsula trembled under the incessant thunderings of our infernal machines." Would that no machines more truly "infernal" had brought disgrace on any part of our land in these latter days! But these brought victory at that day. A suspension of hostilities, to arrange terms of capitulation, was proposed by Cornwallis on the 17th; the 18th was occupied at Moore's House in settling those terms; and on the 19th the articles were signed by which the garrisons of York and Gloucester, together with all the officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, "surrender themselves Prisoners of War to the Combined Forces of America and France."

And now, Fellow-Citizens, there follows a scene than which nothing more unique and picturesque has ever been witnessed on this continent, or anywhere else beneath the sun. Art has essayed in vain to depict it. Trumbull—whose brother, not he himself, was an eye-witness of it as one of Washington's aids—has done his best with it; and his picture in the Rotunda of the Capitol is full of interest and value, giving the portraits of the officers present, as carefully taken by himself from the originals. John Francis Renault, too—assistant secretary of the Count de Grasse, and an engineer of the French Forces—has left us a contemporaneous engraved sketch of it, which has quite as many elements of fancy as of truth. In this engraving all the officers are on foot, while Trumbull has rightly put most of them on horseback. Meantime, Renault not only gives Cornwallis surrendering his sword in person, though we all know that he did not leave his quarters on that occasion, but looks forward a full century and exhibits in the background the Column which ought to have been here long ago, but of which the corner-stone was only laid yesterday!

Standing here, however, on the very spot to-day, with the records of history in our hands,—as summed up in the bril-

liant volumes of Bancroft and Irving, or scattered through the writings of Sparks, or spread in detail over the "Field Book" of Lossing, or on the more recent pages of Carrington's "Battles of the Revolution" and Austin Stevens's American Historical Magazine, not forgetting the precious journals and diaries of Thacher and Trumbull and Cobb, of Deux-Ponts and the Abbé Robin, and of Washington himself, nor that of the humbler Anspach Sergeant in the "Life of Steuben,"—we require no aid of art, or even of imagination, to call back, in all its varied and most impressive details, a scene, which, as we dip our brush to paint it now, at the end of a hundred years, seems almost like a tale of Fairy-Land.

We see the grand French Army drawn up for upwards of a mile in battle array, ten full regiments, including a Legion of cavalry with a Corps of Royal Engineers,—Bourbonnais and Soissonais, Royal Deux-Ponts, Saintonge and Dillon, who have come from Newport,—with the Tourraine, the Auxonne, the Agénais, and the Gâtinais, soon to win back the name of the Royal Auvergne, who had just landed from the fleet. They are all in their unsoiled uniforms of snowy white, with their distinguishing collars and lappels of yellow, and violet, and crimson, and green, and pink, with the Fleur de Lis proudly emblazoned on their white silk regimental standards, with glittering stars and badges on their officers' breasts, and with dazzling gold and silver laced liveries on their private servants,—the timbrel, with its associations and tones of triumph, then "a delightful novelty," lending unaccustomed brilliancy to the music of their bands!

Opposite, and face to face, to that splendid line, we see our own war-worn American Army;—the regulars, if we had anything which could be called regulars, in front, clad in the dear old Continental uniform, still "in passable condition;" a New York brigade, a Maryland brigade; the Pennsylvania Line; the light companies made up from New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; a Rhode Island and New Jersey battalion with two companies from Delaware; the Canadian Volunteers; a park of Artillery with sappers and miners; and with a large mass of patriotic Virginian militia, collected and

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commanded by the admirable Governor Nelson. Not quite all the Colonies, perhaps, were represented in force, as they had been at Germantown, but hardly any of them were without some representation, individual if not collective,—many of them in simple, homespun, every-day wear, many of their dresses bearing witness to the long, hard service they had seen,—coats out at the elbow, shoes out at the toe, and in some cases no coats, no shoes, at all. But the Stars and Stripes, which had been raised first at Saratoga, floated proudly above their heads, and no color blindness on that day mistook their tints, misinterpreted their teachings, or failed to recognize the union they betokened and the glory they foreshadowed!

Between these two lines of the Allied Forces, so strikingly and strangely contrasted, the British Army, in their rich scarlet coats, freshly distributed from supplies which must otherwise have been delivered up as spoils to the victors, and with their Anspach, and Hessian, and "Von Bose" auxiliaries in blue, are now seen filing—their muskets at shoulder, "their colors cased," and their drums beating "a British or German march,"—passing on to the field assigned them for giving up their standards and grounding their arms, and then filing back again to their quarters. There is a tradition that their bands played an old English air, "The World is Turning Upside Down," as they well might have done, and that the American fifes and drums struck up "Yankee Doodle." But all such traditions are untrustworthy, and no such incidents are needed to give the most vivid effect and lifelike reality to that imposing picture of a hundred years ago.

We would not, if we could, my friends, recall at this hour anything which should even seem like casting reproach or indignity upon the armies or the rulers of old Mother England at that day or at any day. She did what any other nation would have done, our own not excepted, to hold fast her possessions, and to avert so serious a disruption of her Empire. And if she did it unwisely, unjustly, tyrannically, as so many of her great statesmen at the time declared, and as so many of her later historians and ministers have admitted, we may

well remember that the principles and methods of free government were but little understood by kings or cabinets of that age. How unjust to carry back and apply the opinions and principles of a later to a former century! Who doubts that good old George III. spoke from his conscience as well as from his heart, when he said so touchingly to John Adams, on receiving him as the first American Minister at the Court of St. James, "I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed my people"? We are here to revive no animosities resulting from the War of the Revolution, or from any other war, remote or recent;—rather to bury and drown them all, deeper than ever plummet sounded. For all that is grand and glorious in the career and example of Great Britain, certainly we can entertain nothing but respect and admiration; while I hazard little in saying, that for the continued life and welfare of her illustrious sovereign, whom neither Anne nor Elizabeth will outshine in history, the American heart beats as warmly this day as if no Yorktown had ever occurred, and no Independence had ever separated us from her imperial dominion. And we are ready to say, and do say, "God save the Queen," as sincerely and earnestly as she herself and her ministers and her people have said, "God save the President," in those recent hours of his agony!

There is a tradition that when shouts of triumph were beginning to resound, as the scene which I have so feebly portrayed went on, Washington himself restrained and rebuked them, exclaiming, "Let posterity cheer for us!" The phrase does not altogether sound to me like his. But my late accomplished friend, Lord Stanhope, in his valuable history of that period, bears testimony to a similar incident. "Yet Washington," he says, "with his usual lofty spirit, had no desire to aggravate the anguish and humiliation of honorable foes. On the contrary, he bade all spectators keep aloof from the ceremony, and suppressed all public signs of exultation."

And let us not fail to remember that England paid us the compliment of sending over the bravest and best of her

soldiers and officers, to this and every other field of the American war. Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and Cornwallis were all foemen worthy of any steel. It certainly would not have detracted from the permanent fame of Cornwallis,—it would have added to it rather,—could he have summoned up nerve enough to march manfully at the head of his troops and surrender his sword to Washington in person. Yielding at last to superior force,—for the Allied Army was double his own,—and without a cloud upon his courage, there was nothing for him to shrink from in such an act. But unstrung, as he evidently was, by the wear and tear of a long suspense, and by the disappointing and vexatious delays of Sir Henry Clinton,—whose promised reinforcements reached the Chesapeake four or five days too late,—the plea of ill-health was readily accepted. We may well leave it to Horace Walpole to call him "a renegade,"—as he does,—for having obeyed his Sovereign by coming over to conquer America, after being one of a very few members in the House of Lords to enter a protest against some of the arbitrary acts or declarations which gave occasion to the war. We may leave it to Walpole, too, to tell the story of his having vowed, before he came, that "he would never pile up his arms like Burgoyne." The remembrance of such a vow, if he ever made it, would naturally have embarrassed and confused him at Yorktown,—more especially if he recalled the vow while dating his original proposal to surrender—as he did—on the very anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender! But no malicious gossip of Strawberry Hill must prevent our recognition of Lord Cornwallis as a brave and accomplished officer, the very ablest of all the British Generals in the American War, destined to the Governorship of Bengal a few years afterwards, and later to the Governor-Generalship of all India, where he was not only to receive the jewelled sword of Tippoo Saib, after the great victory at Seringapatam, but was to win the higher honor of being called "the first honest and incorruptible governor India ever saw, after whose example hardly any governor has dared to contemplate corruption. Other governors," it is added, "were conquerors, so was he; but his victories in the

field, and they were brilliant, are dim beside his victory over corruption." Nor is it a much less enviable distinction for him, that, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, while it was the scene of a rebellion, he pacified the Irish by conciliatory and moderate measures. We should all rejoice, I am sure, if a similar tribute should be won, as it seems so likely to be, by the present Lord Lieutenant, under the lead of the eloquent and accomplished Gladstone.

There were other British officers here destined to great distinction. Among them was Lieutenant-Colonel Abercromby, who led the little sortie on the night before the Capitulation was tendered, who had commanded a regiment during the whole War, who succeeded Cornwallis as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India, and died, as Sir Robert Abercromby, the oldest General in the service, in 1827.

Among them, too, was the young Lord Rawdon, who had been conspicuous at Bunker Hill, when hardly of age, and who had played a distinguished part at Camden. He was here only as an enforced spectator, however,—having been brought to the Chesapeake as a prisoner of war by De Grasse, who had captured him a few weeks before on board a Charleston packet. He went home at last to be Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, and, like Cornwallis, Governor-General of India. His name may well be recalled, as adding another to the remarkable number of notabilities of all countries, who were more or less associated with Yorktown.

And, indeed, but for the delays of Sir Henry Clinton, the young Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., then a midshipman in the British fleet here, might, perchance, have added something even of Royal dignity to the scene.

But I must not forget the second in command on this field, who led up the British forces to the formal surrender, bringing the sword of Cornwallis in his hand,—the gallant and genial Brigadier Charles O'Hara; a man of singular elegance and personal beauty; a strict and thorough disciplinarian; the special friend of that General Conway, afterwards Field-Marshal Conway, whose efforts against the Stamp Act, and to put an end to the War, secured him not only the respect of

all America, but even a portrait in Faneuil Hall,—which, alas, the British soldiers destroyed or carried away at the evacuation of Boston. O'Hara went home to be wounded at the siege of Toulon in 1792, and to die ten years later as Governor of Gibraltar. It was of him that it is said in "Cyril Thornton,"—a favorite novel half a century ago,—by an author who knew him well,—"His appearance was of that striking cast, which, once seen, is not easily forgotten. General O'Hara was the most perfect specimen I ever saw of the soldier and courtier of the last age. Notwithstanding the strictness of discipline which he scrupulously enforced, no officer could be more universally popular. The honors of the table were done by his staff, and the General was in nothing distinguished from those around him, except by being undoubtedly the gayest and most agreeable person in the company." It may not be less interesting to recall the fact, that he was on the point of being married, in 1795, to Miss Mary Berry,—Horace Walpole's Miss Berry,—so celebrated in the social history of London, who lived to be ninety, and who, forty-eight years after the engagement was broken, reopened the packet of letters which had passed between them, and left a touching record, which is in her published Memoirs, of "the disappointed hopes and blighted affections that had deepened the natural vein of sadness in her character." Whatever misunderstandings or mistakes may have broken off the match, to the great sorrow of them both, it is certainly nowhere suggested that the lady thought any the worse of her lover, because he had been the dignified and graceful bearer of Cornwallis's sword to Washington. This gay, agreeable person dined here with Washington at head-quarters, on the very day of the Surrender; and Col. Trumbull makes special note in his Diary that "he was very social and easy."

But I turn at once from anything sentimental or romantic to others of the real, substantial actors of the day. And there could surely be nothing more real, or more substantial, than the American General now deputed by Washington to receive the sword from O'Hara's hand, and to conduct him and the British host to the field for laying down their arms,—

the sturdy, stalwart BENJAMIN LINCOLN, of Massachusetts, the senior American Major-General on the ground, nearly fifty years of age and of a plump and portly figure, who had conducted the Northern Army to this place, had occupied the right of the line, at Wormeley's Creek, during the siege, and who is now instructed to mete out to the surrendering forces the same precise measure of consideration and honor which Clinton and Cornwallis had meted out to him, at his recent capitulation of Charleston. A few months afterwards he was elected by Congress the first Secretary of War of the United States, and had the privilege, in that capacity, of presenting to Washington the two British Yorktown standards assigned to him by Congress, and of receiving from Washington, in reply, a most affectionate acknowledgment of "particular obligations for able and friendly counsel in the Cabinet and vigor in the field." Lincoln deserved it all for patriotic and persevering service during the whole Revolution. Nor will Massachusetts ever forget the invaluable aid which he rendered to Governor Bowdoin in the suppression of Shays' Rebellion in 1786–87.

And here, too, from Massachusetts, — for I will finish the roll of my own State before passing to others, — was HENRY KNOX, Brigadier-General in command of the American Artillery, which he had organized and conducted from the siege of Boston to that of Yorktown, as stanch and as responsive as any one of the very field-pieces, whether six or twelve or eighteen or twenty-four pounders, which he tended and trained up in the way they should go, as his own children; — who, as Chastellux bears witness, "seldom left the batteries, incessantly directing the artillery, and often himself pointing the mortars;" whose energy and activity, in providing heavy cannon for this siege, led Washington to say of him, in the report to Congress which secured his promotion to a Major-Generalship, that "the resources of his genius supplied the deficit of means." He, also, was afterwards Secretary of War of the United States, succeeding Lincoln in 1785, and serving in the cabinet of Washington until his resignation in 1794.

And here, under Knox, as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery,

was the brave and devoted Ebenezer Stevens, like Knox, a Boston boy, a son of Liberty, one of the Tea-party ; whose services, here and elsewhere, were of the highest value, in connection with Colonel Lamb of New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington of Virginia, and Major Bauman ; who lived to superintend the fortifications on Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, in 1800 : and having fixed his residence in that city, to command the Artillery of the State in the War of 1812.

James Thacher, of old Plymouth, was here, as a Surgeon, — under Washington's favorite Surgeon, James Craik, of Virginia, — the author of an interesting "Military Journal" of the Revolution, and among whose papers I have seen a rough sketch of the Surrender. Colonel Joseph Vose was here, sometime at the head of the first Massachusetts Continental Infantry, but now in Lafayette's corps. And David Cobb was here, in the enviable capacity of an Aid to Washington, who kept a little Diary on the field from which I have already quoted ; who lived to hold both military and judicial office in Massachusetts, and who will always be associated with that brave saying of his, during Shays' Rebellion, — "I will sit as a Judge or die as a General."

Colonel Timothy Pickering was here also, who from his first bold resistance to the British Troops at the Salem drawbridge in '75, before Bunker Hill or even Concord and Lexington, down to the end of the War, did memorable military service ; who was with Washington in his famous retreat across the Jerseys, and was Adjutant-General at Brandywine and Germantown. He was here as Quarter-Master General of the American Army, and was afterwards Secretary of War and Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet.

But let me hasten to the representatives of other States.

New Hampshire was represented here by Henry Dearborn, a brave and devoted officer from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, afterward Secretary of War to Jefferson and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but here as Assistant Quarter-Master General to Pickering ; and by Nicholas Gilman, afterwards a member of the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, and for

many years a Representative and Senator in Congress under the Constitution, but who now, as Deputy Adjutant-General, received from Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was sent for the purpose by Washington, the return of exactly 7,050 men surrendered. But New Hampshire may claim the distinction of having sent to this field its most distinguished victim, the lamented young ALEXANDER SCAMMELL, who, though a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard, was here in immediate command of New Hampshire troops; who, surprised while out with a reconnoitring party, in an early stage of the siege, was mortally and basely wounded by his captors; and of whose death on the 6th of September, it is said by Henry Lee of Virginia, in his "Memoirs of the War," "This was the severest blow experienced by the allied army, throughout the siege; not an officer in our army surpassed in personal worth and professional ability this experienced soldier."

Connecticut was represented here by Lieutenant-Colonel Ebenezer Huntington and Major John Palsgrave Wyllis, and especially by Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., a Secretary and Aide-de-Camp of Washington, and the son of the great Revolutionary War Governor, Jonathan Trumbull,—and by Colonel DAVID HUMPHREYS, another and most valued member of Washington's military family, to whose care the captured standards of the surrendering Army were consigned, who received a sword from Congress in acknowledgment of his fidelity and ability, and to whom Washington presented the epaulettes worn by himself throughout the war,—now among the treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society;—afterwards a minister to Portugal and to Spain; one of the earliest importers of merino sheep; a miscellaneous and somewhat prolific poet; and who commanded the Militia of Connecticut in the War of 1812.

Rhode Island was represented here by Colonel Jeremiah Olney, at the head of one of her regiments, and by his distant relative, the gallant Captain Stephen Olney, who was the first to mount the parapet and form his company in Hamilton's redoubt on the 14th.

New Jersey was represented here by Elias Dayton, Francis Barber, and Matthias Ogden, at the head of her regiment of Continental Infantry, as well as by Colonel Aaron Ogden, afterwards United States Senator and Governor of the State.

Pennsylvania was represented here by General Peter Muhlenberg,—a relative of the first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States,—who had thrown off his gown, as a Lutheran preacher, in '76, in Virginia, "to organize out of his several congregations one of the most perfect battalions in the army;"—by Adjutant-General Edward Hand and Colonel Walter Stewart,—by Brodhead, and Moylan, and the two Butlers, at the head of her regiments, and Parr at the head of her Rifle Battalion;—by Arthur St. Clair, born in Scotland, grandson of an Earl of Rosslyn, who had been with Amherst at Louisburgh, and with Wolfe at Quebec, who is here as a volunteer in Washington's military family, afterwards to be President of the Continental Congress;—and, pre-eminently, by Anthony Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, "Mad Anthony," as he was sometimes called, here in command of the Pennsylvania line, and who died, in 1796, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.

Maryland was represented here by General Mordecai Gist, by Adams and Woolford and Moore and Roxburgh, in command of her regiments and battalions, and more especially by Colonel Tench Tilghman, a favorite Aid of Washington, who was deputed by him to bear the tidings of the surrender to Congress.

New York was represented here by James Clinton, a brother of Vice-President George Clinton,—whose statue is now in the rotunda of the Capitol,—and the father of the eminent De Witt Clinton; who, himself, having served as a Captain in the old French War, and as a colonel under the lamented Montgomery in 1775, was now, as Major-General, in command of New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island troops, with Van Schaick, and Van Dyck, and Van Cortlandt as his Colonels. But New York had other representatives on this field, lower in grade, but one of them, at least, second to none of her soldiers or citizens, either in immediate estimation or in

future eminence. Alexander Hamilton was here, I need hardly repeat, commanding a battalion of Lafayette's light infantry, and who by his heroism at the redoubt, as we have seen, had been one of the most conspicuous contributors to the result of which he was now a witness. Destined to so early and brilliant a career in the Convention which framed the Constitution, as one of the principal writers of the "Federalist," and as the organizer of our financial system in the Cabinet of Washington, he is a bright particular star, with no lessening ray, on the field of Yorktown, never to be lost sight of in the history of our country. Nor must his friend and fellow officer of the light infantry battalion,—Major Nicholas Fish,—fail to be mentioned, who shared with him the perils of the storming party, who lived a pure, patriotic, and useful life, and who gave the name of Hamilton to a son, whose recent discharge of the duties of Secretary of State has added fresh distinction to the name.

I cannot pass from the name of Hamilton without recalling at once that heroic representative of South Carolina who was here with him, and who was hardly second in interest—to every American eye, certainly—to any other figure on this field:—the young John Laurens, often called "the Bayard of the American Revolution,"—son of Henry Laurens, once President of the Continental Congress, but at this moment a prisoner in the Tower of London, of which, by a striking coincidence, Lord Cornwallis was the titular Constable. After having served on the staff of Washington,—who "loved him as a son," and who said of him that "he had not a fault that he could discover, unless it was an intrepidity bordering on rashness,"—he had now just returned from a confidential and successful mission to France, for which he had received the thanks of Congress. He was with Hamilton in storming the redoubt, and had the signal distinction of being one of the two commissioners, with the Vicomte de Noailles, the brother-in-law of Lafayette, to arrange the terms of the surrender, at Moore's House, with Colonel Dundas and Colonel Ross of the British Army. His untimely death, at only twenty-eight years of age, within a year afterwards, in a petty skirmish in

South Carolina, while serving under General Greene, produced a shock throughout the whole country. Roland, at Roncesvalles, just a thousand years before, did not leave a more fragrant and enduring memory. It has been well said of him, that "of all the youthful soldiers of the Revolution, there is not one upon whose story the recollections of his contemporaries have more fondly dwelt." There was no one of his period for whom the highest honors of our land might have been more safely predicted; no one in whose ear it might have been more confidently whispered a hundred years ago to-day:

"Si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!"

His father nobly said, on hearing of his death, just after his own release from the Tower, "I thank God I had a son who dared to die for his country."

The soldiers of South Carolina, at the moment of this siege, had enough to do at home in defense of their own firesides and families,—of which the Battle Flag of their gallant William Washington, borne by him at the Cowpens and at Eutaw, and ordered by the Governor of the State to be brought here by the old Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, is a touching and precious reminder. But one such representative of the State on this field as John Laurens, is enough to secure her a proud and distinguished place in the memories of this anniversary.

Nor was the Canada of that day without a worthy representative here in the person of Colonel Moses Hazen, who had been wounded under Wolfe on the heights of Quebec, who rendered valuable service to the end of our war, and was promoted to be a Brigadier-General of our army, but was here in command of a regiment of Canadians, recruited by himself, sometimes called "Congress's Own" and sometimes "Hazen's Own."

And now, Fellow-Citizens, let me by no means proceed further without naming, with every degree of emphasis and distinction, that sterling soldier and thorough disciplinarian, who had been an aide-de-camp of Frederick the Great, and

served at the celebrated siege of Schweidnitz in Prussia, but who joined the American Army in 1777, and drilled, and disciplined, and fairly reorganized it, so untiringly and so effectively, at Valley Forge,—Major-General Baron von Steuben. He was here in command of the combined division of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania troops, and as Inspector-General of the Army of the United States. It fell to his lot to receive the first overture of capitulation while on his tour of duty in the trenches, and he resolutely refused to leave those trenches till the British flag was struck. The very last letter which Washington wrote as Commander-in-Chief, dated on the very day of his resignation at Annapolis, was a letter of compliment and gratitude to Steuben; and to no one did Washington or the American Army owe more than they owed to him. All honor to the memory of the brave old German soldier from every heart and lip here gathered, and a cordial welcome to the representatives of his family who have accepted the invitation of the United States to assist at this Commemoration!

And in the same connection may be justly named Brigadier-General Chevalier Du Portail, who commanded the engineers on this field, and who, on Washington's special recommendation, was promoted by Congress, for his services at the siege, to be a Major-General of the United States Army.

These, I believe, were the only two distinguished foreign officers,—apart entirely from Lafayette and the French auxiliary officers—who were present at Yorktown. Pulaski had fallen two years before at Savannah; De Kalb a year before, at Camden; while Kosciusko was still at the South with General Greene, where he succeeded the lamented Laurens;—all three of them brave, heroic men, whose names can never be omitted from the roll of honor of the American Revolution.

Such, Fellow-Citizens, were the principal officers, from other States, and other parts of the country and of the world, who were gathered on this Virginia field, in immediate association with the American Line.

Opposite to them, in that splendid French Line, stood the gallant strangers who had been so generously sent to our aid.

Here, at the head of them, was the veteran Count de Rochambeau, now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and in the thirty-ninth year of his military service, who had long been known and noted for his bravery in the wars of the Continent. Cool, prudent, reserved, conciliatory, no one could have been more perfectly suited to the delicate duties which devolved upon him in co-operating with an army of a different land and language, and no one could have discharged those duties more faithfully. Perhaps his very ignorance of the English tongue was a positive safeguard and advantage for him : it certainly saved him from hearing or saying any rash or foolish things. Washington bore witness, in the letter bidding him farewell, to the high sense he entertained of the invaluable services he had rendered "by the constant attention he had paid to the interest of the American cause, by the exact order and discipline of the corps under his command, and by his readiness at all times to give facility to every measure to which the force of the combined armies was competent." Congress presented to him two of the captured cannon, with suitable inscriptions and devices, — which long adorned the family château in the Vendôme, — in testimony of the illustrious part he had played here. His name on the still-delayed Column — one of only three names in the originally prescribed inscription — will soon be engraved where all the world can read it. Returning home at the close of our war, he received the highest honors from his sovereign ; was Governor successively of Picardy and Alsace ; commanded the French Army of the North ; and in 1791 was made a Marshal of France. Narrowly escaping the guillotine of Robespierre, he lived to receive the cordon of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon, and died in 1807, at eighty-two years of age. We welcome the presence of his representative, the Marquis de Rochambeau, at this festival, and of Madame la Marquise, here happily at my side, and offer them the cordial recognition which is due to their name and rank.

Here, in equal rank and honor with Rochambeau, stood the Count de Grasse, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; who was associated with our War for Independence hardly more than a month, but who during that momentous month did enough to secure our lasting respect and gratitude; whose services, as Lieutenant-General and Admiral of the Naval Army and Fleet of France, in yonder bay, were second in importance to none in the whole siege; to whom Washington did not hesitate to write, the very day after the event: "The surrender of York, from which so great glory and advantage are derived to the Allies, and the honor of which belongs to your Excellency." The sympathies of all his companions here were deeply stirred, when, losing his famous flagship and a large part of his fleet on his way home, he reached England as a prisoner of Admiral Rodney, to be released only after our Treaty of Peace was signed; and, though he had vindicated his conduct before a court-martial demanded by himself, to die in retirement after a few years, without having regained the favor of a sovereign, who could pardon anything and everything but defeat. Honor this day to the memory of the brave Count de Grasse, whose name, as Washington wrote to Rochambeau on hearing of his death, "will be long deservedly dear to this country"!

Here, second in command of the French Line, was that worthy and excellent General, the Baron de Viomesnil, who brought a gallant brother, the Viscount, with him, and who himself returned home "to be killed before the last rampart of Constitutional Royalty," on the 10th of August, 1792.

Here, in hardly inferior rank, was Major-General the Marquis de Chastellux; genial, brilliant, accomplished, the Journal of whose tour in America — indifferently translated and scandalously annotated by an English adventurer — is full of the liveliest interest; who returned home to be one of the immortal Forty of the French Academy, welcomed by a discourse of Buffon on Taste; and, better still, to receive one of the very few humorous and playful letters which Washington ever wrote, — bantering him "on his catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity," which, alas! he only

lived to enjoy for six years. Washington had before written to him, soon after his return home: "I can truly say, that never in my life have I parted with a man to whom my soul clave more sincerely than it did to you."

The Admiral Count de Barras was here, — the senior naval officer of France at the siege, but who generously waived his seniority; who was privileged, however, to sign the Articles of Capitulation for himself and the Count de Grasse; who was fortunate enough to escape any share in the defeat by Rodney; who reached home in season to be promoted, and then to die before the outbreak of a Revolution in which his nephew, of the same name, was famous as a Jacobin and regicide, and afterwards as the head of the Directory.

The magnificent Duke de Lauzun was here, conspicuous by his tall hussar cap and plume,— afterwards Duke de Biron, — a gay Lothario in the salon, but dauntless in the field, who, at the head of his legion, put Tarleton himself to flight; but who returned home to be, in 1793, one of the victims of the guillotine.

Two of the Laval-Montmorencys were here: the Marquis, at the head of the Bourbonnais regiment; and his young son, the Viscount Matthieu, afterwards the Duke de Montmorency, — an intimate friend of Madame de Staël, long a resident at Coppet, and who was eminently distinguished, in later years, for his accomplishments and his philanthropy.

The young Count Axel de Fersen was here, — a Swedish nobleman, an Aid to Rochambeau, "the Adonis of the camp;" who returned to France to become a suitor of Madame de Staël and a favorite of Marie Antoinette; — to whose zeal in aiding the flight of the King and Queen, with "a glass-coach and a new berline," himself on the box, Carlyle devotes an early and humorous chapter of his "French Revolution," — and who was killed at last by a mob in Stockholm, in 1810, on an unfounded charge of having been privy to the murder of a popular prince.

The brave young Duke de Rouerie was here, under the modest title of Colonel Armand, who, after good service in

our cause for two years, had sailed for France in February, 1781, but had returned in September in season to be at the siege, and was a volunteer at the capture of one of the redoubts. Before the war was over he was made a Brigadier General on the special recommendation of Washington. He went home at last to be a prisoner in the Bastille, and to die of fever or of poison, in a forest, to which he had fled from Danton and Robespierre.

The Marquis de St. Simon, we know, was here, in command of the whole splendid corps, just landed from the fleet, called by Rochambeau "one of the bravest men that lived;" wounded while commanding in the French trenches, but who insisted on being carried to the assault at the head of his troops; who, after our war was ended, entered the service of Spain, and, after various fortunes, died a Captain-General of that Kingdom.

But a second Marquis de St. Simon was here also, of still greater historic notoriety,—a young soldier of twenty-one, who had been a pupil of D'Alembert; who lived to be the proposer to the Viceroy of Mexico of a canal to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific; and to be the author of a scheme for the fundamental reconstruction of society;—the founder of St. Simonianism, with Comte for a time as one of his disciples, and whose published works fill not less than twenty volumes.

And here was the Count Matthieu Dumas, another of Rochambeau's aids, who bore a conspicuous part at one of the redoubts, and was one of the first to enter it, who returned home to be a member of the Assembly and a peer of France; whose last military service was with Napoleon at Waterloo, and who, in 1830, gave active assistance to Lafayette in placing Louis Philippe on the throne,—dying at eighty-four years of age.

Count Charles de Lameth was here, too, as an Adjutant General, and was severely wounded at the storming of the redoubts, who afterwards served in the French army of the North till the memorable 10th of August, 1792, became a Deputy at the Restoration, and was living as late as 1832.

But how can I attempt to portray the numerous, I had almost said the numberless, French officers of high name and family who were gathered on this field a hundred years ago, and who went home to so many strange fortunes, and not a few of them to such sad fates? It would require no small share of the genius which old Homer displayed in his wonderful catalogue of the ships and forces which came to the siege of Troy, when Pope translates him as demanding of the Muses

> "A thousand tongues,
> A throat of brass and adamantine lungs"!

Time certainly would fail me were I to give more than the names of General de Choisy and the Marquis de Rostaing; of the Marquis and Count de Deux-Ponts; of the Counts de Custine and de Charlus, d'Audichamp and de Dillon, de l'Estrade, de St. Maime, and d'Olonne; of the Viscounts de Noailles and de Pondeux; of Admiral Destouches and Commodore the Count de Bougainville; of General Desandrouins and Colonel the Viscount d'Aboville; of Colonels de Querenet and Gimat, and Major Galvan; of M. de Menonville and the Marquis de Vauban; of M. de Béville and M. Blanchard; of Chevalier da la Vallette, M. de Bressolles, and M. de Broglie; of Chevalier, afterwards the Baron, Durand, a General of the French Army at the Restoration; of M. de Montesquieu, son of the author of "L'Esprit des Lois;" of M. de Mirabeau, brother of the matchless orator; of M. de Berthier, afterwards one of Napoleon's Chiefs of Staff, a Marshal of France, and Prince of Wagram. I must have omitted many who ought to be named in this enumeration; but enough have certainly been given to show what a cloud of witnesses and actors were here, whose names have since been celebrated in the annals of their own country, and which deserve a grateful mention in ours to-day. That famous "Field of Cloth of Gold," two centuries and a half before, when Francis I. and Henry VIII. met, in the valley of Ardres, to arrange an ominous family alliance, had hardly a more imposing representation of the nobles and notables of either land.

And now all the officers I have mentioned, and many more, French and American, are assembled, with the troops to which they are attached, on this hallowed spot, to be met, and welcomed, and fraternized with, by at least thirty-five hundred Virginian militia men,—some of them under the command of the brave and excellent General WEEDON, some of them under Generals Edward Stevens and Robert Lawson, some of them under Colonel Gibson and Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington of the Artillery, with St. George Tucker, afterwards distinguished as an editor of Blackstone and as a Judge, serving here as a Major; but all recognizing, as their Commander-in-Chief, the patriotic and noble-hearted THOMAS NELSON, then Governor of the State. A finer or firmer spirit did not breathe than that of Thomas Nelson, Junior, as he was then called,—who had served in the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence; who had been one of the largest contributors to the relief of Boston during her sufferings from the Port Bill; who had commanded the State Forces of Virginia from 1777; who had pledged his personal credit to raise a loan in 1780; and had advanced money from his own pocket to pay two Virginia regiments sent to the south for the support of General Greene; who now, as the Allied Armies approached Yorktown, had been active and untiring, beyond all other men, in preparing supplies of every sort to support and sustain them; and who pointed the first gun at his own dwelling-house in the town, supposing it to be occupied by Cornwallis or some of his officers, and offered a reward of five guineas for every shell which should be fired into it. Still another gallant Virginian was present at the siege,—no other than Henry Lee,—"Light Horse Harry," as he is called, —who describes the scene as an eye-witness in his "Memoirs of the War;" but he, with his legion, was attached to General Greene's army, further south, and here, perhaps, only accidentally and as a spectator. Thomas Nelson, I repeat, was peculiarly and pre-eminently the representative of local Virginia on the day we commemorate; and his name must ever have a proud and leading place among the most precious memories which cluster around his native Yorktown.

I said of local Virginia,—for there was another representative of the Old Dominion here, greater than Nelson, greater than any one who could be named, present or absent, living or dead. I do not forget that, while America gave WASHINGTON to the world, Virginia gave him to America, and that it is her unshared privilege to recognize and claim, as her son, him whom the whole Country acknowledges and reveres as its Father!

Behold him here at the head of the American Line, presiding, with modest but majestic dignity, over this whole splendid scene of the Surrender! He is now in his fiftieth year, and has gone through anxieties and trials enough of late to have filled out the full measure of three-score and ten. That winter at Valley Forge, those cabals of Conway, that mutiny in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the defection of Charles Lee, the treason of Benedict Arnold,—with all the distressing responsibilities in which it involved him,—the insufficiency of his supplies of men, money, food, and clothing, must have left deep traces on his countenance as well as in his heart. But he is the same incomparable man as when, at only twenty-one, he was sent as a Commissioner from Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French forces their authority for invading the King's dominions, or, as when, at twenty-three, he was the only mounted officer who escaped the French bullets at Braddock's defeat. And here he stands foremost, among their Dukes and Marquises and Counts and Barons, receiving the surrender of the standards under which he had then fought against France, as a British colonial officer!

From the siege of Boston, where he obtained his first triumph, to this crowning siege of Yorktown,—more than six long years,—he has been one and the same; bearing beyond all others, the burden and heat of our struggle for independence; advising, directing, commanding; enduring deprivations and even injustices without a murmur, and witnessing the successes of others without jealousy,—while no such signal victory had yet been vouchsafed to his own immediate forces as could have satisfied a heart ambitious only for himself. But his ambition was only for his Country, and he stands here at

last, with representatives of all the States around him, and with representatives of almost all the great Nations of the world as witnesses, to receive, on the soil of his own native and beloved Virginia, the surpassing reward of his fortitude and patriotism. He has many great functions still to fulfil,—in presiding over the Convention to frame the Constitution, and in giving practical interpretation and construction to that Constitution by eight years of the first Presidency. But, with this event, the first glorious chapter of his career is closed, and he will soon be found at Annapolis in the sublime attitude of voluntarily resigning to Congress the plenary commission he had received from them, and retiring to private life.

Virginians! you hold his dust as the most precious possession of your soil, and would not let it go even to the massive mausoleum prepared for it beneath the Capitol at Washington, which no other dust can ever fill. Oh, let his memory, his principles, his example, be ever as sacredly and jealously guarded in your hearts! No second Washington will ever be yours, or ever be ours. Of no one but him could it have been justly said:—

> All discord ceases at his name,—
> All ranks contend to swell his fame.

The highest and most coveted title which any man can reach,—not in our own land only, or in our own age only, but all lands and in all ages,—will still and ever be—that "he approached nearest to Washington;" and in every exigency which may arise, the test questions of patriotism will be,—"What would Washington have said?" "What would Washington have done?" The eloquent Lamartine exclaimed, as he so fearlessly confronted the Red Flag of Communism, thirty-three years ago, in Paris: "The want of France is a Washington." Our own country knows how to sympathize with such a want. "While the Coliseum stands Rome shall stand," was the familiar proverb of antiquity. We associate the durability of our free institutions with no material structure. Columns and obelisks, statues and monuments, consecrated halls and stately capitols, may crumble and disappear;

the little St. John's Church in Virginia, where Patrick Henry exclaimed, "Give me Liberty or give me Death," the old State House in Boston, where James Otis "breathed into this nation the breath of life,"—the Old South, Faneuil Hall, Carpenter's Hall and the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia, one after another, may be sacrificed to the improvement of a thoroughfare, or fall before the inexorable elements;—but when the character and example of Washington shall have lost their hold upon the hearts of the people, when his precepts shall be discarded and his principles disowned and rejected, we may then begin to fear, if not to despair, for the perpetuity of our Union and of our Freedom. We were all Virginians once, when the Pilgrim Fathers signed their little Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, and spoke of Plymouth and Massachusetts as "these northern parts of Virginia." We will all be Virginians again, in revering the Father of his Country, in recognizing him as worthy to be first forever in all American hearts, and in thanking God, that, after so many delays and discouragements and trials, he was privileged to find on his native soil, a hundred years ago to-day, the scene of his most memorable triumph.

And here, close at the side of Washington, behold the only other figure which remains to be specially designated on the field I have attempted to depict! He stands proudly in the American line, in which he had so long and gallantly served; but he stands as a representative of more than one land, as a living link between two—The beloved Lafayette! He must have felt at that moment,—he certainly had a right to feel—that his fondest day-dream had been verified, his most ardent anticipations fulfilled. To the immediate consummation which he was now witnessing, his own compatriots had contributed the indispensable element of success, and for their co-operation he had lent the whole strength of his influence and his entreaties, and had led the way, at every cost and sacrifice, by his personal example. He had foreseen the result many months before, and thanked Washington in one of his letters, "for the most beautiful prospect which I may ever behold." A long and eventful career is still before him; for

he is but twenty-four years old,—his twenty-fourth birthday having occurred during the progress of the siege. He hastens home to give the name of Virginia to the daughter born after his return. He is destined to command armies on his native soil. He is destined to be the subject of cruel imprisonment, and excite the sympathies of the civilized world. He is to be the arbiter of dynasties, and lead up "a citizen king" to the throne of France. He is to revisit in triumph the land he has aided, to be received with more than regal honors, and to return home to die at last with the respect and affection of all good men. But nowhere will he stand more proudly than here, on this field of Yorktown, by the side of his revered Washington, exulting in the legitimate fruits of his own untiring efforts. To no scene of his life did he recur with more enthusiasm; to no place did he come, during his last visit to our country, with more eagerness and even ecstasy. I have seen his own private letter to his friend, President Monroe, written at Yorktown on the 20th of October, 1824, when, in company with the Governor of Virginia, and Chief Justice Marshall, and Colonel Huger of South Carolina,—one of the two only surviving field officers of his American Light Infantry,—he had spent the forty-third Anniversary of the Surrender on this spot, and had been the subject of that brilliant ceremonial reception. It was from the lips of James Madison, not many years afterwards, and but a few years before his death, under his own roof at Montpelier, that I learned to think and speak of Lafayette, not merely as an ardent lover of liberty, a bosom friend of Washington, and a brave and disinterested volunteer for American Independence,—leading the way, as a pioneer, for France to follow,—but as a man of eminent practical ability, and as great, in all true senses of that term, as he was chivalrous and generous and good. Honor to his memory this day from every American heart and tongue, and a cordial welcome to M. Bureaux de Pusy, M. de Corcelle, and to all others of his relatives who have accepted the invitation of our Government, and whose presence on this occasion is hailed with such peculiar satisfaction and delight!

Said I not justly, Fellow-Citizens, at the outset of this Address, that our earliest and our latest acknowledgments to-day are due to France, for the joyous consummation which we are assembled to commemorate? Said I not justly, that — whatever confidence we may feel now, or whatever assurance there was then, that the ultimate result of the American struggle, whether aided or unaided, could have been nothing less than Independence — our immediate success in the arduous conflict was owing, under God, to the assistance of that generous and gallant nation? Never, never, can the fact be forgotten in the history of American liberty, nor ever can the obligations which were thus incurred be lost from our most grateful recollections. Nor do I think that France herself has a page in all her annals which she would be less willing to obliterate,—least of all in these recent days, when new ties of sympathy have been created between us as the two great sister Republics of the world. Certainly, if Lafayette himself could have looked forward from this field of Yorktown and foreseen that, when this Centennial Anniversary should be celebrated by the American people, his own beloved country would be represented here by the relatives of Rochambeau, and by his own descendants, — coming over as citizens of a French Republic, — he would have felt that all his heroic efforts and sacrifices had not been made for the liberty of America only. But he did foresee it, as through a glass darkly, it is true, for many years, but with a clearer and more confident eye before he died. Even at the moment of the Surrender, he wrote, — "Humanity has gained its suit: Liberty will never more be without an asylum." But at Bunker Hill, in 1825, during his triumphal tour, as the guest of the nation, he gave emphatic expression to his faith, as well as his hope, when, after toasting "The resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American Hemisphere," he added, "The next half-century's Jubilee-Toast shall be, TO ENFRANCHISED EUROPE!"

We do not forget that it was from a Bourbon Monarch we received this aid. We do not forget of what dynasty the vigilant and far-sighted Vergennes, and the accomplished but

somewhat wavering Necker, were Ministers, — together with the aged Maurepas, over whose death-bed the tidings of this surrender "threw a halo." We do not forget that it was in the very uppermost ranks of French society that an enthusiasm for our contest for freedom first caught and kindled. We do not forget that it was from the highest nobility of France that so many of her brave soldiers came over to help us, and went home, alas! to reap such a harvest of horror for themselves. We would not breathe a word or thought today in disparagement of those who were the immediate instruments of our success on this field. The sad fate of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and of so many of the gay young officers who were gathered here around Washington and Rochambeau, a century ago, cannot be recalled by Americans without emotion, as they reflect that, by the very act of helping us to the establishment of republican institutions, they were preparing the way for dethronement, exile, or death on the scaffold, for themselves.

But it is to France that our acknowledgments are due — to France, then an Absolute Monarchy, afterwards an Empire, then a Constitutional Monarchy, again an Empire, — but always France: TOUJOURS LA FRANCE! She has many glories to boast of in her history, glories in art and science, glories in literature and philosophy, glories in peace and war, brilliant statesmen and orators and authors, heroic soldiers and captains and conquerors on land and on sea; and even in the later pages of that history, amid all her recent reverses, the endurance and fortitude of her marvelously mercurial people — rising superior to what seemed a crushing downfall —have won the admiration and sympathy of the world. When I witnessed personally, by a happy chance, the removal of the last scaffolding from that superb column in the Place Vendôme, restored in all its original beauty as a priceless monument of history, I could not but feel that the glories of France were safe. When we all witnessed, from afar, the magic promptness with which, at the call of her late admirable President, THIERS, and almost as at the touch of Midas, those millions of gold came pouring into the public

coffers to provide for the immediate payment of her ransom from Germany, we all could not fail to feel, that she had a reserved power to reinstate herself, as she has done, among the foremost nations of the world. Yet, as her children, and her children's children for a thousand years, and till time shall be no more, shall review her varied and most impressive annals, since Gaul was conquered by Julius Cæsar, down through the days of Clovis and Charlemagne, through all her dynasties, —Merovingian, Carlovingian and Capetian, Valois, Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Orleans,—their eyes will still rest, and still be riveted with just pride, on the brief but eventful story of this 19th of October, 1781. And as they read that story her classical scholars will recall the account which the great Roman historian, Livy, has left us, of the splendid ceremonial at the celebration of the Isthmian games, when Titus Quinctius, the Roman Proconsul and General, having subdued Philip of Macedon, and given freedom and independence to Greece, from lip to lip the saying ran, and resounded over Corinth,— in words which might almost have been written prophetically, as well as historically,—"THAT THERE IS A NATION IN THE WORLD, WHICH, AT ITS OWN EXPENSE, WITH ITS OWN LABOR, AND AT ITS OWN RISK, WAGED WAR FOR THE LIBERTY OF OTHERS: AND THIS NOT MERELY FOR CONTIGUOUS STATES, OR FOR NEAR NEIGHBORS, OR FOR COUNTRIES THAT MADE PART OF THE SAME CONTINENT; BUT THAT THEY EVEN CROSSED THE SEAS FOR THE PURPOSE, SO THAT NO UNLAWFUL POWER SHOULD SUBSIST ON THE FACE OF THE WHOLE EARTH, BUT THAT JUSTICE, RIGHT, AND LAW SHOULD EVERYWHERE HAVE SOVEREIGN SWAY."*

More than twenty centuries divide the two records. Twenty centuries more may hardly include their like again. The two interventions, take them for all in all,—their incidents, their objects, their results,—may, perchance, stand unique forever on the respective pages of ancient and modern history. Our own Republic, certainly, with the farewell warning of Washington in memory against all entangling alliances, and with its jealous adherence to Monroe doctrines, is neither in the way

* Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

of reciprocating such aid, nor of ever invoking it again. Not the less gracefully and fervently, however, may we acknowledge and celebrate the noble act of France, and offer to her, as we do this day, in the name of our whole country, and in the name of American Liberty, a renewed assurance of the gratitude which is so justly her due, and which no lapse of time can ever extinguish in our hearts. Our commemorative Column has lingered, indeed, with almost all the other monuments and statues ordered by our government in those days of narrow resources and inadequate art. All the more significantly and imposingly it will now rise,—not in mere fulfillment of the resolution of the old Continental Congress, but by the solemn decree of fifty millions of living people, with all the accumulated arrears of gratitude of intervening generations. "Major, quo serior, gloria, ubi invidia secessit." It will stand like some stately century plant, whose blossoms attract the gaze and admiration of observers all the more intently, because they have taken a hundred years for their development!

Welcome, welcome, then, to the Representatives of France,—of her President, of her Army and Navy and all her Departments,—His Excellency M. Outrey, Colonel Lichtenstein, General Boulanger, Captain de Cüverville, and the others, who have come, at the invitation of our Government, to witness some of the results of what Frenchmen did for us, and helped us to do for ourselves, so long ago; and may peace and good-will be perpetual between the land of Lafayette and the land of Washington!

With the event which we are commemorating, the War of the American Revolution was practically closed. A year and a half still remained for General Greene to display his vigilance and valor at the South, and for General Heath and others to control and administer our posts at the North, while our Commissioners in Paris were exhausting all the arts of diplomacy in arranging the formal Treaty of Independence and Peace with Great Britain. Not until the 18th of April, 1783, was Washington able to issue his memorable Order for

the Cessation of Hostilities,—a day which, as he said in that order,—referring to the first blood at Lexington and Concord,—"completes the eighth year of the war." But the real consummation had been accomplished on this field. The first blow for independence dates from Massachusetts. The Declaration of Independence dates from Philadelphia. But the crowning and clinching victory is forever associated with Virginia, and throws unfading lustre upon these surrounding shores and plains. And thus, by a striking coincidence, the final, triumphal scene of our great revolutionary drama was reserved for the very same shores and surroundings on which the earliest American colonization was attempted, and at last successfully accomplished, under the inspiration of Sir Walter Raleigh, a century and a half before. Jamestown and Yorktown! How much of the most impressive history of our country is condensed in the names of those two neighboring Virginia localities,—at this day, indeed, but little more than names, but always to have a place in the same fond remembrance with Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill!

And now, Fellow-Countrymen, as we look back at that history at this hour, and see at what a great price our fathers purchased for us the freedom we are so richly enjoying,—at what a cost of toil and treasure and blood these Republican institutions of ours have been founded and built up,—can there fail to come home to each one of our hearts a deeper sense of our responsibility, as a people and as individuals, for upholding, advancing, and transmitting them unimpaired to our posterity? The century which has rolled away since the scene we commemorate needs no review on this occasion. It has made its mark upon our land, and written its own history on all our memories. The immense increase of our population, the vast expansion of our territory, the countless productions of our industry, the measureless mass of our crops, the magical reduction of our debt, the marvelous prosperity of our people, beyond that of all other nations of the earth,—all these are things not to boast of, as if they were of our own accomplishment, but to recognize and thank God for with all our hearts.

Nor can we of this generation stand here to-day, on this Virginia soil, beneath this October sun, without an irrepressible thrill of exultation and thanksgiving, that we are here as brothers, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—all conflicts long over, and all causes for conflicts at an end,—fifty millions of people, all free and equal, and all recognizing one Country, one Constitution, one Flag, to be cherished in every heart, to be defended by every hand!

But it is of our future, not of the past or even of the present, that I would speak, in the brief remnant of this Address. It is not what we have been, or what we have done, or even what we are, that weighs on our thoughts at this hour, even to the point of oppressiveness; but what, what are we to be? What is to be the character of a second century of independence for America? What are to be its issues for ourselves? What are to be its influences on mankind at large? And what can we do, all powerless as we are to pierce the clouds which rest upon the future, or to penetrate the counsels of an overruling Providence,—what can we do to secure these glorious institutions of ours from decline and fall, that other generations may enjoy what we now enjoy, and that our liberty may indeed be "a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest,"—a "Liberty enlightening the World?"

We cannot, if we would, conceal from others or from ourselves, that all has not gone well with us of late, and that there has been, and still is, in many minds, an anxious, if not a fearful, looking forward to what is to come. I do not forget that other lands have not been exempt from simultaneous and even similar troubles with our own, and that a contagion of crime and tumult seems to have been sweeping over both hemispheres alike. We need not, certainly, make too much of our own discreditable deadlocks at Washington or at Albany, while the Prime Minister of England is heard lamenting that "the greatest and noblest of all representative assemblies in the world is in some degree disabled, in some degree dishonored, by the abuse of rules intended for the defense of liberty." But these have not been the worst signs of our times. It was strikingly said, by a great moral and religious

writer of old England in the last century, in relation to his own land, that "between the period of national honor and complete degeneracy there is usually an interval of national vanity, during which examples of virtue are recounted and admired without being imitated." Oh, let us beware lest we should be approaching such an interval in our own history! No one will deny that there is enough of recounting and extolling the great examples of virtue and valor and patriotism which have been left us by our fathers. Voices of admiration and eulogy resound throughout the land. Statues and monuments and obelisks are rising at every corner. There can hardly be too many of them. But vice and crime, peculation and embezzlement, bribery, corruption, profligacy, and even assassination, alas! stalk our streets and stare up at such memorials unrebuked and unabashed. And are there not symptoms of malarias, in some of our high places, more pestilent than any that ever emanated from Potomac or even Pontine marshes, infecting our whole civil service, and tainting the very life-blood of the nation?

Let me not exaggerate our dangers, or dash the full joy of this occasion, by suggesting too strongly that there may be poison in our cup. But I must be pardoned, as one of a past generation, for dealing with old-fashioned counsels in old-fashioned phrases. Profound dissertations on the nature of government, metaphysical speculations on the true theory of civil liberty, scientific dissections of the machinery of our own political system,—even were I capable of them,—would be as inappropriate as they would be worthless. Our reliance for the preservation of Republican liberty can only be on the commonplace principles, and common-sense maxims, which lie within the comprehension of the children in our schools, or of the simplest and least cultured man or woman who wields a hammer or who plies a needle.

The fear of the Lord must still and ever be the beginning of our wisdom, and obedience to His commandments the rule of our lives. Crime must not go unpunished, and vice must be stigmatized and rebuked as vice. Human life must be held sacred, and lawless violence and bloodshed cease to be re-

garded as a redress or remedy for anything. It is not by assassinating Emperors or Presidents that the welfare of mankind or the liberty of the people is to be promoted. Such acts ought to be as execrable in the sight of man as they are in the sight of God. The only one-man power this country has had to tremble at, is the power of some wretched miscreant, seeking spoils but finding none, with a pistol in his hand, to neutralize and nullify the votes of millions, and put a beloved President to torture and to death. The rights of the humblest, as well as of the highest, must be respected and enforced. Labor, in all its departments, must be justly remunerated and elevated, and the true dignity of labor recognized. The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicity shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime. The great duties of individual citizenship must be conscientiously discharged. Peace, order, and the good old virtues of honesty, charity, temperance, and industry, must be cultivated and reverenced. The purity of private life must be cherished and guarded, and luxury and extravagance discouraged. Polygamy must cease to pollute our land. Profligate literature must be scorned and left unpurchased. Public opinion must be refined, purified, strengthened, and rendered prevailing and imperative, by the best thoughts and best words which the press, the platform, and the pulpit can pour forth. The pen and the tongue alike must be exercised under a sense of moral responsibility. In a word, the less of government we have by formal laws and statutes, the more we need, and the more we must have, of individual self-government.

For, my friends, there must be government of some sort, and it must be exercised and enforced. Cities and towns must make provision for all that relates to cities and towns. States, which still and always have duties, which still and always have rights, must provide for all that justly relates to States. And the general government of the Union must exercise its paramount authority over everything of domestic or foreign interest which comes within the sphere of its constitutional control. Civil service must be reformed. Elections and ap-

pointments, as Burke said, must be made "as to a sacred function and not as to a pitiful job." The elective franchise must be everywhere protected. Public credit must be maintained in city, state, and nation, at every sacrifice. Neither a gold nor a silver currency, nor both conjoined,—neither monometallisms nor bi-metallisms,—can form any substitute for the honesty and good faith which are the basis of an enduring public credit. Our independent judicial system, with all the rights and duties of the jury-box, must be respected and upheld. The army and the navy must be adequately maintained for the defense of our coasts and commerce and boundaries, and the militia not neglected for domestic exigencies; but Peace, at home and abroad, must still and ever be the aim and end of all our preparations for war. Above all, the Union,—the Union "in any event," as Washington said,—must be preserved!

But let me add at once that, with a view to all these ends, and as the indispensable means of promoting and securing them all, Universal Education, without distinction of race, must be encouraged, aided, and enforced. The elective franchise can never be taken away from any of those to whom it has once been granted, but we can and must make education co-extensive with the elective franchise; and it must be done without delay, as a measure of self-defense, and with the general co-operation of the authorities and of the people of the whole country. One half of our country, during the last ten or fifteen years, has been opened for the first time to the introduction and establishment of free common schools, and there is not wealth enough at present in that region to provide for this great necessity. "Two millions of children without the means of instruction," was the estimate of the late Dr. Sears, in 1879. Every year brings another installment of brutal ignorance to the polls, to be the subject of cajolement, deception, corruption, or intimidation. Here, here is our greatest danger for the future. The words of our late lamented President, in his Inaugural, come to us to-day with redoubled emphasis from that unclosed grave on the Lake: "All the constitutional power of the Nation and of the States, and all

the volunteer forces of the People, should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education." No drought or flood or conflagration, no succession of droughts or floods or conflagrations, can be so disastrous to our material wealth, as this periodical influx, these annual inundations, of ignorance, to our moral and political welfare. Every year, every day, of delay, increases the difficulty of meeting the danger. Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the Elective Franchise, alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free!

I know whereof I speak; and have certainly given time enough, and thought enough, to the subject, for fourteen years past, in my relations to a great Southern Trust, to learn, at least, what that Trust has done, what it can do, and what it cannot do. It has been thus far, as a voice crying in the wilderness,—calling on the people of the South to undertake the great work for themselves, and preparing the way for its successful prosecution. It may be looked back upon, one of these days, if not now, as the little leaven which has leavened the whole lump. But the whole lump must be kneaded and moulded and worked over, with unceasing activity and energy, by every town, village, and district, for itself, or there will be no sufficient bread for the hungry and famished masses. And there must be aids and appropriations and endowments, by Cities and States, and by the Nation at large, through its public lands, if in no other way, and to an amount, compared with which the gift of George Peabody—munificent as it was for an individual benefactor—is but as the small dust of the balance.

It is itself one of the great rights of a free people, to be educated and trained up from childhood to that ability to govern themselves, which is the largest element in republican self-government, and without which all self-government must be a

failure and a farce, here and everywhere! It is indeed primarily a right of our children, and they are not able to enforce and vindicate it for themselves. But let us beware of subjecting ourselves to the ineffable reproach of robbing the children of their bread, and casting it before dogs, by wasting untold millions on corrupt or extravagant projects, and starving our common schools. The whole field of the Union is now open to education, and the whole field of the Union must be occupied. Free Governments must stand or fall with Free Schools. These and these alone can supply the firm foundation; and that foundation must, at this very moment, be extended and strengthened and rendered immovable and indestructible, like that of the gigantic obelisk at Washington, if the boasted fabric of liberty, for which this victory cleared the ground, is not to settle and totter and crumble!

Tell me not that I am indulging in truisms. I know they are truisms; but they are better—a thousand-fold better—than Nihilisms or Communisms or Fenianisms, or any of the other *isms* which are making such headway in supplanting them. No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom,—not even science, with all its marvelous inventions and discoveries,—can help us much in sustaining this Republic. Still less can any Godless theories of Creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from his rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford us any hope of security. That way lies despair! Commonplace truths, old familiar teachings, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Farewell Address of Washington, honesty, virtue, patriotism, universal education, are what the world most needs in these days, and our own part of the world as much as any other part. Without these we are lost. With these, and with the blessing of God, which is sure to follow them, a second century of our Republic may be confidently looked forward to; and those who shall gather on this field, a hundred years hence, shall then exult, as we are now exulting, in the continued enjoyment of the free institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, and in honoring the memories of those who have sustained them!

It is matter of record, Fellow-Citizens, that on the day after the Surrender here had taken place, Washington issued his General Order congratulating the Army on the glorious event. That Order concluded as follows: "Divine service is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-Chief recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with the seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us." Accordingly, on Sunday, the 21st of October, the various divisions were drawn up in the field to offer "to the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles," says the journalist Thacher, "their grateful homage for the preservation of our lives through the dangers of the siege, and for the important event with which Divine Providence has seen fit to crown our efforts."

The joyful tidings reached Philadelphia by the hand of Colonel Tilghman, at midnight of the 23d, and the next morning were formally communicated to Congress, when resolutions were passed, on motion of Mr. Randolph of Virginia, of which the very first was as follows: "Resolved, That Congress will at two o'clock this day go in procession to the Dutch Lutheran Church and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning the Allied Arms of the United States and France with success, by the surrender of the whole British Army under the command of the Earl of Cornwallis."

Two days only intervened when, on the 26th, a Solemn Proclamation was issued by Congress, acknowledging "the influence of Divine Providence in raising up for us a powerful Ally;" and praying God "to protect and prosper that illustrious Ally, and to favor our united exertions for the speedy establishment of a safe, honorable, and lasting peace."

In France the tidings were received with a similar recognition of the Divine aid; and orders were sent out at once by the King for a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving by his troops in America. The King himself wrote a special letter to Rochambeau, signed by his own hand, and dated at Versailles, 26th of November, 1781, concluding with these im-

pressive words: "In calling these events to the mind, and acknowledging how much the abilities of General Washington, your talents, those of the general officers employed under the orders of you both, and the valor of the troops, have rendered this campaign glorious, my chief design is to inspire the hearts of all as well as mine with the deepest gratitude towards the Author of all prosperity ; and in the intention of addressing my supplication to Him for the continuation of his divine protection, I have written to the Archbishops and Bishops of my Kingdom to cause Te Deum to be sung in the churches of their dioceses ; and I address this letter to inform you, that I desire it may be likewise sung in the town or camp where you may be with the corps of troops, the command of which has been intrusted to you, and that you would give orders that the ceremony be performed with all the public rejoicings used in similar cases, in which I beg of God to keep you in his holy protection."

All France, as well as all America, was thus ringing and resounding with the praise of God for our great deliverance.

"Not unto us, not unto us," was the emotion and the utterance of the whole American people, and of all who sympathized with the American people at that day ; and "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise," must still be the emotion and the utterance of us all, as we contemplate the completed century of Republican liberty which that day ushered in. Commemorative columns and splendid ceremonials are fit tributes of gratitude to the mortal or immortal men of our own land and of other lands who were the instruments of achieving our independence. But "Glory to God in the Highest" must swell up from every true heart and lip at this hour for what Washington well called "the reiterated and astonishing interpositions" which not only carried us through the Revolution triumphantly, but which, during the century which has succeeded it, have overruled so wonderfully, to our permanent welfare, events which to human eyes seemed fatal to our prosperity and peace ! The great French historian and statesman, Guizot, has reminded us, in that popular history of his own land to which he de-

voted the last labors of his life, that in 1776, before the Declaration of Independence, "the Virginians had adopted, at the close of their proclamations, the proudly significant phrase, 'God save the Liberties of America!'" Let that Virginia phrase be the fervent phrase of us all in all time to come; and let the legend we have stamped upon our coin, and inserted in the very eagle's beak, be indelibly impressed on every patriotic heart,—"IN GOD WE TRUST."

Fellow-Citizens of the United States,—Citizens of the old Thirteen of the Revolution, and Citizens of the new Twenty-five, whose stars are now glittering with no inferior lustre in our glorious galaxy,—yes, and Citizens of the still other States which I dare not attempt to number, but which are destined at no distant period to be evolved from our imperial Texas and Territories,—I hail you all as brothers to-day, and call upon you all, as you advance in successive generations, to stand fast in the faith of the Fathers, and to uphold and maintain unimpaired the matchless institutions which are now ours! "You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the future of the world," said Madame de Staël to a distinguished American, recalling with pride what France had done for us at Yorktown. Let us lift ourselves to a full sense of such a responsibility for the progress of Freedom, in other lands as well as in our own. It is not ours to intervene for the redress of grievances, or for the establishment of Independence, elsewhere, as France did here, with fleets and armies. But we can, and must, intervene— and we are intervening, daily and hourly, for better or worse—by the influence and the force of our example. Next, certainly, to promoting the greatest good of the greatest number at home, the supreme mission of our Country is to hold up before the eyes of all mankind a practical, well-regulated successful system of Free, Constitutional Government, purely administered and loyally supported,—giving assurance, and furnishing proof, that true Liberty is not incompatible with the maintenance of Order, with obedience to Law, and with a lofty standard of political and social Virtue. Every failure

here, every degree of failure here, through insubordination or discord, through demoralization, corruption, or crime, throws back the cause of freedom everywhere, and presents our country as a warning, instead of as an encouragement, to the liberal tendencies of other governments and other lands. We cannot escape from the responsibility of this great Intervention of American Example; and it involves nothing less than the hope, or the despair, of the Ages! Let us strive, then, to aid and advance the Liberty of the world, in the only legitimate way in our power, by patriotic fidelity and devotion in upholding, illustrating, and adorning our own Free Institutions. "Spartam nactus es: Hanc exorna!" There is no limit to our prosperity and welfare, if we are true to those institutions. We have nothing now to fear except from ourselves. There is no boundary line for separating us, without cordons of custom-houses, and garrisons of standing armies, which would change the whole character of those institutions. We are One by the configuration of nature and by the strong impress of art,—inextricably intertwined by the lay of our land, the run of our rivers, the chain of our lakes, and the iron network of our crossing and recrossing and ever multiplying and still advancing tracks of trade and travel. We are One by the memories of our fathers. We are One by the hopes of our children. We are One by a Constitution and a Union which have not only survived the shock of Foreign and of Civil War, but have stood the abeyance of almost all administration, while the whole people were waiting breathless, in alternate hope and fear, for the issues of an execrable crime. We are One—bound together afresh—by the electric chords of sympathy and sorrow, vibrating and thrilling, day by day of the livelong summer, through every one of our hearts, for our basely wounded and bravely suffering President,—bringing us all down on our knees together in common supplications for his life, and involving us all at last in a common flood of grief at his death! I cannot forget that as I left President Garfield, after a friendly visit at the Executive Mansion last May, his parting words to me were, "Yes, I shall be with you at Yorktown." We all miss him and mourn him here to-day; and not

only the rulers and people of all nations have united with us in paying homage to his memory, but Nature herself, I had almost said, has seemed to sympathize in our sorrow,—giving us ashes for beauty, and parched and leaden leaves on all our forests, instead of their wonted autumn glories of crimson and gold! But I dare not linger, amid festive scenes like these, on that great affliction, which has added, indeed, "another hallowed name to the historical inheritance of our Republic," but which has thrown a pall of deepest tragedy upon the falling curtain of our first century. Oh, let not its influences be lost upon us for the century to come, but let this very field, consecrated heretofore by a great surrender of foreign foes, be hereafter associated, also, with the nobler surrender to each other of all our old sectional animosities and prejudices, and let us be One, henceforth and always, in mutual regard, conciliation, and affection!

"Go on, hand in hand, O States, never to be disunited! Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity! Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds! And then—" But I will not add, as John Milton added, in closing his inimitable appeal on Reformation in England, two centuries and a half ago—"A cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations who seeks to break your Union!" No imprecations or anathemas shall escape my lips on this auspicious day. Let me rather invoke, as I devoutly and fervently do, the choicest and richest blessings of Heaven on those who shall do most, in all time to come, to preserve our beloved Country in UNITY, PEACE, and CONCORD!

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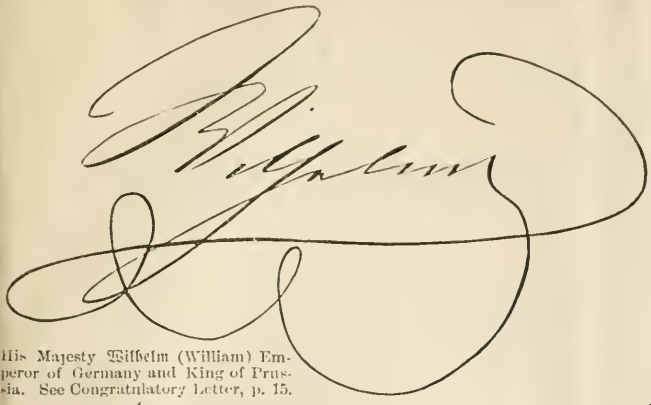
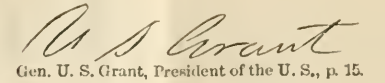


His Majesty Wilhelm (William) Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia. See Congratulatory Letter, p. 15.



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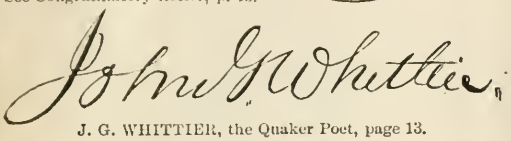

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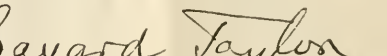

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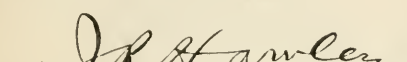

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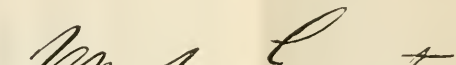

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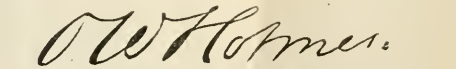

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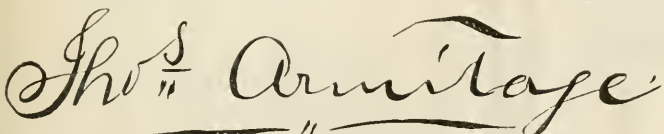

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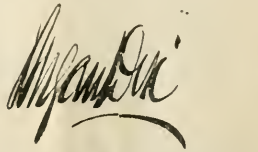

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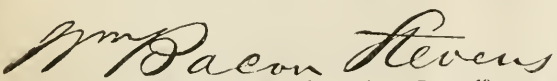

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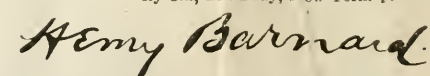

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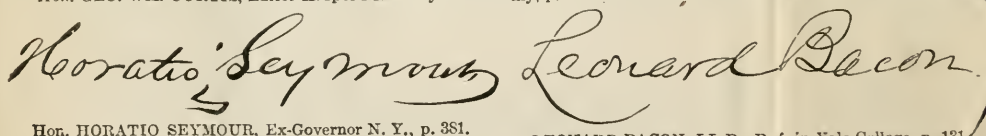

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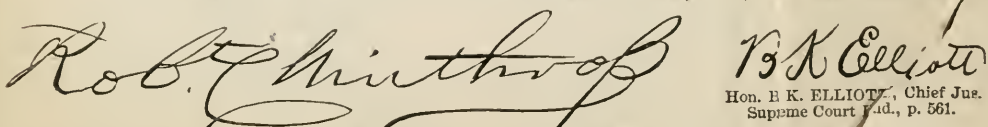

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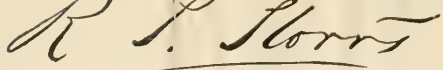

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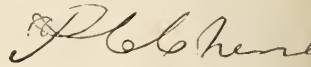

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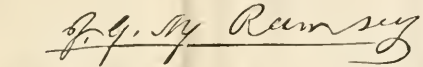

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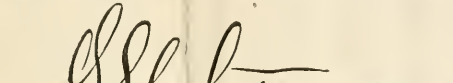

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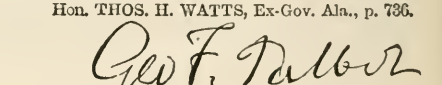

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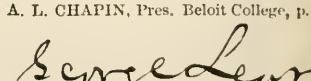

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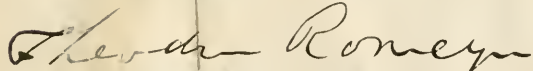

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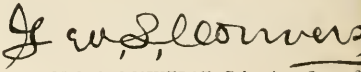

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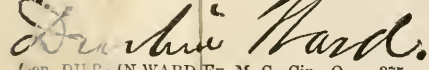

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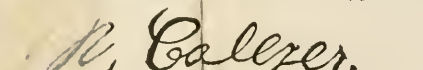

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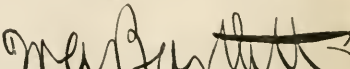

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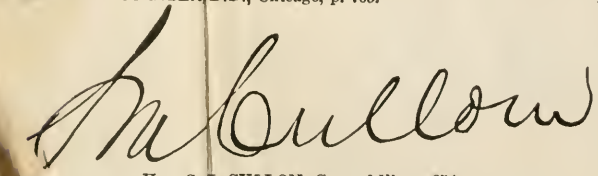

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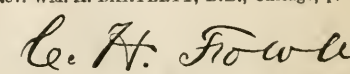

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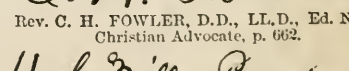

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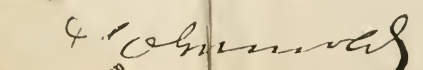

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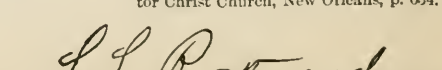

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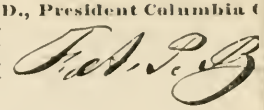
From F. A. P. BARNARD, S.T.D., LL.D., L.H.D., President Columbia C

gathering together the numerous and eloquent expressions of patriotic feeling with which the completion of the first century of our Republic was welcomed, you have, in my opinion, rendered an important service to the large number of our fellow-citizens who desire to treasure up these admirable productions.



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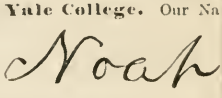
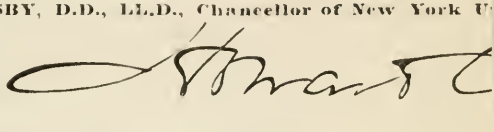


From HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of New York U

benefit to our country of its Centennial celebration cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Saunders, with his discriminating sagacity, has made an admirable selection of the weighty words of 1876, and they are published in a form to make the volume a most desirable one on the library table of every American.



From C. D. FOSS, D.D., President of Wesleyan University. I esteem it a v

There are several orations in it, each of which is worthy the price of the volume.

From E. O. HAVEN, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Syracuse University. I

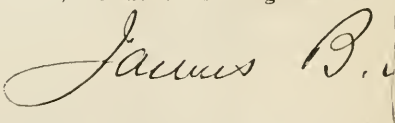
gather into one beautiful volume, the choicest orations, addresses, and poems called out from the very best minds in the country by the great centennial of the nation. They constitute a library of themselves. What eminent American statesmen, clergymen, and philosophers think of their own country, with all their hopes and fears, is well expressed in this volume. It is worthy of a place in every library.

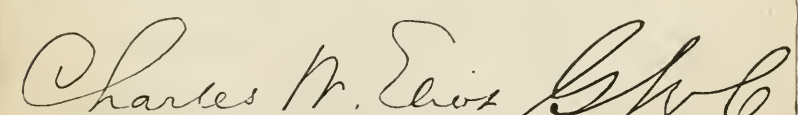
From Rev. WM. F. WARREN, D.D., President of Boston University. "

quence, poetry, and philosophy is more commemorative of its achievements than ny a square acre of show-cases."

From JAMES B. ANGELL, D.D., LL.D., President of Michigan Univers

a to collect the more striking addresses delivered on Independence Day of the Centennial ar. All parts of the Union are fairly represented, and I do not doubt the public will be ateful to you for placing these addresses with- their reach in so convenient form.





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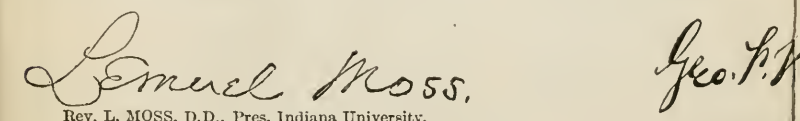

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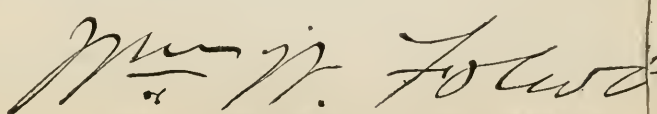

WM. W. FOLWELL A.M., President University of Minnesota.

From **New York Evening Post.**—Taken altogether there are more than a hundred of these compositions, some of which are of great merit, and all are worthy of preservation as documents which will soon have an historical value. Here are addresses from some of our most eminent orators, and verses written by some of our most renowned poets. Their general tone is cheerful and hopeful, such as of course becomes a nation yet in its youth, governed under free institutions and mistress of a vast territory, of which vast tracts are yet unoccupied and over which her children may spread themselves for centuries yet to come. It will be a curious speculation for those who shall live a hundred years hence to consider what was said by the orators of this century—to observe what were their anticipations, and compare them with their fulfilment or their failure in the subsequent history of the nation.

From **New York Daily Tribune.**—The collection and proper arrangement of the material seems to have been very thoroughly done, and the volume, adapted to the popular need and means, will undoubtedly find a large sale. The reader will find the comparison of the addresses delivered in the several States (including the South) equally interesting and instructive.

From **New York Independent.**—Much of the great mass of Centennial literature that appeared last year was published in perishable form, and was thus subjected to the danger of loss or destruction. Mr. Saunders, of the Astor Library, has therefore done a good service in bringing together, in one volume, the best of the orations, addresses, and poems delivered all over the Union last Fourth of July.

From **New York Daily Graphic.**—It will surprise most people who take up this handsome volume that this occasion called out so many really admirable and eloquent efforts, with so little of the vulgar spread-eagleism which is associated with the celebration of our national independence. The solemnity and greatness of the occasion seem to have curbed the fancy and chastened the speech of most of the orators, and it is doubtful whether any other nation can show such a volume of really vigorous, ornate, striking oratory as the product of a single historic occasion.

From **New York Evening Express.**—Mr. Saunders has avoided all and any idea of partisanship, and his selections have evilently been made with the view of printing the best thoughts of all people from the different sections of the country. In after years this book will be of inestimable value, as the record of an important and eventful era.

From **New York Observer.**—It embraces about one hundred addresses by representative and distinguished persons in nearly every State of the Union. The volume is a fitting memorial of the past, and will be a valuable addition to any public or private library, and a treasure in any home.

From **New York Christian Advocate.**—The array of names revealed in the list of contributors is one of remarkable brilliancy, and will prove to be exceedingly inviting to all who are in sympathy with the genius and spirit of our national institutions.

From **New York Christian Intelligencer.**—The day called to the platform the first men of the nation, and the memorable words they uttered are recorded on these pages. The subjects presented are of national and permanent importance and are treated with signal ability. The book abounds in passages that rank with the best specimens of American eloquence. We know of no more truly valuable memento of our Centennial celebration. The book deserves a place in the library of every citizen of the Republic.

From **New York Weekly Witness.**—It is certainly interesting to have the various commemorations of the nation's birthday in a permanent form.

From **New York Examiner and Chronicle.**—It is a very useful service which Mr. Saunders has performed, and the collection will be convenient and monumental.

From **Boston Daily Globe.**—This handsome volume is devoted to the preservation of the most notable literary productions connected with the great celebration throughout the country. While everybody has been made familiar with the more prominent literary productions which the occasion elicited, probably very few beyond the immediate circle of the speaker's audience have read the numerous addresses which, throughout the length and breadth of the land, did their part in unfolding the significance and emphasizing the lessons of the Centennial. We have been struck, indeed, in looking through this volume, with their high average excellence, their general sobriety, and elevation of tone. There is so much variety in the treatment by the different speakers of the general subject that the book will be found both interesting and instructive; and the work, as a whole, forms an important monument of the intellectual and moral progress of the country.

From **Boston Zion's Herald.**—The idea was a genuine American one, and it has been carried out with indefatigable zeal, and at large expense. The orations have been corrected by their authors, and form a series of wonderful variety, all portions of the country and all phases of national character and history being represented.

From **Boston Watchman.**—Any one who wishes to obtain the best specimens of oratory and of poetry that the Centennial produced will find this volume just the thing wanted.

From **Philadelphia Inquirer.**—In this volume have been collected for the first time the various orations, addresses, and poems that were officially delivered throughout the Union, and it is very well that they should now be embodied in book form, and not be suffered to sink out of sight and mind in the oblivion that so quickly overtakes ephemeral literature.

From **Philadelphia Press.**—The volume is a curious, and in coming years will be a valuable, contribution to American history and literature.

From **Chicago Daily Post.**—The collection of such a vast number of papers that are and were of national interest and importance is one of the best results of the celebration, for it brings to every man the opportunity of considering a diversity of thought and opinion that could be satisfactorily obtained in no other way.

The book has a permanent value, and is a review, by notable men, of the past and present, and is full of prophecies for the future of the country. It is a cosmopolitan book that is graced by an elegance and eloquence of expression that is not called forth by ordinary events, and given by men distinguished for their success in the politics and literature of our land.

From **Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.**—In this handsome volume have been gathered, by discriminating hands, the thoughts evoked by the Centennial anniversary of the United States in the leading minds throughout the country. The orations are presented by States—beginning with Pennsylvania—and the book is in every way worthy a place on every patriotic table in the land.

From **Chicago Evening Journal.**—It is an exceedingly valuable collection. There is hardly a dull page in it, and the greater part of the book is made up of sublime and ennobling utterances.

From **Detroit Free Press.**—The grouping together of the choicest of the eloquent and patriotic orations, addresses, and poems delivered in every State of the Union on the Centennial Anniversary of Independence Day is a very valuable memento of the year which filled so large a space in the minds and hearts of the American people.

From **Detroit Commercial Advertiser.**—The contributors to the volume embrace a brilliant array of distinguished names. Every patriotic American should procure a copy.